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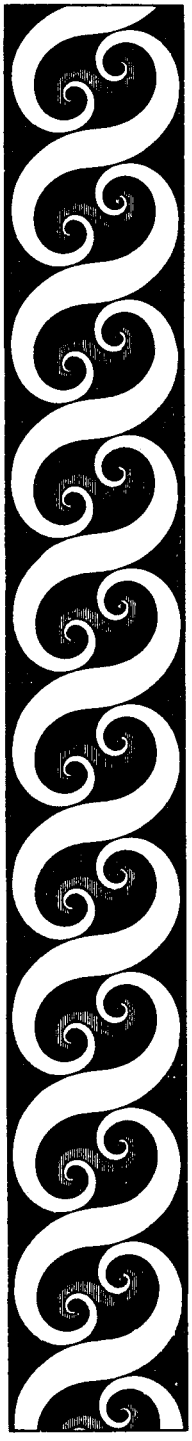

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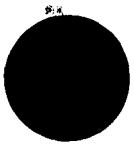

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The Despairing Optimist . . . . . .

RENÉ DUBOS

I grew up in small villages of the Ile de France, north of Paris, near Picardy and Normandy. This is a land without any notable characteristics except those conferred upon it by several millennia of continuous human occupation. The hills have such low profiles that they would hardly be perceived if it were not for the old churches and clusters of houses that crown their summits. The rivers are sluggish and the ponds muddy, but their names have been celebrated so often in poetry and prose that they evoke the enchantment of pastoral scenes. The sky is rarely spectacular, but painters have created a rich spectrum of visual and emotional experiences from its soft luminosity.

Ever since the primeval forest was cleared by neolithic settlers and medieval farmers, the Ile de France has retained a humanized charm that transcends its natural endowments. To this day, furthermore, the land has remained very fertile despite continuous use during some four thousand years. Far from being exhausted by intensive agriculture over long periods of time, it still supports a large population and a great variety of human settlements. Hamlets, villages, towns and cities have uninterruptedly nurtured civilization, despite the ebb and flow of men's fortunes.

These observations about my native country are not dictated by chauvinism, for I know they apply just as well to other parts of the world. Certain very ancient landscapes, particularly in Asia and Europe, have remained fertile and beautiful even though they have been under cultivation since neolithic times. In North America, also, some of the most attractive and prosperous farmlands are found in areas that were covered with forests three centuries ago, and that have been intensely cultivated ever since. The Pennsylvania Dutch country provides a convincing demonstration that wise ecological management can be as creative and lastingly successful in the New World as it has been for millennia in the Old World.

The preceding paragraphs are meant to convey my faith in man's ability to assume a creative stewardship of the Earth. Repeatedly and under a variety of conditions man has converted wilderness into farmlands so ecologically sound that they have become biologically richer with time and have been economically profitable, as well as propitious to the emergence, growth and survival of civilization. The words of Charles Péguy as he presented the Beauce country to Notre Dame de Chartres are applicable to many humanized landscapes all over the world:

Deux mille ans de labeur ont fait de cette terre
Un réservoir sans fin pour les âges nouveaux

The transformations of the Earth by the works of man commonly reveal potentialities that remain hidden in the state of wilderness. The word nature therefore applies not only to undisturbed wilderness, but also to fields, meadows, forests and waterways, which have been so managed as to bring out characteristics that were inherent in the place—in the *genius loci*. For most persons, in fact, the word country evokes humanized nature. And this has probably been

✪ RENÉ DUBOS' most recent book is *Reason Awake: Science for Man*. This is the second installment of his column, THE DESPAIRING OPTIMIST. Dr. Dubos is professor of environmental biomedicine at The Rockefeller University.

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TOGETHER WITH THE AINU

A Vanishing People by M. INEZ HILGER. Introduction by LEONARD CARMICHAEL. These mysterious Caucasian-like people, at home on the Japanese island of Hokkaido for about seven thousand years, are rapidly being absorbed into the industrial society of modern-day Japan. Terming this book "urgent anthropology," the author provides a personal and descriptive history of the Ainu Profusely illustrated in color and black and white. $9.95.

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true for the immense majority of the world population throughout historical times, even in North America.

During the eighteenth century, the Virginian William Byrd, owner of the plantation Westover, set forth in quaint words what he regarded as an ideal environment: "A Library, a Garden, a Grove, a Purling stream are the Innocent scenes that divert our Leisure." Leo Marx, in his recent book, *The Machine in the Garden,* richly illustrates that eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century Europeans imagined the New World as an ideal setting for a pastoral way of life. Of course, public attitude has greatly changed since that time. It is now commonly believed that undisturbed wilderness is the only true expression of nature—the only legitimate concern of the conservation movement. There is a widespread tendency to assume that the ultimate goal of conservation is to protect nature *against* man, whereas it should be the discovery and development of the potentialities that permit a creative harmonious interplay between man and nature.

Even as a schoolboy whose direct knowledge of the world was limited to the Ile de France country, I had learned, of course, that Europe possesses an immense variety of landscapes far grander, rougher, more diversified, more colorful, and more sublime than the cultivated fields, flowered meadows, manicured forests, gentle hills and peaceful rivers among which I had grown. The picture books devoted to the *spectacles de la nature* that were my chief contact with the outside world gave me the impression that much of the European continent was still wilderness. But now that I am familiar with most of the United States and have traveled over a good deal of the earth, I realize that there is little, if any, true wilderness left in Europe. What I had assumed to be the European primeval nature had in reality been manipulated by man for thousands of years, in most cases since neolithic times.

If man's influence is difficult to recognize in certain European landscapes, it is because it has been exerted so slowly and progressively that it has created, so to speak, a second nature. All European forests, for example, have been used by the peasantry since time immemorial; many of them, furthermore, have been under state management for several centuries. Mountain slopes and valleys have been progressively adapted to human purposes by a multiplicity of interventions, often minor and rarely recorded because usually empirical. Even the highest European mountains have become humanized. Except for their glaciers, the Alps and Pyrenees have thus acquired a gigantic parklike quality. All over Europe, indeed, man has created the landscape by converting primeval nature into an orderly arrangement of farmlands, pastures and wooded areas, all of which are linked by roads and trails that may extend even beyond the timberline and onto the glaciers. And the same applies, of course, to other humanized regions of the Old World.

The wonderful harmony that now exists in many parts of Europe among the various components of nature cannot, therefore, be regarded as a spontaneous expression of wilderness; it is instead the outcome of a continuous and intimate collaboration between man and the site on which he lives—what Tagore referred to as the wooing of the Earth. Jacquetta Hawkes's *A Land* can be read as a prose poem celebrating the creation of the English landscape from wilderness by the wooing of man in the course of ages. As Claude Lévi-Strauss wrote in *Tristes Tropiques,* "Even the wildest landscapes of Europe reveal a marvelous ordonnance of which Poussin has been the incomparable interpreter." Nicolas Poussin, in fact, has been more than an interpreter of scenery. His paintings have greatly contributed to the style of landscape architecture that developed in Great Britain during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and that gave its present shape to the English countryside.

In contrast to Europe, the other continents still possess large areas that have not been significantly affected by man and can, therefore, be regarded as true wilderness. Such is the case for much of the Amazon valley, the Himalayas, the Arctic and the

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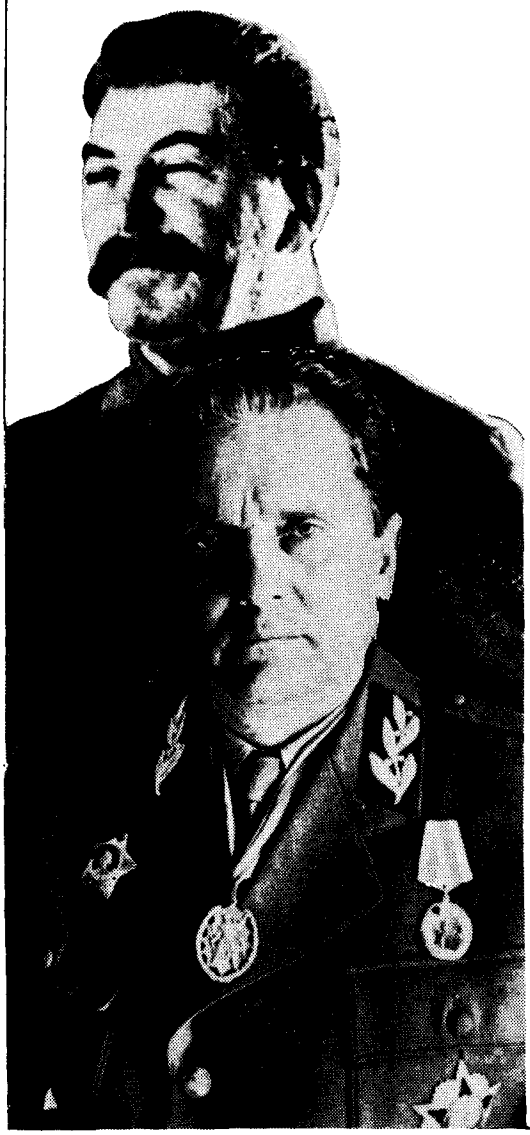
THE BATTLE STALIN LOST

Memoirs of Yugoslavia 1948-1953 by Vladimir Dedijer



They had been faithful followers of Soviet Communism in Eastern Europe. Why then did Stalin turn against them and begin the "silent strangulation" of Yugoslavia in 1948? The answers are here in Vladimir Dedijer's personal account of the Soviet/Yugoslav confrontation. From his unique vantage point, this renowned historian, journalist, and friend of Tito illuminates Yugoslavia's bloodless but searing struggle for control of her national destiny. The relationship between Yugoslavia, 1948, and Czechoslovakia, 1968, is obvious. And the growing neo-Stalinism in Russia today makes this insightful look back even more important.

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Antarctic. There are also many different types of undisturbed nature in the United States. The Rockies, the Sierras, the various national parks, the Northwest Pacific Coast and the Everglades are but a few obvious examples illustrating the immense variety of landscapes on the North American Continent in which large areas undisturbed by man still retain their primeval genius.

In *Mountain Gloom and Mountain Glory,* Marjorie Nicolson has poetically documented the well-recognized fact that until the nineteenth century mountains and forests had been regarded as "Nature's Shames and Ills" and "Warts, Wens, Blisters, Imposthumes" upon the otherwise fair face of Nature. In contrast, our contemporaries in all age groups commonly talk and behave as if the civilized environments evoked by William Byrd in the eighteenth century have no appeal for them, and as if they value only undisturbed wilderness. And yet! Despite the commonly professed ideal that wild and exotic environments are the only ones worth attention, the landscapes that provide the most lasting pleasure for the largest number of persons, young as well as old, are still those in which man has tamed wilderness. Even completely artificial environments created by profoundly altering nature are more sought after than wilderness. For one John Muir or Daniel Boone trying to remove himself as far as possible from human settlements, there are millions of nature lovers for whom the country means humanized nature. When Henry Thoreau settled by Walden Pond he built his cabin within walking distance of Concord, where he went twice a week for dinner.

Increasingly, all over the world, men move to urban areas. Some of them manage to enjoy now and then the intense excitement and challenge provided by mountain climbing, rapids running, or big game hunting. But this kind of enjoyment rarely extends over prolonged periods of time. For most of us, the experience of wilderness tends to be occasional or even merely a onetime experience. In practice, the only manner in which most human beings maintain direct contact with nature is through tame forms of camping and outdoor cooking.

Man has now transformed a large percentage of the globe by his agricultural and industrial enterprises. Eleven percent of the *total* land surface of the Earth is used as cropland, ten percent as rangeland and twenty percent as managed forest. Of the remainder, the largest part is either frozen almost constantly, or too cold or mountainous for normal human occupation or utilization. The rest of the landmass consists of marginal areas and especially unmanaged forests, some of which may be utilized in the near future. If one adds to this inventory the increasing encroachments of industry, housing, communication networks and other needs of modern life, it becomes evident that expansion in the use of land will have ended by 1985 in most of the world. In other words, practically all of the earth's land surface compatible with human life will soon be humanized.

The date 1985 is taken from the proceedings of a symposium on "Man's Impact on the Global Environment," organized by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and published in 1970. The closeness of this date to Orwell's 1984 is another expression of the widespread belief that complete humanization of the Earth will be as destructive to the quality of the natural world as the social takeover by Big Brother's technology will be to the quality of human life. This pessimistic mood pervades a recent anthology, *America the Vanishing: Rural Life and the Price of Progress,* edited by Samuel R. Ogden, which begins with accounts of the fresh delight experienced by early discoverers and interpreters of the American scenery, and closes with the anguish and protests of modern ecologists and nature lovers, from Rachel Carson to Joseph Wood Krutch. The two themes of present discussions about nature seem to be nostalgic tears for what was and a disapproving frown for what is. And in fact no one can reasonably doubt that we shall destroy the fitness of our planet for human life (perhaps as soon as 1985) if we do not

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The Works of Stephen Crane

Edited by Fredson Bowers

(Center for Editions of American Authors)

Tales of Adventure

Volume V

Edited by Fredson Bowers, *University of Virginia. Introduction by* J. C. Levenson, *University of Virginia. cxcv, 242 pp., illus.* $15.00

Volume V, *Tales of Adventure,* brings together a representative group of Crane's best short stories which show the range of Crane's sensibility and the variety of his talents better than any of his other work. The collection is based on a selection he made for the American edition of *The Open Boat.*

Tales of War

Volume VI

Edited by Fredson Bowers, *University of Virginia. Introduction by* James B. Colvert, *University of Georgia. cxci, 400 pp., illus.* $22.50

This volume of *The Works of Stephen Crane* collects all of Crane's short stories dealing with war except "Death of a Child" which is in Volume V. The stories collected here reflect Crane's belief that war was neither magnificent nor oppressing—it was merely an expression of life with an equally evasive meaning no matter whether it existed in his imagination or in reality.

Volumes I *(Bowery Tales)* and VII *(Tales of Whilomville)* are also now available at $10.00 each.

"The chief benefit of these volumes may be a heightened respect for the methodology needed and available to produce the authoritative text, and a firmer faith that here are stories as close as human ingenuity can bring them to what Stephen Crane meant to create." —*American Literature*

The Notebook of Stephen Crane

Edited by Donald *and* Ellen Greiner, *University of South Carolina. xxi, 76 pp.* $7.50

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

Students of American literature have long known of the probable existence of a Crane notebook, perhaps kept by the author during his New York sojourn in 1892-1894. For many years its location was unknown, and even after its discovery it was not carefully edited and published. The Notebook has revealed two additions to the Crane canon, and it gives evidence of Crane's methods of composition showing how he advanced from notes to revision and then to sketches in final form.

The Illusion of Life

American Realism as a Literary Form

By Harold H. Kolb, Jr., *University of Virginia. xv, 178 pp., frontis., illus., bibliography, index.* $6.50

This study presents a clear examination of realism as the developing form of American literature during the mid-1880's. The term realism is first clearly defined. After establishing this definition, the study places realism within its larger context of American literary history by showing how it evolved from the romantic movement and then led to the birth of naturalism. A bibliography of the published works of Henry James, Mark Twain, and William Dean Howells from 1884 to 1886 and a selected bibliography of American literary realism follow the text.

"Mr. Kolb is well-informed, perceptive, and he writes with admirable clearness. . . . His book consolidates into one trim argument a review of many—not all—salient features of realism in the American 1880's." —*American Literary Realism*

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immediately take steps to correct the disordered relationships between man and environment caused by present-day materialism and blind technological goals.

In the foreword of my most recent book, *Reason Awake,* I stated that, "When man truly enters the age of science, he will abandon his crude and destructive efforts to conquer nature. He will instead learn to insert himself into the environment in such a manner that his ways of life and technologies make him once more in harmony with nature." Although these words still reflect my convictions, they no longer satisfy me entirely because they seem to imply a rather static view of man's relationships to nature—as if it were not a historical fact that man has always manipulated nature. Indeed, it is probable that man acquired much of his humanness precisely while creating more comfortable and pleasant niches from wilderness. Since he now occupies a very large percentage of the total landmass of the globe, most places derive their distinctive individuality not only from their physical characteristics and from the animal, plant and microbial life they naturally harbor, but also and increasingly from human activities.

Climate, geology and topography determine what forms of life can prosper in a given place, and these living forms in turn alter the surface and the atmosphere of the Earth. Each particular place is the continuously evolving expression of a highly complex set of natural forces—inanimate and living—that become integrated into an organic whole. Man is one of these forces, perhaps the most effective, but his interventions can be lastingly successful and really creative only if the changes he introduces are compatible with the intrinsic attributes of the natural system he tries to shape. The reason we are now desecrating nature is not necessarily because we use it to our ends, but because we commonly manipulate it and change it without regard to the intrinsic attributes of the place—to what has long been called the genius or spirit of place. The very word "desecration," now often used to lament the damage we are causing to the Earth, symbolizes a widely held belief in the sanctity of nature —as if her relation to man had a sacred quality.

There was much wisdom in the custom of ancient peoples of identifying each locality with a particular god or goddess personifying its distinctive qualities. Even for us, this interpretation of local differences still has picturesque and literary value, but we do not take it seriously because we no longer believe in dryads, nymphs and genii. And yet, rationalists as we are, and scornful of any thought that there is a ghost in the machine, we still respond emotionally to phrases such as "the genius of New England," or "the spirit of the Far West." Countless books are still being written on the Florentine genius, and it was not long ago that Lawrence Durrell entitled a collection of travel essays, *Spirit of Place.* The widespread acceptance of the words *genius* and *spirit* to denote the characteristics of a given region or city implies the tacit acknowledgment that each place possesses a set of geologic, climatic, biological, historical and social attributes that determines the uniqueness of its landscape and its people.

When applied to a place or a person, the word *nature* is as vague but also as rich in complex connotations as the words *genius* and *spirit.* According to two different dictionaries, one of the meanings of *nature* is "the essential character or constitution of something" or "the intrinsic characteristics and qualities of a person or a thing." The word *nature* so defined provides a factual explanation for what ancient people called genius or spirit. It denotes not only the geographic, social or human appearances but also, and especially, all the forces hidden beneath the surface of reality.

Civilization grows through the discovery of these hidden forces and is the expression of man's creative ability to integrate them into viable structures within the constraints imposed by the natural order of things. Our ways of life and our technologies can keep us in harmony with nature even if we use her for our ends, provided that we respect what is essential and intrinsic to each particular natural system—the *genius loci.*

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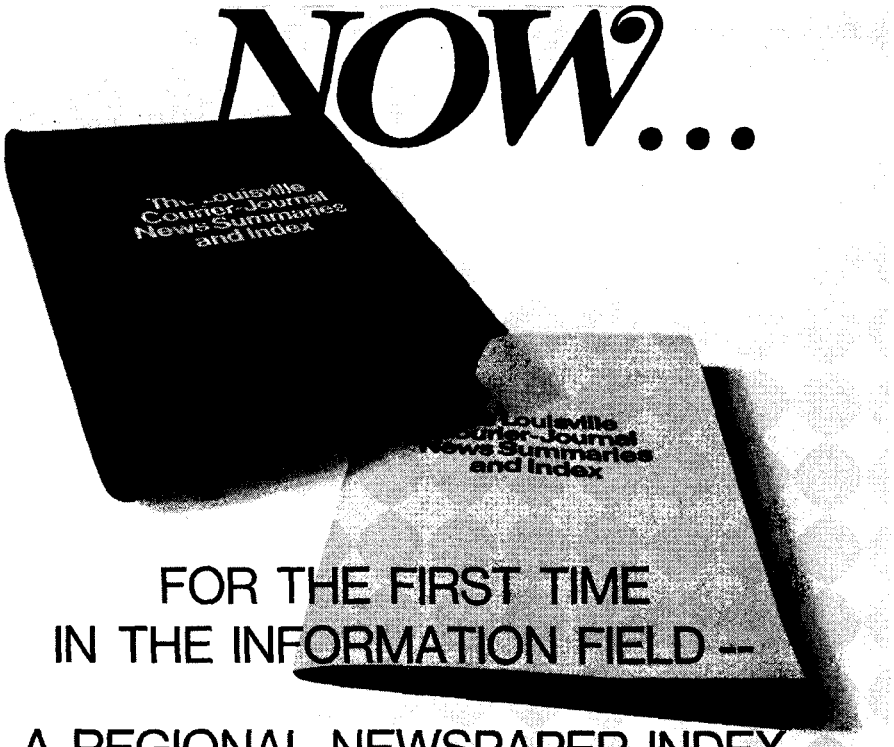

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ural landscapes after removal of the conditions that had caused them to deteriorate, and the resiliency of nature in general, illustrate the power and persistence of the *genius loci*. Lake Washington near Seattle was almost as polluted as Lake Erie, yet recovered its pristine quality within ten years after steps were taken to prevent its further pollution. In Sweden, programs are under way for the restoration of several types of lakes that have been damaged by pollution or partial drainage: shallow lakes overgrown with reeds or other plants; shallow lakes with an overpopulation of algal bloom; deep lakes with oxygen depletion. In this case again, the lakes are beginning to revive. London has been grossly polluted for several centuries, yet dramatic changes for the better followed shortly after implementation of the amendments to the Rivers Act in 1951 and the Clean Air Act of 1956. The amount of sunshine reaching the city has almost doubled; the song birds of Shakespeare's time are once more heard in the parks, and in 1969 fish were caught in the Thames.

History shows furthermore that man can create entirely new ecological situations that are desirable and stable, and that eventually generate their own *genius loci*. Union Bay on Seattle's east side and Jamaica Bay on the south shore of Long Island are two American examples of man-made environments that have rapidly become rich wildlife sanctuaries. Half a century ago, canals and locks were constructed to join Union Bay with Lake Union and this lake with saltwater Puget Sound. As the water level fell in the bay, vast marshes emerged along its gently sloping shores; in time, these marshes evolved into a rich wildlife habitat harboring more than a hundred different species of birds, as well as weasel, mink, muskrat and otter. A similar situation is now developing in Jamaica Bay on the edge of Kennedy Airport.

Jamaica Bay was originally part of a rich, natural salt marsh ecosystem that included land areas surrounding the airport. For years, New York City used the bay as a garbage dump with the attendant ugliness and pollution. The islands thus artificially created would have remained dreary masses of debris if it had not been for the devoted labor of a far-sighted staff member of the New York Department of Parks, Herbert Johnson. Almost single-handed and with very limited funds, he established on the landfill a vegetation of trees, shrubs and grasses suited to the locality. Then nature took over. The plants grew rapidly, creating a typical wetland vegetation that attracted a variety of animal species, including such rare and precious birds as the glossy ibis and the snowy egret. The man-made wetlands of Jamaica Bay and the bird sanctuary now constitute a great success story in urban management.

I cannot mention Jamaica Bay without referring to the proposal for using part of it as an extension of the Kennedy Airport runways. One need not be a wildlife expert to know that the bird sanctuary would greatly suffer and would probably be destroyed by the runways. Furthermore, one need not be a transportation expert to know that, even though the operations of the Kennedy Airport would be somewhat facilitated by the extensions of the runways, the improvement would be temporary and would be bought at the cost of further crowding of the airways.

The Jamaica Bay-Kennedy Airport controversy is typical of many other environmental problems faced by modern society that transcend evaluation by the orthodox methods of science. There are many social issues, of course, in which decision making requires new scientific information. But it is unreasonable to use committees of scientific experts and other cumbersome scientific apparatus where decisions involve only common sense and value judgments. As a New York citizen, I have no need of a scientific study to decide, on the basis of my value judgments, that sacrificing the Jamaica Bay sanctuary to accommodate more airplanes is an insult to common sense and good taste. Other citizens who disagree with me base their disagreement, not on facts different from the ones I know, but on a different set of values.

Man-made ecosystems, on the other hand, present to biological sciences challenging

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new problems independent of the social considerations involved in their maintenance. Jamaica Bay in particular cries out for long-range ecological investigations, because these may provide indicators for what will happen to nature in technological societies.

The parts of the Jamaica wetlands that were man-made will remain under human influence even though they are protected. The bay is so close to Kennedy Airport that jet aircraft will constantly fly over its wildlife sanctuary. Since it is part of New York City, the chemical composition of its water, flora and fauna will inevitably reflect urban pollution. Since it is readily available to the public, the behavior and even the diet of the birds and other wildlife in the refuge will certainly be affected by the visitors. Jamaica Bay will thus constitute a microcosm for the study of the responses natural systems make to the impact of technological forces.

I began this essay with remarks on the emergence of the European land from the primeval forest through centuries of manual labor by neolithic settlers and medieval peasants. I conclude it with the hope that modern man will learn to manage intelligently and constructively the new ecological systems created by technology. Pessimists have good reasons to emphasize the ecological disasters that threaten the survival of higher forms of life on our planet, but optimists can point to the man-made environments that have become ecological success stories. With knowledge, common sense and proper values, technological man can maintain the tradition of creative stewardship that began several millennia ago, and that is progressively humanizing the Earth.

Fire

MILTON KAPLAN

Panic escapes dream
and I wake up
hand tight against
my sweating throat
to find the room is still
but filled with the smoke
of fear. I start up
listening, listening
as the window rattles
and the floor crackles
louder and louder
until suddenly
the flame of your absence
blazes up and rages
through my midnight mind.

✪ MILTON KAPLAN is professor of English at Teachers College, Columbia University. His poems have appeared in the *New Yorker, Saturday Review, Harper's Bazaar, Poetry, Nation, Commentary* and the *New Republic.*

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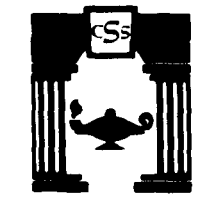

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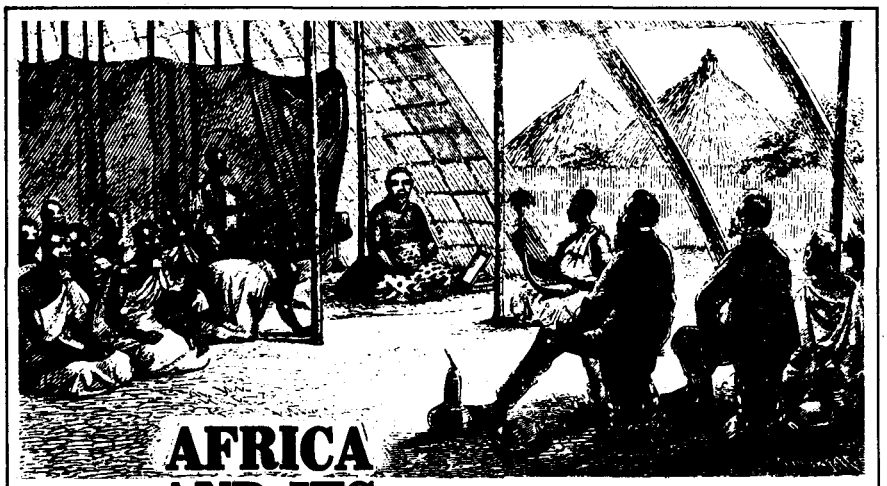

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Three Saints in Politics

PAUL H. DOUGLAS

POLITICS PRODUCES FEW SAINTS. At best, it requires a large degree of personal striving to arrive and survive, and this encourages egotism. Modesty is one of the first virtues eroded; it is an especial handicap in large states where it is hard for a man to become known. The only notable exception to this general rule of which I know is Phil Hart of Michigan, one of the few effective Senators who has consistently sought to conceal his many virtues. He and Congressman Neal Smith of Iowa are rare examples. Moreover, the need to hold together a majority in a pluralistic society produces a willingness to compromise on vital matters to win either an election or a petty advance. This practice is defended by many newspaper commentators as not only a necessity of modern political life, but also as the supreme virtue. To this contemporary school, moderation, as in the 1850s, is the most praised quality, while idealism looms up surprisingly as the real enemy of the attainable good.

Of course, there is a degree of truth in this. Compromises must be made to attain the possible, but they should be such as to reduce the danger of divisive race and class warfare. Nevertheless, this practice becomes essentially negative and devalues all issues so that mere agreement is made more important than any positive good. Leadership becomes a matter of adjustment rather than of initiating desirable reforms. Even in a world such as this, idealists are necessary to raise the standards higher. Politics needs the much maligned idealists and saints.

In my experience and that of my wife, there have been at least three men who could be called "political saints." They were Jerry Voorhis, congressman for ten years from California, and

✪ PAUL H. DOUGLAS served as a United States Senator from Illinois from 1948 to 1966. These reminiscences of his early years in Washington will appear in his memoirs, which Harcourt Brace Jovanovich will publish.

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Frank Graham and Herbert Lehman, senators respectively from North Carolina and New York.

I first met Jerry Voorhis in 1936 when I was on a lecture trip to California. Young and handsome, he had inherited a fortune from his father, but instead of using his wealth to launch himself on a conventional career he displayed his unique aspirations in a manner that to the philistines seemed quixotic. After graduating from Yale, he spent two years working as a common laborer; then, with the help of his beautiful wife, Louise, he opened near Pomona a school for orphans, for which his father donated the property. He was passing on to fatherless children the good fortune that had come to him, and he tried to make the school a luminous experience. I shall never forget the El Greco in the chapel or the view of the high mountains.

Jerry had become actively interested in the Democratic party in Upton Sinclair's campaign of 1934, and in 1936 he was elected to Congress. His father gave his school to the state of California, and Jerry then endowed it with the remainder of his legacy. Jerry, with his family, came east, in a secondhand car, and set himself to work on a daily schedule of sixteen to eighteen hours. Many nights he snatched only a few hours' sleep on his office couch. There was never a more devoted Congressman. Driven by conscience, he had a compulsion to master every subject that came before the House and, having mastered it, he spoke his mind. Press cynics nicknamed him "Kid Atlas." But, as the years went by, their satire turned to reverential awe, and the House members voted him the "most conscientious" member.

Jerry participated in one of the most important achievements of the last quarter century through his help in forcing the Federal Reserve System to turn its net earnings over to the government. These earnings are made by the various Federal Reserve banks from the interest on government bonds that they purchase by creating deposits and that then serve as a fractional reserve for the numerous banks against the credit they create. Backed by the redoubtable Wright Patman, Jerry proposed that the ownership of the reserve banks be federalized so that the earnings would not go to the stockholders, who were nominally the member banks. In fright, the Reserve then promised that they would turn over

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most of the net earnings to the government if the nominal ownership was retained in the member banks. Their shares now became like preferred stock. By this move Jerry has helped save over a billion dollars a year for the people or, in all, over thirty billion dollars. Seldom has a saint achieved such practical results, although now even so-called economic experts have forgotten this.

After Jerry had served for a decade, the year 1946 rolled around. It was a bad year for many liberal Democrats, including my own dear wife. It was particularly so for Jerry, for his opponent was a vigorous young man by the name of Richard M. Nixon. Jerry was an anti-Communist and had, indeed, been a member of the House Un-American Activities Committee where, without shielding the guilty, he had labored to protect the innocent. But the Nixon forces accused Jerry of being the candidate of the Communists. And during the week before election, telephones began to ring through the district. Many housewives told Jerry that they heard a silky voice say, "Good morning, Mrs. X. Did you know Jerry Voorhis was a Communist?" "No, I didn't," was the standard reply. "Who are you?" "Just a friend who thought you ought to know." And the anonymous character assassin would hang up. By the time that Jerry's workers realized that it was an organized and wholesale campaign, it was only two days before the election, too late to do anything effective about it.

On election day the character assassins triumphed. Jerry was defeated, and Richard Nixon was launched on a career that has taken him to the White House. With characteristic forgiveness, Jerry offered the victor help in getting settled in Washington, and while Nixon accepted some of his advice, he never apologized for the type of campaign waged on his behalf. Those who knew the deep wounds inflicted by the slander, especially upon Jerry's young son, found it hard to forgive Nixon. Furthermore, in 1950 in his Senate race the followers of Nixon used much the same formula for his successful campaign against Helen Gahagan Douglas, one of whose managers was a radical young movie actor, now the governor of California, Ronald Reagan. In 1960, thousands worked with redoubled vigor for John Kennedy because of memories of those former campaigns. The same motives steeled other thousands to help defeat Nixon for governor of California

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in 1962. Nixon's friends claimed that what the liberals resented was his role in the Alger Hiss affair. This may be true of some, but it is only part of the story. In my judgment, Nixon played an honorable and valuable role in the exposure of Hiss, which was not easy to do. Now that he has made his extraordinary comeback after successive defeats, I wish him well. If he does well for our country, I will forgive and forget. Men can be redeemed, and great responsibility often calls out the best in them. But I would feel better if his manager for 1946-50, Murray Chotiner, were not by his side, helping to advise and carry out his political strategy! His campaign in 1970 seemed to be set on the old model.

Upon retiring from Congress, Jerry Voorhis wrote a valuable book, *Confessions of a Congressman*. He then went to Chicago, where for over twenty years he gave his indomitable energies to the Cooperative League of the USA, and later to the cause of cooperative housing. I have seen the eyes of hardened politicians moisten at the mention of his name, and I believe he is truly one of the saints of the earth.

Frank Graham was the beloved president of the University of North Carolina, which he helped to make the foremost university of the South. With warm personal interest in the students, and determined to preserve academic freedom, he won their passionate devotion. At the same time, he defended the right of trade unions to organize in the rapidly growing textile centers, fought child labor, and helped those who were trying to protect the users of electrical power. The Negroes of the state knew that Frank was their friend; through sociologist Howard Odum, he sponsored a pathbreaking series of studies into the social structure and the racial and industrial problems of the South. For these reasons, the textile and power hierarchy of North Carolina came to hate Frank, as the devil is reputed to hate holy water. But they never could oust him or materially injure his university because both alumni and students were solidly behind him. A visitor to Chapel Hill once made a slurring remark about the president for which a lanky youth with flashing eyes knocked him down. The student then pulled the visitor to his feet with his left hand only to knock him down again with his right. He repeated this process a few times and then, after brushing the dust off his victim's clothes

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and wiping away some blood from the traducer's face, quietly remarked, "We don't allow people to say those things about Dr. Frank in Chapel Hill."

"Dr. Frank" came to the Senate in early 1949 when a liberal governor, Kerr Scott, appointed him to fill the vacancy created by the death of Senator Melville Broughton. Since I had known and admired him since the days of the National Recovery Administration, I was delighted, but also concerned.

When Senator John Bricker made some slighting remarks about Frank before he took his seat, I saw the breakers ahead and tried to warn him. I told him that his old enemies would do their best to defeat him when he came up for election in 1950, that he and his friends should start at once to organize and to raise a campaign fund. "Don't worry, Paul," was Frank's reply. "My wife and I have saved up $11,000, and we have decided to put that into the campaign." That was chicken feed compared to what he really needed. I told him the textile and power groups would spend from a half-million to a million dollars to beat him and that we must start work in both South and North to secure a minimum of two hundred thousand dollars.

Because I made little headway in this direction, I tried another tack. I asked him to look over his budget for clerical hire. He would find money enough to hire an assistant who could stay in North Carolina to handle requests from constituents on matters of veterans affairs, social security, and farm problems. In the late afternoons and evenings the assistant could promote the Senator's political fortunes and organize Graham clubs over the state. Somewhat shocked, Frank asked if I meant that he should use a man paid by the taxpayers for his own political benefit. I admitted that this was what everyone did to some degree. In any event, the assistant could do this work largely on his own time, once he was assured of a living. This was the price one had to pay for political survival. "Well, if it is," said Frank, "it is a price that I shall not pay." Although disheartened, I made still another effort. The alumni office at the university, I pointed out, undoubtedly classified its graduates by county and town. Frank should get that list from the alumni secretary and ask a few devoted admirers to go over the state on a voluntary basis, organizing Graham clubs in

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every important town, city and county. This should be done at once to build up a momentum that his opponents could not overcome.

"Paul, you surprise me," said Frank. "Here you are proposing that I use my former position as president to obtain from the university a list that does not belong to me and should not be used for my purposes. I could never ask for such a thing."

In despair I replied that he did not have to ask for anything. A friend could ask, for him, and copy off the list at night.

But Frank would not budge. "I cannot ask others to do for me what it would be improper for me to do for myself."

I was torn between irritation and admiration. "If you keep on this way, that pack of powerful and bloodthirsty wolves who are after you will surely defeat you." I told him that I and others would do everything we could to help him, but that unless he could be tougher he would not survive. Decent government would then lose a crucial vote and the Senate, an A-1 member.

And so it proved. After a notable year during which he forced the State Department to adopt a more friendly attitude toward Indonesia, Frank came up in the Democratic primaries of 1950. The political and economic hierarchy of North Carolina ran Willis Smith, a successful corporation lawyer and former president of the American Bar Association. I raised several thousand dollars for Frank and impressed upon him how much all the liberals wanted him back and that he should not be too stiff-necked in the positions he took. In the first primary the Smith forces called Frank a Communist; since no one really believed this smear, Frank led Smith by a small margin. But he did not obtain an outright majority because of the additional candidacy of former Senator Bob Reynolds, who had married the daughter of Evelyn Walsh McLean, of *Father Struck It Rich* fame. His wife having died, Bob had become what was described as "the highest priced baby-sitter in the country." With Reynolds eliminated, the runoff settled down to a race between Frank and Smith. Frank came up to Washington for an important roll call with a touch of apprehension in his clear blue eyes. I told him that he had beaten off the first attack. They had failed by calling him a Communist; next they would try something worse. They would call him a "nigger-lover," and he must be ready. I suspected that it would be harder

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than before since he really liked Negroes and wanted to help them.

"What shall I do?" asked Frank.

I told him that there was only one thing he could do. Of course, he should not rejoin by race-baiting himself, as some southern liberals had done. But since the Truman Administration had served notice that it would again try to modify the stringent Senate Rule XXII, the cloture rule, my advice was that upon his return to North Carolina he should issue a statement saying that on the coming vote he would stand with his fellow southerners in upholding the right of free and unlimited debate in the Senate and that he would vote against any attempt by us northerners to modify Rule XXII. He should put it all in the name of high principle, as Lister Hill did.

"Paul," replied Frank, "I don't quite know how I stand on Rule XXII. There is a lot to be said on both sides and for me to come out for it now would indirectly inject the Negro issue into the campaign, where it does not belong."

"Frank, can't you realize that it is already in the campaign and that defamatory literature and photographs are already being circulated in your state? They have you shaking hands with Negroes. They may have found photographs of you dancing the Virginia Reel with a mixed group. Unless you take some such mild step as this, your enemies are going to win by default."

I pointed out that we northerners understood the position liberal southerners were in. We believed in civil rights and that to get them we would probably have to change Rule XXII. But this was not heroic on our part since public sentiment in our states was, for the present, behind us. On the other hand, white public opinion in the South strongly opposed this change. It would be fatal for a southern politician either to advocate or to keep silent about our proposal. He would do the nation more good by coming back to the Senate than by trying to ignore the issue.

Frank squared his shoulders, turned away, and went back to North Carolina. As he did so, I realized that civic and political courage is rarer and more admirable than the military courage I had seen so many of my Marine comrades display under fire.

The campaign was even worse than I had expected. Pamphlets flooded the state with photographs showing Frank shaking hands

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with Negroes. When he or his followers appeared in public, they were greeted by taunts of "nigger-lover." At last Frank came down with influenza, which I believe was psychosomatically induced by the great internal and external strains to which he was being subjected. Twice during the closing days of the campaign he called me at night from his sickbed in an agonized voice to ask what he should do. Each time I repeated my counsel, telling him that every liberal as well as every thoughtful Negro would understand and on the whole approve of such a statement. "If you do this," I told him, "you can still pull this election out of the fire. If you don't, the racists and private-power boys will triumph."

But Frank, unable to compromise his beliefs, went down to defeat, although not by any huge margin.

Stopping only to congratulate Smith in person, Frank hastened back to Washington where the vote to modify Rule XXII was pending. I watched him as the clerk neared his name, and was not unduly surprised when his gentle voice answered, "No." A wave of anger then swept over me, and I did something I have made a practice of never doing. I walked over to his desk and said to him, "Frank, in God's name, why couldn't you have told the voters of North Carolina what you were going to do?"

"I was not fully sure of my stand," he replied, "and in any case to do so would have been for me to inject the Negro issue into my campaign."

Willis Smith came to Washington, where he was a conventional senator for the few years before he died. He seemed a bit remorseful, and was quoted as saying that he "felt he had been running against Jesus Christ himself." Upon his death, the New York *Times* published a column-long obituary. It was factual and fair, but it devoted two-thirds of the column to an account of how he had won his seat. What price glory, I thought, to go down in history under such a judgment.

Herbert Lehman came from a very different background from that of Jerry or Frank. The son of extremely wealthy Jewish parents, Herbert entered the family banking house and for years was immersed in finance and philanthropy. He and his family were longtime supporters of the Democratic party, so when Al Smith, running for the presidency in 1928, wanted a "balanced

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ticket" to offset his Catholicism, he slated Herbert for lieutenant-governor along with the Protestant F.D.R. for governor. Although Al was defeated, Roosevelt and Lehman carried the state and went on to a much bigger victory in 1930. Lehman became Roosevelt's "good right arm" and was the man who actually carried out many of F.D.R.'s state programs. When Roosevelt was nominated for the presidency in 1932, Herbert, over strong Tammany opposition, moved up to the governorship where he remained for a full ten years. He was elected more times than had been any governor in the history of New York, and became the Empire State's best loved politician. Starting as a moderate conservative, Herbert became steadily more liberal and courageously humanitarian. Upon retiring as governor, he was appointed director-general of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Agency, which he administered without pay, meeting all personal expenses out of his own pocket. Under his direction, UNRRA, despite manifold difficulties both outside and inside the organization, saved tens of millions from starvation and Europe from immediate collapse.

Defeating John Foster Dulles in a special election, Herbert came to the Senate in 1949. He served for eight years until he voluntarily retired in 1957 at the age of seventy-eight.

An indomitable and rugged senator, he would take on anyone, even the dreaded Joe McCarthy, who was at the height of his power. McCarthy and Senator Robert Kerr did not hesitate to ridicule and cast aspersions on Herbert, who never flinched and bore the attacks with a flashing eye and a quiet dignity. Generous in deed and hospitality, with purse and heart open to every unfortunate, he was the embodiment of friendly and hopeful compassion.

No man could have been more scrupulous in separating his private concerns from his political action. Again and again when matters of millions of dollars were involved, he voted against his own interests and those of his family. I remember when we were debating the removal of the punitive ten-cent tax on colored oleomargarine. I favored this removal because the studies of nutritionists had convinced me that oleo was nearly as nutritious as butter, and I believed that it should be allowed to compete in the open market if it was clearly labeled. Consumers would thereby save ten cents a pound and also force down the price of butter.

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But although Herbert's political support was weakest among the New York dairy farmers, and Lehman Brothers had the controlling interest in big margarine companies, he never hesitated. Believing in the unique qualities of butter, he voted against removing the punitive tax. We outvoted him, and as an economist I rejoiced that Herbert's action had helped to weaken the dogma of the economic interpretation of politics as an all-governing force.

Herbert was the most indomitable of all the battlers for civil rights and civil liberties. Never yielding ground and always pushing forward, he was an inspiration to us and a source of irritation and anger to the southerners and conservatives. As debate on the floor waxed hot toward the end of the day, Herbert would stand at the head of the center aisle and then walk slowly down it, making his points as he progressed and shaking his forefinger at the recalcitrant ones on either side of the aisle. While he shrugged off covert insults with dignity, his lovely and noble wife, Edith, was always there in the gallery giving him courage.

At the age of seventy-eight, Herbert retired from the Senate, but not to a life of inactivity. Instead, he set himself the herculean task of ousting Carmine DeSapio, the leader of Tammany, and of reforming the Democratic Party of New York City. None of us gave him or the Independents a chance, but with Eleanor Roosevelt at his side and with the support of Mayor Bob Wagner, the allies won a striking victory and gained their immediate objectives. I recall no more appealing sight than that of eighty-three-year-old Herbert in his shirtsleeves in the heat of summer, campaigning vigorously for Wagner on the sidewalks of New York. I am sorry that the reform Democrats have not fully lived up to Herbert's ideals.

Since the days of the Antonines and Marcus Aurelius, there have not been three public men with greater purity of motive or whose every political act was governed by greater fidelity to principle than Jerry Voorhis, Frank Graham and Herbert Lehman. In the words of Pompilia in Browning's *The Ring and the Book:*

> Through such souls only, God stooping
> Shows sufficient of his light
> For us in the dark to rise by.

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The Other Side of the Mountain

David Wagoner

To walk downhill you must lean partially backwards,
Heels digging in,
While your body gets more help than it can use
In following directions—
Because it's possible simply to fall down
The way you're going
Instead of climbing against it. The baffling dead ends
Of traveling upward
Are turned around now, their openings leading down
To the land you promised
Yourself, beyond box canyons and blind-draws.
They branch repeatedly,
But the direction you choose should be as easy to take
As your right hand.
The sky is a constant; even its variables
Like cirrus and cumulus
Will cancel each other out in a rough balance,
Taking turns at weather.
The wind may bluff and bluster and cut corners
Or skip a whole valley,
But eventually it has nothing to do with you,
Not even when it throws
The dust of your own country in your eyes.
At dawn, at darkness,
The sun will be here or there, fullface, rearview;
It evens out in the end.
You must keep your goal in mind as clear as day
Though it doesn't matter
What you may think it looks like: second sight
Is simply perseverance;

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And getting there from here is a set of stages
Demanding candlepower,
Foot-pounds and simple levers, thirst and hunger.
Signposts are seasonal
And not forensic: one end may come to a point
And the other be indented,
But the words will be gone, and the rusty earth and air
Will have eaten the pole and nails.
You must take time to notice what grows on rocks
Or squeezes between them—
The gnawing lichen, bone-weed and thorny scrub—
All hanging tough
And gnarling for elbow room or squatters' rights.
These are the straighteners,
The levelers at work on the thick and crooked:
Some distant species
Will find the world made flat by the likes of these.
You must do your bit
By scuffing downhill heel-first on behalf of erosion,
For the sake of another time
When the mountains are made plain and anyone standing
Can see from here to there
Without half trying. When your shoes are out of step
And your clothes are a burden
And you feel bone-tired, sit down and look around.
You're there. No matter what
You had in mind as a proper circumstance,
You've come to it at last:
A rock-strewn slope from which you have a view
Of a farther rock-strewn slope.
You can pick up dust in your hand and let it fall.
The place is real.
You can bite a grass-stem, look, take a deep breath
And, naturally, let it go.

✪ DAVID WAGONER, professor of English at the University of Washington, and editor of *Poetry Northwest,* is author of five volumes of poems and six novels. His *New and Selected Poems* was published last year. *Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?* is his most recent novel.

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Women's Rights and American Feminism

GERDA LERNER

UNTIL VERY RECENTLY American historians have paid scant, almost absent-minded attention to the history of women. The field has, for many decades, been left to amateurs, feminist enthusiasts, writers and scholars from the social sciences. Psychology of a male-oriented type has weighed heavily on scholarship, so that much of the biographical and analytical work that was done reflected the conviction that the appearance of women in history needed to be "explained" by showing how deviant and maladjusted they were. The sources available to the historian in the field have long been neglected and have, in turn, served to limit the scope and range of scholarship. The two major collections of "women's materials" (those at Smith College and at Radcliffe) were the result of feminist effort and reflect primarily the interest and sources of the organized woman's rights movement. Other material on women is scattered and lies largely unidentified in collections arranged from other points of view, such as antislavery, reform, *et cetera.* As a result, the literature concerning the role of women in American history is, with a handful of exceptions, topically narrow, predominantly descriptive and generally devoid of interpretation. Most of the work done by historians in recent years has been preoccupied with the woman's rights movement in its legal and political aspects. Modern historians, by and large, think that what is important to know about women is how they got the ballot. The one serious challenge to this conceptual framework was offered by Mary and Charles Beard, but it was, like so much of their work, heatedly

✪ GERDA LERNER, who teaches history at Sarah Lawrence College, is the author of *The Grimke Sisters from South Carolina: Rebels Against Slavery* and of *The Woman in American History,* which will be published soon by Addison-Wesley Publishing Company, Inc.

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argued, poorly proved, and thus more easily dismissed than it should have been. The impact of Mary Beard's concepts on the study of women's history was negligible, which is in my opinion regrettable. The problem of how women fit into human history, how one is to conceptualize their role, and how one is to evaluate their contributions, remains to be solved. One hopes that the present upsurge of interest in the subject will lead us to new solutions.

The scholar in this field is hampered also by semantic confusion. The terms, "woman's rights," "women's emancipation," "feminism" and, lately, "women's liberation" have frequently been used interchangeably. I would like to suggest a more precise semantic definition as a means of clarifying some of the basic assumptions with which historians approach this subject.

Just as the abolition movement is a specific phase, in time and scope, of the broader and more general antislavery movement, so the woman's rights movement is a phase, specific and limited in time and scope, of the broader American feminist movement. American feminism embraces all aspects of the emancipation of American women, that is, any struggle designed to elevate their status, socially, politically, economically, and in respect to their self-concepts. The woman's rights movement, on the other hand, has more narrowly defined the emancipation of women as the winning of legal rights. For seventy-two years it overlapped and was synonymous with the woman's suffrage movement. It was therefore a specific aspect of the broader movement, just as the civil rights movement was but an aspect of the movement for black emancipation. Of the current scene, one can say that the woman's rights movement is defined by those organizations and individuals who see the question of woman's emancipation largely as one of legal changes, whereas the feminist movement embraces the new feminism of women's liberation and a variety of other groups and causes.

What are women's rights? Essentially, they are civil rights—the right to vote, to hold office, to have access to power at every level on an equal basis with men, and to partake of the channels for upward mobility open to men. They are also property rights—the right to contract, the right to hold and dispose of

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property, the right to one's earnings. All of these rights are based on an acceptance of the status quo, and the groups advocating them act like "out" groups wanting "in." Their demands are essentially reformist, based on appeals to justice and equity. Needless to say, their fulfillment is long overdue.

What is women's emancipation? It is freedom from oppressive restrictions imposed by sex; self-determination and autonomy. Freedom from oppressive restrictions means freedom from natural, biological restrictions due to sex as well as from societally imposed ones. Self-determination means being free to decide one's own destiny, being free to define one's own social role. Autonomy means earning one's own status, not being born to it or marrying it. It means financial and cultural independence, freedom to choose one's own life-style regardless of sex. In order for women to have autonomy, the handicap of male orientation and male domination in social institutions must first be removed.

Obviously, society must reach a certain level of development before such emancipation can take place. The preconditions for woman's emancipation are: urbanization; industrialization with technology permitting society to remove food preparation and care of the sick from the home; the mechanization of heating and laundry; spread of health and medical care sufficient to lower infant mortality and protect maternal health; birth control; the development of transportation sufficient to permit physical mobility to all groups of the population, with its accessory freedom from parental and communal restraints; and availability of education on all levels to all children without discrimination. Clearly, women's full emancipation has nowhere on earth been accomplished. This is not so much the result of a male conspiracy as of shifting historic circumstances. The fact is that women do indeed live under disabilities of sex in societies where there is no knowledge of birth control methods, where maternal health care is poor and infant mortality high, offset only by a high birthrate. Such societies require for their survival that as many women as possible marry and rear as many children as possible. As a result, women need protection; they need providers for themselves and their offspring. In such societies, women are not

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"free" to engage in the same work as men do, nor are they able to conceptualize the possibility of doing so. Such primitive agrarian societies have existed everywhere on earth at various times and are marked by a division of labor between the sexes, in which biology is indeed destiny.

In the United States these conditions prevailed generally in the colonies, except for a few cities, and later in the frontier regions. It is noteworthy that during this period there was no woman's rights movement, because none was possible or conceivable, but there was feminist activity and self-conscious effort on the part of a few individuals to strive for woman's emancipation. In 1647, Margaret Brent asked for the right to cast two votes in the Maryland assembly—one as Lord Baltimore's attorney, another as a landholder and "court baron." The fact that she was granted one vote as an attorney tells us a good deal about the position of women in the colony. Similarly, one might cite Anne Hutchinson's assertion of the right of women to interpret scripture to other women, or the case of Mary Dyer, whose nonviolent resistance campaign against religious intolerance ended on the scaffold in 1660, and who, with other Quaker women, asserted by voluntary death the right of women to engage in such political-religious work. Mercy Otis Warren, Abigail Adams and Judith Sargent Murray are other early feminists who in various ways advanced arguments for woman's emancipation. It is significant that all of these were wealthy or well-to-do women.

Under conditions of a shortage of labor and—as in colonial New England and on the frontier—a shortage of women, a sex-based division of labor did not imply differentiation in status. All work was essential for the survival of the community, hence all work had dignity. But when the community was wealthy enough to make luxuries, such as a prolonged education, available to some, but not to others, role differentiation based on sex began to be felt as oppressive and unequal. As long as all children shared in the primitive educational opportunities, and as long as most education was carried on in the home or by private tutors, boys and girls enjoyed nearly equal educational opportunity. But when education began to be institutionalized, the exclusion of girls from higher education was an actual depriva-

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tion and implied lower status. Similarly, the access to a variety of occupations enjoyed earlier by colonial women became limited as soon as American society had advanced to a point where professionalization could take place. Professional status was restricted to those who had followed a prescribed course of education within established institutions. Since women were excluded from such institutions, they were automatically excluded from the rising professions, such as law and medicine. In the American setting, this shrinking of opportunities for women occurred in the early nineteenth century. Combined with increased opportunities for males, resulting from the spread of the franchise and from upward mobility based on entrepreneurship, this status loss, both actual and perceived by women, was very obvious. It was this deprivation that gave rise to a sense of status displacement in an educated, white, middle-class elite, and that led to the emergence of the organized woman's rights movement.

It is true all over the world that woman's rights movements are dependent on a class of educated women with leisure. But the nature of the movement depends on historic circumstances. A number of historians have wondered why the American woman's rights movement placed so much of its emphasis on the ballot, to the neglect of other reforms. The explanation has been offered that this was in some way connected with the attitude of suffragists toward morality and their total acceptance of Victorian morality. This essentially conservative attitude toward sexual reform was seen, especially by Aileen Kraditor and William O'Neill, as having a seriously crippling effect on the movement. No doubt, but one is entitled to ask why this was so.

The explanation may be that the woman's rights movement, due to its composition, was in the mainstream of American reform. Like other such movements, it tended to stress legal and constitutional reform rather than more radical changes. To cite a few examples:

The United States labor movement was decisively affected by the fact that American labor had citizenship and voting rights before it formed a mass trade union movement. This development is significantly different from the European and British patterns, in which working-class, socialist-oriented parties became

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a permanent feature of the political system. American women and American Negroes did not have voting rights when they organized movements for their emancipation, but they lived in a nation in which the right to vote was constitutionally guaranteed to all citizens. At the time when both of these movements were launched, voting rights had recently been extended to propertyless white males. Therefore, it was only natural that both of these movements focused on the ballot as the solution to their problems. The antislavery campaign saw its triumph in the passage of the civil rights amendments. All other needed reforms, including land distribution, were presumably to follow upon this magic enactment. The results are history. Ironically, a hundred years later, the civil rights movement was offered yet another Civil Rights Act and kindred legal reforms as a substitute for the organizational, societal, institutional changes that are needed to render such laws meaningful and effective. The woman's rights movement operated within the same tradition and suffered from the same limitations—despite the fact that alternatives existed from the start. As early as 1825 American working girls had organized in trade unions for economic demands and, briefly, used political as well as economic means to advance these demands. But their movement remained generally isolated from the woman's rights movement.

Among the advocates of other forgotten alternatives to the woman's rights movement were Frances Wright, Robert Dale Owen, Ernestine Rose, John Humphrey Noyes, Henry C. Wright, and later Charlotte Gilman, Victoria Woodhull and Margaret Sanger. These radicals had in common the convictions that the institutions of society were as oppressive to women as were its laws, that the patriarchal family was a questionable institution, and that sexual morality as hitherto defined would have to change. Their methods for attack and their specific programs varied, but they made the connection between religion, the family, sexual mores, and the social status of women. They pointed out, even if not always in specific terms, that merely constitutional changes would not basically alter the position of women.

Frances Wright, the first woman to engage in public lectur-

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ing in America, scandalized her contemporaries in a variety of ways. Not only did she advocate birth control, easy divorce and free love, but in her utopian community, Nashoba, she allowed the latter practice to flourish, and on an interracial basis. When, during her absence, the community's diary was published, revealing the shocking goings-on, she refused to disavow her fellow-utopians' actions. Moreover, she was actively involved in organizing the first labor party in the United States, the Workingman's Association—and promoted within that group, during the 1828 and 1830 state election campaigns, the principle of public education for all children, starting at age two and in boarding schools. While women's liberation was not specifically listed as one of the expected benefits, she did mention that this scheme would equalize educational opportunities for workers' children, imbuing children of all classes with the egalitarian spirit that she regarded as the essential principle of American democracy. That the public education issue split the Workingman's party in 1830, causing it serious electoral losses and probably contributing to its early demise, is not surprising. Frances Wright appeared on the scene too soon to influence the first generation of feminists directly, although some of them had certainly heard of her activities. It is noteworthy that the first volume of *History of Woman Suffrage* (edited by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, *et al.*) pays tribute to Frances Wright, though only in her role as a public speaker. Latter-day feminists ignored her advanced ideas for sexual, moral and educational reform.

Both the first and second generation of activists in the woman's rights movement had direct acquaintance with and exposure to the practices and ideas of other utopians. The Fourierists allowed women to wear a costume somewhat similar to the Bloomer costume, with ballooning pants tied at the ankles, which was certainly an improvement over the whaleboned, corsetted and bustled monstrosities, weighing upward of fifteen pounds, in which nineteenth-century women attempted to pursue their daily activities. The Fourierists collectivized housekeeping chores, but divided the work tasks in the conventional manner among men and women. But since women had full voting rights in their communes, Fourierists could certainly have

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served as models for possible alternatives to the Victorian family. The same holds true for other communarians, such as those at Oneida, whose moving spirit, John Humphrey Noyes, advocated free love, equality of the sexes, and male continence as a method of birth control.

Ernestine Rose, Frances Wright and Robert Dale Owen were freethinkers or opponents of established religion, who wrote and spoke extensively and exposed the connection between the subordinate position of women and the teachings of orthodox religion. Henry C. Wright advocated greater equality in marital and sex relations, sex education and family planning. Charlotte Gilman, Victoria Woodhull and Margaret Sanger all had unorthodox life-styles—each was divorced; Charlotte Gilman voluntarily renounced custody and care of her only child in favor of her husband and his second wife, with whom she remained on the friendliest terms for years after her divorce; Victoria Woodhull not only attacked the double standard by her revelations in the Beecher-Tilden affair, but led a notoriously scandalous life herself with no effort at dissimulation.

Charlotte Gilman's major theoretical contribution was a fully developed theory of women's emancipation, based not so much on legal changes as on an economic revolution and basic changes in the institution of marriage. Margaret Sanger's single-minded pursuit of birth control as the cure-all for the "disabilities of sex" was perhaps the most significant alternative to the woman's rights approach. It is interesting that Sanger carried her lonely and at first quite unsuccessful campaign so far as deliberately to become a fugitive from the law and leave the country in order to avoid arrest for violating an obscenity law. Her justification was entirely political: she would be arrested only at a time of her choosing, when her case would advance her cause by testing the Comstock law's provision forbidding the distribution of contraceptive information and devices. While she was in Europe, she arranged for one hundred thousand copies of her magazine, carrying birth control information, to be distributed in the United States. Having thus created a clear test case, Sanger returned to New York and peacefully submitted to her arrest. This action was at least as radical and political as was the much more publicized

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picketing of the White House by the Woman's Party, and accomplished a good deal more for the emancipation of women. The list of early practitioners and theorists of woman's emancipation could be extended, but the point is made: they were continuously in evidence on the American scene; they provided useful radical alternatives to the Victorian family and to the strictly Constitutional approach taken by suffragists—but they were not able to influence significantly the organized woman's rights movement.

The distinction between women's rights and women's emancipation becomes crucial in dealing with women of different social classes. It is a common fallacy to blur class distinctions and to proceed on the assumption that what is true for middle-class women is true for all women. The fact is that, for members of the working class and for the poor, women's rights are essentially meaningless. In the absence of property, inheritance and other property rights are irrelevant. The right to contract means only the right to contract one's labor, and here the working-class woman must, out of need, take what the market offers, regardless of the law. In fact, equal rights and standards regulated by law often deprive the poorest women of the chance to work at all—since work is available to them only at substandard wages. To lower-class children of both sexes—and this applies to the period from the Civil War to World War I—access to education is significant only insofar as it opens doors to upward mobility, which is in their case limited by various other restraints and prejudices. For the working-class girl, spinsterhood is not synonymous with independence, since with her low wages and in the crowded housing conditions of the poor, spinsterhood means staying in her parents' house as an adult, which is hardly freedom. In fact, marriage and other sexual liaisons offer much more chance of upward mobility for the lower-class girl than does education. Working-class standards of morality take such facts into consideration and are far less restrictive and retributive than are upper-class standards, especially regarding premarital sex and illegitimate children. Historians who make generalizations about the impact of Victorian morality on American women would do well to remember that Victorian morality

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applied to the "better" classes only. It was taken for granted during that period and well into the twentieth century that working-class women—and especially black women—were freely available for sexual use by upper-class males.

The proverbial immorality of factory girls caused much concern to Victorian ladies, who expended prodigious energies in useless efforts at amelioration. The racist myth that most black women were immoral persisted and proved to be the greatest stumbling block to the interracial activity of women. It took decades of patient educational work by black club-women to dispel it and to prove that middle-class black women shared the moral standards of white women of their class. Class differences in marriage patterns were undeniable, although frequently ignored. Lower-class families freely separated without benefit of the law before divorce was cheaply available, and entered common-law marriages when they could not legally remarry. After divorce was legalized, they divorced at a greater rate than their middle-class counterparts. Even today, the values, sexual mores, life-styles and life expectations of women of the blue-collar class are dramatically different from those of the middle class, as is shown in Mirra Komarovsky's *Blue Collar Marriage* and in *Workingman's Wife* by Lee Rainwater, R. P. Coleman and W. L. Yancey. In fact, the life-styles of working-class women are much closer to those of the majority of nineteenth-century women than to those of more privileged groups of our own society.

The case is still different for black women, who have been doubly oppressed, as Blacks and as women. Race oppression has been experienced as the primary burden, and it is a particular aspect of this burden that a far greater percentage of black women than white are poor working mothers in menial service occupations. Race, caste, class and sex discrimination fall upon them with particular severity. Historically, they have organized in separate groups as women and, for the advancement of their racial interests, have joined organizations with their men.

There is yet another difference between the status and perceived problems of middle-class women and those of lower-class women. Their position as housewives is quite different. It is obvious that historically the family has undergone important

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changes in structure and function, bringing about essential changes in the position of women. What Betty Friedan has described as the "feminine mystique" is essentially the symptom of a cultural lag, in which our societal and personal values are adapted to a family pattern that has long ceased to exist. The large, rural family—jointly producing most of the products for its own consumption, living self-sufficiently outside of the cash economy, training its young in the home, caring for its old, and providing both men and women with lifelong activity and work, which had the dignity of being essential to the group—needed the housewife and provided her with satisfying work.

A few decades after the Civil War this family had ceased to be the prototype of the American family. But it was not until the twentieth century that the full effect of urbanization, better medical care and longer life expectancy, combined with a lower birthrate, was fully felt. The modern urban family, which has removed all productive and most educational and welfare functions from the home and which requires the full-time services of the housewife-mother for a relatively brief span of time—five to eight years, while the children are pre-schoolers—has made the lifelong occupation of housewife archaic. As Betty Friedan pointed out, no amount of glamorizing, advertising and verbal upgrading can make homemaking anything more than a part-time job stretched out into a full-time, supposedly life-filling occupation. Since upper- and middle-class families have fewer children, employ domestic help, and can afford the various services available to lighten household chores, it is not surprising that middle-class women feel more discontented and restless in their empty, socially prescribed role.

An often neglected aspect of the problem is the money question. When the work of men became work for money, and society adopted money standards as its measure for value and worth, the unpaid labor of the housewife was again degraded, and her status, perhaps at first imperceptibly, but nevertheless decisively, lowered.

All of this is quite different for the lower-class family. Among the eleven million poor families (those with an annual income under four thousand dollars), the housewife still performs an essential function. Even the economically more privileged blue-

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collar worker's family could not survive, if the mother did not contribute her free labor for laundering, cleaning, home baking, haircutting and, often, home sewing. Shopping for bargains—the only kind of goods poor working people can afford to buy—is a time-consuming but, under present conditions, essential occupation. The working-class housewife's unpaid labor directly supplements the wages paid to her husband. This does not lessen her burden or exploitation, but it does make a difference in her subjective attitude toward her role. It also explains her general indifference to women's rights organizations.

If these women find little appeal in women's rights as such, their emancipation is nevertheless progressing. Labor protective legislation, welfare state measures, improvements in medical and health care, the availability of birth control information—these are all reforms that advance the status of lower-class women. Working women have traditionally perceived that the trade union movement, despite its predominant insensitivity to the problems of women, still offers their best chance for advancement. In those unions where women have been able to organize as separate entities, such as in the United Automobile Workers, considerations of their special needs could be secured, and important advances, such as job protection after maternity leaves, could be written into union contracts. This parallels the European pattern, where the major legislative gains for working women were won through the pressure of strongly feminist-oriented organizations of working-class women within or without the trade union movement. This has been the exception in the United States, however, not the rule.

The preconditions for the emancipation of American women prevailed throughout most of the country for the upper and middle classes by the time of World War I. Women of all classes had by then experienced some very tangible improvements over their previous condition, which they would soon take for granted as "natural": freedom to dress so as to enjoy unhampered movement; freedom to move outside the family and escape familial or communal taboos and ostracism for deviant behavior; the right and possibility not to have one's procreative functions dominate all one's life; the right to divorce without social stigma.

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To middle-class women, the attainment of suffrage, and of those legal-constitutional changes they expected would inevitably follow upon suffrage, seemed adequate. This explains the waning interest in the woman's rights movement after 1920.

World War II, as had previous wars, exposed working-class women to the possibilities of well-paying jobs, free child-care centers, training opportunities for skilled employment. But, after the war, "Rosie, the Riveter" was told to go home where she belonged and produce babies, not ships. She did just that, with disastrous effects on our overcrowded schools and other institutions. One might have expected, then, that pressures for female advancement would at last come from these lower-class women.

That this did not happen is due to a familiar paradox: the women who most need reforms are helpless to enact them; the women who are most able to work for reforms are not in great need of them. The results are as one might expect: middle-class women support the more far-reaching demands of working-class women up to a point, then they relax their efforts. In this country, during the Progressive period, the interests of women of all classes briefly coincided. Suffragists needed the support of trade unionists and labor in general in order to secure their goal; working women hoped that female suffrage would serve to enact the reforms they needed—this overlapping of interests held the alliance together. After 1920, having won their "rights," middle-class women succumbed to the negative pressures of society, such as ridicule, an ideological offensive by antifeminists and red-baiting, which earlier they had been able to withstand. Working-class women, who usually bear the triple burden of work, housework and child care, without benefit of those replacement services available for money, are too weak as a group to organize and struggle in their own behalf, except for the most immediate economic gains. Still, there has been a continuous thread of organizational effort on the community level from the New Deal to the present day. Such movements as meat boycotts during World War II, consumer strikes, rent struggles, and, more recently, organization around school issues, in which lower-class women have played a significant role, deserve to be studied and interpreted by social historians.

The women's emancipation movement has experienced a

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sudden resurgence in the past five years. The current movement, like the woman's rights movement of the 1800s, is based on an educated elite group of white, middle-class women, who have experienced a strong sense of status displacement. Much of their effort has followed the traditional pattern of concentrating on constitutional-legal reforms that most benefit middle-class women, such as the Equal Rights Amendment. But the women's liberation movement has infused feminism with a new spirit. Despite the limitations of its composition, the more youthful and radical wing of the new feminist movement has been innovative and experimental and has striven hard to escape the historical pattern of reform and failure.

Technology and science have provided, for the first time in human history, the conditions for the potential eradication of sex-based differences among humans. Overpopulation on a world scale has raised moral questions that affect the most personal human relations. Excessive reproduction, like excessive consumption, may soon be considered against the best interests of society, if not outright immoral. With the lessening importance of their reproductive role, with altered conditions for their social functioning, women need to have oppressive institutional restraints lifted from them. There is no longer any justification for their existence.

This means, practically speaking, the kind of change in role expectations and psychological orientation women's liberationists have been talking about. It does not mean only women's rights. It means the emancipation of both men and women from a sex-dominated archaic division of labor and from the values that sustain it.

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The Universal Xerox Life Compiler Machine

WILLIAM JOVANOVICH

WILLIAM SAROYAN WROTE ME from Paris: "I seem to have the notion that anything anybody writes has got to be published —so that the writer can begin to feel better, I suppose. It isn't that a new writer, aged seventy, can't write; it's just that if he hasn't already done so, it isn't very likely."

I replied: "Your idea that anybody who writes should be able to be published may, in fact, come true. Xerography is a process that can make this possible, but whether it will make people feel better I cannot surmise, unless they happen also to be Xerox shareholders. Certainly, if publishing becomes universal, and if it is regarded as a kind of civil right, or a kind of public requital, then our concept of literary property must change. Everything will be published and it will belong to everybody—power to the people. There is nothing illogical in your idea. If everyone finds a publisher, he will then find a reader, maybe just one reader—the publisher himself. Of course, writers want lots of readers, but this desire will be less and less fulfilled as there are more and more writers. Quantity declines as specialization declines. Eventually, every man will become at once a writer, publisher, librarian, and critic—the literary professions will disappear as a single man undertakes all the literary roles."

To which Saroyan, still in Paris and still writing as a professional, replied: "Yes, xerography will confound human life still more and, along with other things, help to cancel it out. Then a new day will dawn or a new race will be spawned—we are fish, aren't we? But is so much really lost? Great publishing, that is, the

✪ WILLIAM JOVANOVICH, chairman and chief executive officer of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc., is author of *Now, Barabbas.*

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publishing of the best writers—how far is that, as a matter of fact, from the universal publishing you describe? Can we really pretend that the distance is worth measuring?"

What underlies this brief exchange is a twofold question: What is writing worth as a human act, and what is its worth as a form of property? We have presumed for more than two centuries that writing is a kind of property that is contracted and transacted in such a way that unauthorized copying or transmission has been declared illegal. Writing as property is the basis of copyright law in most Western countries, even though some otherwise conservative manufacturers and educators put forth the criticism that copyright is a monopolistic practice that deprives "the people." Communist countries tend to ignore copyright, or they waffle; and the "emerging nations" ask special dispensation in order to catch up with the West, that is, to copy the works of the West. As for the first part of the question—writing as a human act—it is related to the second. Is the artifact resulting from writing—the book, the article, the journal, the script—as important as the discrete, individual act of writing?

It may be that after all these years—the centuries of scratching on cave walls, scribbling on clay tablets, marking papyrus and animal hides, moving paper over metal—we have got quite wrong the matter of *counting,* the matter of quantifying. We assume that if many people over several decades read a literary work, then the work has become important. This assumption is fairly recent; its roots are in the Renaissance, at which time the idea of a popular culture arose. Western society has for several centuries doted on two notions: the belief that individual art is the highest form of culture, and the faith that general literacy benefits alike the rich and the poor, the high and the low. Together these notions presume that culture is sustained by teaching the thoughts and demonstrating the artistic style of a few people to large numbers of people. But now, as the twentieth century approaches its final quarter, different notions are being put forth. Culture is being redefined. Communal or tribal arts are admired. Instinctual knowledge is valued as a counterpoint to rationality. It is argued that the youth of each generation should not be taught by the models of dead or dying generations. Perhaps quantifying is converse to our

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best ends. Perhaps many people should write—the more the better. Perhaps less attention should be given to the popularity or the endurance of single works.

Published writing is, nonetheless, still a property, just as other forms of information are regarded legally as property that can be created, owned, sold and resold. And xerography is still a ready means by which one can break the law, since it can be used to reproduce a work without recompensing properly its author (or performer) and publisher (or producer). Writers themselves tend not to talk about their property in public quite so freely as they once did.

Indeed, property as a concept, although not necessarily as a thing, is regarded suspiciously by the Young (as a caste), by the separatist Blacks, and by the Intellectuals who are able to subsist outside universities, foundations and government. These are the people who for the most part do not own much property. This statement is not said cynically, but notationally. It is a warrant of the sincerity of some radicals that they believe in freeing themselves of possessions in order to free themselves of social convention and constriction. The radicals, the outsiders, in our society are less interested in the artifact, the object, than in the media. Mark Slade, who has been Education Director at the National Film Board in Canada, defines this phenomenon by the use of historical analogy: "At about the time that Faraday and others were asking questions which were to shake the old pillars of knowledge, Edgar Allan Poe was saying that it is an obvious rule of art that effects should be made to spring as directly as possible from their causes. Walt Whitman said the poet is the channel of thoughts and things without increase or diminution. Baudelaire, meanwhile, wanted to create a magic which would simultaneously contain object and subject, the exterior world and the world of the artist. . . . Schönberg, too, strove to make music a more immediate experience by expelling all literary and romantic content. Jaspers was one of the first to see that philosophy has no content; for him philosophizing, not philosophy, was what mattered. . . ."

If one grants that process is itself important—that doing one's thing may lead to an understanding that product and medium are not separable and may be not even separately identifiable—then

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it may be logical to accept the notion that writing should not only be practiced by everyone but also owned by everyone. Saroyan suggests that anything that anyone writes ought to be published. But why *published?* Why, indeed, does not everybody describe his thoughts or dreams or trips and be content to put the writing away, himself fulfilled by the therapeutic act of putting one word after another? The answer is that fixity and accessibility are still the very qualities we demand of writing if it is to be deemed worthwhile. Writing is so common—it is common to more than a billion literate people on earth—that it is not generally valued until it becomes available in secondhand form.

Writing manages to become a property, I think, not mainly because a law declares it to be so. If it is unpublished, it is regarded, as a product, as merely ephemeral, or eccentric, or documentary. Once published, writing gains value; indeed, it is one of the few crafts or arts or techniques for which the reproduction into a new medium is usually more valuable than the original. Generally, no manuscript or typescript is priced as high on the auction block as the first edition of its printed reproduction. Consider further that in China there is no copyright, yet the sayings of Mao are better protected than are, in fact, his fellows and followers. In the Soviet Union there is no royalty system based on the *purchase* of books, yet writers are recompensed on the basis of the *printings* of their books by government presses. Thus control is maintained over distribution; and nothing so endangers a Russian writer as the unauthorized (underground) reproduction of his work. In Britain, Canada and the United States, print has achieved an aspect of legality that has no basis in English common law—it is difficult to convince a layman that his oral pledge to another person is a contract just as binding as a written agreement. Finally, the misascription of a profound or elegant statement remains embarrassing. For example, publishers and teachers, compliant to the Kennedy mythmakers, keep on countenancing the quoting of the statement on "I dream . . . and ask why not" as being Robert Kennedy's own, when in fact it is the aphorism of George Bernard Shaw.

Shaw was dead before xerography became universal, but I doubt that he would be dismayed by it as a threat either to maintaining the identity of an author or to vouchsafing his income. Let

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me repeat the parable he told about Tolstoi. Once, one of my colleagues wrote Shaw asking for permission to reprint *Arms and the Man,* and on being refused he wrote again to suggest that an American publisher could, if he wished, print the play without permission, for by then the legal limit of copyright had run out. Shaw was now piqued into relating, by way of reply, the story of Count Leo Tolstoi, who, in the last years of his life at Yasnaya Polyana, when he sought to put away worldly things and lead the simple life, announced publicly that he had given away the copyrights to his works and now allowed them to be published free of royalties. The sale of Tolstoi's works fell immediately, said Shaw, drawing the lesson that the public does not value what is given away.

On the other hand, parables are no safer than aphorisms; both can be pointless and unprovable. The history of copyright would *seem* to support the idea of value being dependent upon price, upon demand controlling supply. The first law governing copyright in England was enacted in 1710, a date that an English scholar, Dr. W. J. Howard, finds distinctly related to two phenomena: the acceptance of Locke's philosophy of property and law, and the exceptional profitability of printing and publishing during the early eighteenth century. Locke believed the function of government to be primarily that of protecting property; for him the law was corrective and punitive. Given a Lockean thesis, it was sensible to create copyright laws. "The recognition of property rights as a source of wealth led to a formation of certain laws governing them; these in turn strongly influenced the printing Trade, because publications were physical things which had a commercial value."

We cannot today, two hundred and sixty years after Queen Anne's copyright law, assess the degree to which literature and protectionism became interdependent. More than a hundred years ago Charles Dickens came to the United States to claim his royalties from the publishers who competed freely in stealing his works. He was owed a great deal, he discovered, for his popularity was immense: every American wanted to shake his hand, just as if he were the President. Today, we cannot so simply as Dickens measure the effect of the free use of works upon the creative life

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of writers or, indeed, upon criticism, which compares and ranks writers. To the point, there is the dramatic instance of CATV, which is the transmission of television signals by cable directly into houses. A few years ago, the owners of CATV licenses (franchises for defined localities) were quite prepared to negotiate to pay producers and artists for the CATV rebroadcasting of movies and network-television programs. Unexpectedly, a federal court ruled that under the present copyright law and broadcasting statutes, CATV can rebroadcast programs without permission or payment. Does this foretell the end of commercial broadcasting? Not necessarily. For if the national commercial networks lose a large part of their audience, and therefore their advertising revenues, they will go out of business and thereby force the CATV owners to create their own programing, which they can do only by paying writers, muscians, actors, producers, and by buying rights to films and books.

This tale is told to remind us that no work, or message, is exactly transferable from one medium to another. Even cable television is a different medium from open-air television, just as videotape is intrinsically different from "live" broadcasting. By now it must be clear that Marshall McLuhan has proved that the different media create their own meanings and in consequence they convey their own messages. Each medium creates new conditions for the artist and the public, which themselves are not separate entities. The artist creates "the public," which can only be defined in relation to what it seeks or consumes. And the artist is ultimately directed by the process of the medium he uses and that uses him.

I began with William Saroyan and now shall close with him. One ordinary day he and I were walking down Fifth Avenue, gesticulating and arguing like Levantines. I was urging him to write a long novel. A long novel was the style of the time; three-hundred- and four-hundred-page novels were on the best-seller lists, unlike the short novels that Saroyan favors. He pointed to the sidewalk crowds, to the street filled by herds of buses and cars, and replied, "I know, you want all of this in a novel, the whole of life. You want the old white whale, the Great American Novel. Everybody wants to see it done, but nobody can write it." Re-

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flecting on that day, I now wonder. What if everyone did actually write his story, and what if everyone's story were Xeroxed? Imagine millions and millions of welterweight Norman Mailers, each making himself the center of existence and each describing his feelings as the only trustworthy view of the world's ways. Imagine it! What would all that writing, the whole of it, amount to? It might be life. It might be what no artist can conceive, bigger than the biggest visions of poets and madmen. That's it. That's what The Universal Xerox Life Compiler Machine could do for us, something "now" and "total," so to speak.

But on further reflection, I think not. The Universal Xerox Life Compiler Machine would produce an endless, madding gibberish. One should know this from reading Oscar Wilde, who was not merely clever, but also right. Life cannot be made into art directly, nor can art be made simply by transcribing events and circumstances. Life imitates art. No person who can read is ever natural in a Rousseauesque way. Indeed, nobody has a "story" until he starts to tell it—the medium and the content are inseparable, like ends and means in all forms of human activity. Life cannot be comprehended by its own terms, which are endless, immediate, and as a whole without analogy. Because medium—process and becoming—is so essential to art, and to other forms of information that inform and explain human behavior, I cannot fear the medium that is not a medium. So it is that I am sure that the widespread use of xerography will not devalue literature, nor will it confuse the identity of reader and writer, nor will it turn to antiquarianism the profession of publishing. It will not do these things because the act of copying is indiscriminate, unselective, uncompetitive. It is not a medium of art.

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Letters of Thomas Mann to Henry Walter Brann

Pacific Palisades, California
6 April, 1947

Dear Dr. Brann,

It was an agreeable surprise for me to hear from you again. Your book* is among those that, during my migrations in the course of the last fourteen years, have never been left at the roadside, but are always at my grasp. I took it up again while working at the disguised Nietzsche novel, *Doctor Faustus*, and, also, at my lecture-essay, *Nietzsche's Philosophy in the Light of Contemporary Events*.

Poor Nietzsche frequently made statements that could have been uttered by Oscar Wilde, as for instance: "It is nothing but a moral prejudice that truth should be of higher value than appearance." See the *Decline of the Lie*. I understand that now you have written something about the power of the lie, and I will let Macmillan know that what you have written will probably be very good.

Sincerely yours,
Thomas Mann

Pacific Palisades, California
19 March, 1948

My very dear Dr. Brann,

Thank you very much, indeed, for your letter of March 10 and your fine review of *Doctor Faustus*. It's really something that the

* *Nietzsche und die Frauen*. Leipzig, 1931. Thomas Mann mentions this book as source material for his *Doctor Faustus* in his *The Genesis of Doctor Faustus*.

✪ HENRY WALTER BRANN, formerly of Rutgers University, is the author of *Nietzsche und die Frauen*. His numerous essays include "Thomas Mann's Humanist Mission," "Hegel, Nietzsche and the Nazi Lesson" and "Thomas Mann and Schopenhauer." These letters from Thomas Mann were translated by Dr. Brann, and are printed here with the permission of the Mann estate.

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New York *Staats-Zeitung*, with which I actually don't see eye to eye very much, has published two articles on this subject. Yours* is excellent in its specific type, and you were, indeed, the right man to analyze the novel from your special point of view. Undoubtedly, the work is to a large extent primarily a Nietzsche novel. I am looking forward with the greatest interest to your enlarged study of the subject in an English-language periodical.

I am sorry to learn that you are having some difficulties with your book on Goebbels which is, no doubt, significant and interesting. But Storm Publishers is certainly not a bad place for such a work. They have distinguished themselves with the publication of Unruh's novel†, and your book will not go unnoticed in the framework of that publishing house.

With the best wishes and greetings,
Thomas Mann

Hotel Baur au Lac, Zurich
5 June, 1949

My dear Mr. Brann,

Thank you for your personal words of sympathy as well as for the truly decent public eulogy of the life and work of the deceased.‡ The world, but Germany foremost, has done him much wrong. When we have collected his best works in a special memorial publication, the public will recognize this.

We first intended to cancel our trip, but, on second thought, I have decided to remain active and to fulfill my most urgent obligations. This will probably help us, but it isn't easy. Especially poor Erika, whose companion he [Klaus] was, and who tried very hard to keep him on this earth, is heartbroken.

My very best.

Yours,
Thomas Mann

* *Nietzsche als Romanheld*, published in New York *Staats-Zeitung und Herold*, 7 March, 1948.

† Fritz von Unruh's novel, *The End Is Not Yet*.

‡ Klaus Mann, Thomas' oldest son, committed suicide at the age of forty-two.

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Pacific Palisades, California
30 November, 1949

My dear Dr. Brann,

Thank you so much for your letter of the eighteenth of this month. I have just written to Luther Evans of the Library [of Congress], communicating your great wish to him and recommending you warmly. I sincerely hope for you that this desire can be fulfilled in the near future.

I am rather surprised that *Books Abroad* is interested in *The Genesis of Doctor Faustus* [in its German original]. Actually I had intended to keep the book completely secret here [in the U. S.], and I certainly will not have it translated into English. [It was translated much later, after the author's death.] I am quite sure that the American critics would find it vain and obtrusive. However, I look forward to your review with great pleasure and ask you to send me the magazine as soon as it has appeared.

I should never have written the reply to Olberg.* It was, indeed, completely superfluous. But I have quickly done what was necessary to block the appearance of an impossible translation in the *New Leader*. Olberg should express his opinion quite alone.

With my best personal regards and wishes.

Yours,
Thomas Mann

Pacific Palisades, California
16 March, 1951

Dear Dr. Brann,

Thank you for your latest interesting enclosures. Book reviewing is a special art, which I have never learned. You, on the contrary, perform it with great determination and know how to inspire confidence in your judgment. *Goethe Misunderstood*† seems to be a title appropriate for a *weekly* rather than a trimonthly. But I

* Paul Olberg, an active Social Democrat and anti-Soviet writer, had criticized Thomas Mann in an article for his trip to Weimar in East Germany on the occasion of the Goethe bicentennial and for accepting honors from the East Germans.

† An article by Henry Walter Brann, later published in the literary supplement of the New York *Staats-Zeitung*.

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may be wrong. Nobody really knows who is the editor of the *Neue Rundschau* at present. But when writing the next time to Frankfurt, I will ask about the fate of your contribution.

My radio lecture about Shaw has had quite an unexpected success in England. Frankly speaking, my relationship with the old man was never very intimate. But when I got the assignment, I quickly made contact, and then—ready steady go!

Excuse me; my correspondence gets more and more complicated. It is not very easy to explain to young Japanese and Germans why they have to undergo a new "re-education" after so short a time, and again in the militaristic spirit. They are confused, and the least I can do for them is to express my comprehension of their confusion.

Sincerely yours,
Thomas Mann

Hotel Baur au Lac, Zurich
28 July, 1951

Dear Dr. Brann,

Many thanks! I am happy to learn that you like the Gregorius and that you have already written about it. The book will appear toward the end of August with the title *The Holy Sinner,* so that *Books Abroad,* with its two-hundred-fifty-word review, will be rather late. I would prefer to read this essay earlier, as well as those articles you were good enough to send to me at Pacific Palisades. Printed matter is usually not forwarded to me, but in this case I'll ask for it.

H____, between you and me, is so-so, *comme ci, comme ça,* a little lame in his head and heart, between ourselves. But he is liked by the American critics because he does not give me fulsome praise, and he has created, so to speak, a conciliatory mood among the angry types. Good, then. He wrote to my son [probably Golo Mann, the historian], "I don't like *Tonio Kroeger* nor *The Beloved Returns*" [*Lotte in Weimar* in the German original]. I wonder how somebody who dislikes *Tonio Kroeger* and *Lotte in Weimar* arrived at the idea of writing a book about me. . . .

I am gratified to learn that H. E. Jacob has recovered from his disease. He deserves to live—if I may say so.

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We now plan to visit with our children in Strobl at the Wolfgangsee [in Austria], then on to Salzburg and afterwards to Badgastein.

All the best for yourself and your work!

Sincerely yours,
Thomas Mann

Pacific Palisades, California
16 May, 1952

Dear Mr. Brann,

Many thanks. I am returning everything. H____'s book was useful because by its "moderation" it appeased many irritated people who believed an excessive Mann cult existed. I have not observed anything of the kind, but they found it, and H____'s ability "to remain at a distance from the subject of his studies"—an ability that I wouldn't wish to have—has gratified them. You, on your part, with a rather mediocre impression of his book, therefore have weighed your judgment about it quite carefully.

No, I haven't read Kaufmann's *Nietzsche*, but should perhaps do so. Some think the compiler of Nietzsche's second autobiography, *My Sister and I*, took all his material from Kaufmann's book. Others believe that a volume entitled *Collected Letters of Friedrich Nietzsche* was the source. Dr. Werner was the first to detect the swindle. No, Professor Kaufmann did this. And he sees —delicately enough,* I must say—the model and the instruction for such misuses in *The Beloved Returns*. . . .—It is deplorable that those who should unite in the fight against that dirty concoction now quarrel with each other in *Aufbau* and other periodicals.

All the best.

Yours,
Thomas Mann

Waldhaus Dolder, Zurich
25 October, 1952

Dear Dr. Brann,

As you see, I am still in Europe. You will see that, I think, even more frequently now.

* This is, of course, ironic.

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The first part of *Hegel, Nietzsche and the Nazi Lesson* [an essay by Henry Walter Brann, published in 1952 in the *Humanist*] has never come to my attention. But I now have seen the second, which I find simply excellent.

I am traveling around a lot from here—have just arrived from Bern, was before in Munich, and, for November, Frankfurt and Vienna are earmarked. For Frankfurt I have written a beautiful speech dealing with Gerhart Hauptmann,* in commemoration of his birthday.

Two more friends have passed away: Alfred Neumann† and Emil Oprecht.‡ Nature seems to poke fun at us since, after so many trials, we overcome even these shocks fairly well.

May you be in good health and spirits!

Yours,
Thomas Mann

Erlenbach-Zurich
12 May, 1953

Dear Dr. Brann,

Your nice letter arrived a long time ago. I was in a state of deep depression when it reached me. Toward the end of the winter, I contracted a very bad influenza or virus infection, which was accompanied by a profound nervous shock, and, at my age, it was very hard to overcome this mental malaise. Nevertheless, I spent, in the meantime, ten days in Rome where I paid a long overdue visit. Despite my much weakened condition, the stay in this city, where centuries and millennia live together, brought me great edification. The moment when the disciple of Protestant culture, without the slightest inner resistance, bent his knee to the white figure of Pope Pius XII will never be wiped from my memory. The historical emotion of these days lingers on in my mind, but, to a great extent, this is the all too sentimental product of my fatigue.

What do you say about a completion of *Krull?* But this is *une mer à boire* and a perspective of many years—I feel not in the least compelled to make a pledge to finish it. Concerning the long short story, *The Black Swan* [in German: *Die Betrogene*, which means

* The German poet and playwright who had died in 1946.
† A German novelist.
‡ A Swiss publisher.

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the deceived woman], which appears now in the Munich periodical *Merkur* and is supposed to be released as a book in the fall, I produced it while in a state of actual incapacity for work and *against my doctor's advice,* and I have much reason to fear that this will show.

Your birthday, a day of serious and certainly grateful retrospect, has now passed—and my *good wishes,* most cordial as they are, are arriving so shamefully late! Believe me: I have read with great interest and all the attentiveness of which I am still capable what you told me in your letter about your welfare, the changes in the basis of your life, your appointment to a civil service position, and especially about your great philosophical plans, which are really of high significance and for which I wish you good luck and blessings! Yes, you can still plan things courageously like that. You are at the height of your life and your vigor. When I was fifty, I wrote *The Magic Mountain.* My God, I couldn't do that any more. But one must still be glad about what one could do once.

Dear Mr. Brann, lines like these written to a valued friend come out of my pen and my heart easily, but how different are things when I have to write for the public! Just recently I forced myself to compose an article of four typewritten pages about Europe, America and the world situation for *Comprendre,* published in Venice. This has taken me a full week and brought me sleepless nights, and my dissatisfaction with the final product causes me shame and anger. No one has greater difficulties with writing for the press and public than I have. *If* I could not bring myself to compose a belated official greeting for you on the occasion of your special birthday in well-formulated sentences (I really don't know yet), don't bear a grudge against me! Don't let yourself be misled, by such an external failing, to doubt the love and esteem in which you are held by

Your very sincere friend,
Thomas Mann

Erlenbach-Zurich
25 August, 1953

Dear Mr. Brann,

Please don't worry! It's true, I was a little bit sick again on our

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return from England and Germany, but this has passed, and I live as always, with the *Krull* memoirs slowly progressing.

I am particularly gratified that *Altes und Neues* [a collection of old and new short stories and essays] has pleased you. The volume has had an incredible success with the German press. These somewhat "hamstrung" literary people are amazed at the fact that there is somebody who knows how to write good German and who "possesses a culture." It's really quite touching.

I miss my house in California, that's true. The present one, although beautifully located, angers me by the shabby narrowness of its rooms. I can't even place a sofa in my study albeit I need a corner of a divan for my work since hour-long sitting in a bent position at my desk is not good for me [Thomas Mann wrote all of his novels and essays by longhand]. Anyway, I really abhor all cramped conditions and should be as rich as Chaplin, who has acquired a splendid property at the Lake of Geneva. He himself called it "a bit pretentious," but that would suit me fine. By the way, in this place there are supposed to be spacious houses which one can afford. We'll look around. Perhaps we shall *build* once more, although at my age one wonders if it's still worthwhile.

All the best to you and your work!

Yours sincerely,
Thomas Mann

Erlenbach-Zurich
10 March, 1954

Dear Doctor Brann,

Many thanks for your kind letter of the second instant. It's very nice of you that you keep me posted about your various activities and your successes. These are, indeed, far-reaching and interesting studies into which you delve and which make you productive. Noted periodicals vie for your contributions, and the assignment to write a whole series of articles on the history of American Jewry is undoubtedly quite honorable. I hope that your work, through which a lot of new and surprising facts seem to be revealed, will be compensated accordingly.

Your review of *Altes und Neues* in *Books Abroad* has not come

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to my attention yet. Although I know it cannot but have the character of a short survey, I would, however, like to see it.

We have just returned from a trip to Italy that we made to escape the murderous cold prevailing here, but this trip also was not favored by good weather. Our stay in Taormina, Sicily, was rained out completely, but I again very much enjoyed Rome, a city I view with great awe and love, and I also celebrated there, as well as in Florence, a spiritual "reunion" with many beloved works of art.

We have given up our plans to settle down at the Lake of Geneva, because it's a rather boring place and because I like Zurich too much. We have bought a house in Kilchberg and shall move to this very fitting abode on the first of April. The address is: Kilchberg-Zurich, Alte Landstrasse 39, hopefully my definitely last one, since there has been in my later years too much "variation" and change.

Regarding my work, I have interrupted my labors on *Krull* temporarily in favor of a long short story, *The Black Swan*, which will soon appear at Knopf's, too. In the meantime, so much manuscript material for the *Confessions of Felix Krull* has accumulated that I have decided to release a "First Part" of the novel, a book of about four hundred and fifty pages, in its German original this fall.

I am presently reading with a great deal of interest the first volume of a large biography of Nietzsche that should interest you, too. It is by Richard Blunck, an author hitherto unknown to me, and this first volume describes childhood and adolescence. The biography will have three volumes and seems to me to be a faithful and reliable work based on respect for its subject.

All good wishes for your work and general welfare!

Sincerely yours,
Thomas Mann

Noordwijk aan Zee, Holland
16 July, 1955

Dear Dr. Brann,

If you knew how—following the strenuous Schiller lecture trip

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and the visit in Lubeck—things looked and events happened in our house at Kilchberg at my cursed birthday (and weeks afterwards), you would quickly pardon me the fact that I did not fully grasp the serious contents of your letter of congratulations and thus neglected to react to it as would have been natural.

Now, subsequently, as fine as you may feel again, I am almost frightened to death. It must have been bad, and however vigorous your nature has proved, I can only warn you and ask that you still take good care of yourself and do not act like a healthy person. No heart, following such an attack, is entirely what it was before. Prudence and consideration of the changed conditions remain obligatory, and physiologically speaking, the fiery Nietzsche statement is not exactly true.* Your doctor will have told you that you can reach a great age if you take into account what has happened. Otherwise, I am glad to hear how you enjoy your recovery and feel strong enough for new work. All my good wishes!

As far as I am concerned, I can only utter my astonishment that I continue to live without any really serious disorders, despite a partially wrong and unwholesome mode of living (smoking!), with eighty not much different from the age of sixty. A certain susceptibility to infections is there, and a drying up of the mucous membranes in the throat spoils my eating pleasure so that I have become thinner. But thinness is said to be much better than obesity in old age.

With all this, life becomes always more curious and more unpredictable. Now the Commander Crosses arrive and the Pour le Mérites, the documents announcing the Freedom of the Cities and all that stuff, and it is only to my good that, with all that excessive flattery, refreshing and sobering outbursts of poisonous hatred and of furious rejection of my existence are mixed in. Who knows how arrogant one would become otherwise!

Yours,
Thomas Mann†

* "*Was ihn nicht unbringt, macht ihn starker.*" (What does not kill him makes him stronger), from Nietzsche's *Ecce Homo,* Paragraph 2 (Why I am such a wise man).

† This letter, written a few weeks before Thomas Mann's death, appeared in the three-volume edition of the Mann correspondence, *Briefe,* edited by Erika Mann and published in Germany by S. Fischer Verlag.

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A Secular Piety

DIANA CHANG

Temporal I go from age to age,
Feeling unfashionably holy
Between defections from grace.

Museums may not be shrines
To living beauties visiting,
But there are sacraments in seeing
As well as in marriages.

The French would seem to conjugate
Their passé composé of
Born and die in the present tense.

Elle est née seems to read—
She was born thirty years ago in
Parsippany, N. J., and has been
Carrying on prettily ever since.

Il est mort or he passes away
Indefinitely kicking over the traces
In that last and always final fling.

This Gallic pragmatism
Shuns pathos forever.
In existing matter-of-factly,
I see that presently I die
Because now I live.

✪ DIANA CHANG's poems have appeared in several magazines. She recently completed her fifth novel.

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A Curiosity of History

ESTELLE AND SAUL GILSON

The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be;
and that which is done is that which shall be done:
and there is no new thing under the sun.

IF THERE WAS NO NEW THING under the sun before the birth of Christ, what has historical man experienced since? Is nothing unique? Horace wrote in 20 B.C. that "many poets, cultivating their genius with unkempt beard and dirty nails, despise work, withdraw from society and shun baths and barbers." Today, two thousand years later, the one hundredth generation of unwashed poetasters parade their flowing locks and revel in the derision of their elders.

Knowing history, we yet seemed doomed to repeat it. For history is a record of successive dooms whose lessons are as ambiguous and obscure as any Delphic utterance. Learn from the past? Coleridge said: "Passion and party blind our eyes and the light experience gives is a lantern on the stern which shines only on the waves behind us." History is just there—an ocean of experience into which our wake gradually disappears.

Consider, for example, the American experience with the Vietnam war. Surely we did not learn from the French disaster, nor did we learn from a similar experience recorded in our own tongue and of which we were the cause. Two hundred years ago the American Revolution brought to Great Britain dissension, repression and turmoil that could read as do the topics of our times.

For Credibility Gap

Read Horace Walpole in 1777: "Eleven months ago I thought America subdued; and a fortnight ago, it was as little likely to be subdued as ever. We, the people, know little of the truth . . . for General Howe's retreat produced despair; the taking of one post has given confidence. If you ask me what I believe . . . nothing

✪ ESTELLE GILSON, who has just completed her first novel, has published articles in *Opera News* and *Saturday Review*. SAUL GILSON practices internal medicine in New York City. His poetry has appeared in "little" magazines.

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but what is past—and perhaps have not heard a quarter of that." And again in 1781, "I wonder you are not cured of being sanguine or rather of believing the magnificent lies that every trifling advantage gives birth to."

For Domestic Opposition to the War

Here is Walpole again in 1777: "We have been horribly the aggressors."

And William Pitt: "I rejoice that America has resisted." And later, "If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms . . . never, never, never . . . you cannot conquer America."

Edmund Burke: "Nothing less will content me than Whole America."

Edward Gibbon: "I shall scarcely give my consent to exhaust still further the finest country in the World in the prosecution of a war from whence no reasonable man entertains any hopes of success. It is better to be humbled than ruined."

William Cowper: "I think it [the American War] bids fair to be the ruin of the country . . . I cannot look upon the circumstances of this country, without being persuaded that I discern in them an entanglement and perplexity that I have never met with in the history of any other. . . . If we pursue the war, it is because we are desperate: it is plunging and sinking year after year into still greater depths of calamity. If we relinquish it, the remedy is equally desperate . . . either way we are undone."

James Boswell: "I am growing more and more an American. I think our ministers are mad in undertaking this desperate war."

Even the favoring of revolutionaries over one's own brethren in uniform is not unique to us today. Winston Churchill, in his history of the times, wrote: "There was gloating over every setback and disaster to the British cause," and some British peers took a "parricide joy" in the loss of British troops and ships.

The Quest for Peace

You may read King George III, but whose voice do you hear? "I should think it the greatest instance among the many I have met with of ingratitude and injustice, if it could be supposed,

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that any Man in my Dominions more ardently desired the restoration of Peace and solid happiness in every part of this Empire, than I do, there is no personal Sacrifice I could not readily yield for so desirable an object, but at the same time no inclination to get out of the present difficulties which certainly keep my mind very far from a state of ease, can incline me to enter into what I look upon as the distruction [sic] of the Empire."

But here is Cowper again: "If people leave off fighting, peace follows, of course. I wish they would withdraw the forces and put an end to the squabble."

Walpole writes that the administration is ". . . persisting in a mere point of honor," for it has rejected "all proposals of accommodation offered by the Opposition" and "delayed offering terms themselves till they knew it was too late. . . . For what are we now really at war? . . . to stave off for a year perhaps, a peace that must proclaim our nakedness and impotence. . . . The ministers were too sanguine making war. I hope they will not be too timid of making peace." Later, he wrote, "My wishes are limited now to peace, I care not what sort of peace; the longer it is deferred, the worse it must be."

On the Destruction and Expense of the War

King George said, "I have heard . . . drop that the advantages to be gained by this contest could never repay the expence, I owne that let any War be ever so successful if persons will set down and weigh the Expenses they will find as in the last that it has impoverished the State, enriched individuals, and perhaps raised the Name only of the Conquerors, but this is only weighing such events in the Scale of a Tradesman behind his Counter; it is necessary for those in the Station it has pleased Divine Providence to place me to weigh whether expences though very great are not sometimes necessary to prevent what might be more ruinous to a Country than the loss of money."

Among those who read the scales differently, however, we have Walpole again: "The distance of the war augments its horrors almost as much as its expense. . . . The destruction of twenty-four thousand lives on their own side and the Lord knows how many thousands on t'other, with the burning of towns, desolation of the

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country and the expense of above thirty millions of money. . . . Whatever puts an end to the American War will save the lives of thousands . . . millions of money too. If glory compensates such sacrifices, I never heard that disgraces and disappointments were palliatives." In 1780 he wrote, "You hear, on the Continent, but too much of our barbarity; the only way in which we have yet shown our power."

Cowper, too: "Perseverance will only enfeeble us more; we cannot recover the colonies by war . . . crushed as we are under an enormous public debt that the public credit can at no rate carry much longer . . . the consequence is sure. . . ."

Perhaps you have wondered why the King thought that the loss of money and lives must be weighed against future consequences.

The Domino Theory

"Step by step the demands of America have risen—independence is their object . . . every man not willing to sacrifice every object to a *momentary* and inglorious Peace must concurr with me in thinking that this Country can never submit. . . . Should America succeed, the West Indies must follow them . . . Ireland would soon follow . . . then this Island would be reduced to itself and soon would be a poor Island indeed. . . . Consequently, this Country has but one Sensible, one great line to follow, the being ever ready to make Peace when to be obtained without submitting to terms that in their consequence must anihilate [sic] this Empire, and with firmness to make every effort to deserve Success."

Meanwhile, Back on the Home Front

While the Administration tried to create favor for its war policy, rebellion and dissension increased. Walpole worried about it: "I am almost afraid that there will be a larger military spirit than is wholesome for our constitution. France will have done us hurt enough, if she has turned us into generals instead of senators. . . . The nation is not yet alienated from the Court, but it is growing so enough for any calamity to have violent effects. Any internal disturbance would advance the hostile designs of France." Later, he wrote, "Foreign enemies seldom destroy a country, and then only by total conquest. In my opinion the subversion of a happy

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constitution, which is only effected by domestic enemies, is a worse evil, certainly a more permanent and more mortifying one, than defeats by strangers."

In 1776 Samuel Johnson noted "the magistrates dare not call the guards for fear of being hanged. The guards will not come for fear of being given up [to] the blind rage of popular juries."

And Steven Watson, in his *Reign of King George III,* describes similar circumstances contributing to the riot of 1780.

Backlash for Law and Order

The riot was instigated by Lord George Gordon. According to Watson, "young men like Gordon who drank success to America were not unnaturally considered by most of their seniors to be little better than traitors" as were those politicians whose only hope of attaining power depended upon a British defeat. Gordon, under thirty, and a member of Parliament, was wild, flighty, hated Lord North, the prime minister, yet refused to cooperate with the Opposition. His influence as self-appointed leader of a protestant organization was considered inconsequential. But on June 2, 1780, Gordon marched at the head of a procession formed to pressure the Commons into accepting his group's petitions. Encouraged by Gordon's haranguing, crowds attempted to attack Parliament. By nightfall they had shifted their activities from Westminster to London, from shouting to arson, and the riot, which was to continue for more than a full week, was under way. Uncontrollable mobs burned homes and businesses, attacked the Bank of England, and broke open every prison, recruiting the former inmates to their ranks. Many ransacked and burned distilleries, and drunken rioters burned to death where they fell.

London was at the mercy of the mob. Troops who were called out could not fire into the crowds until a magistrate had read the riot act, but magisterial sanction was not easily obtained—in part, as Watson puts it, because the magistrates "did not want to rank themselves with those who repressed the ebullience of a free-spirited city . . . in part . . . because they feared reprisals from the mob against their own personal property." Indeed, there were such reprisals; magistrates and wardens continually released previously arrested rioters.

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It was only after the King and the Privy Council ordered the military to disregard the city magistrates, to suppress the riots and restore public order, that the mob was finally beaten. More than four hundred and fifty people were killed or wounded before London returned to normal. Now, horrified Londoners and country gentlemen condemned all mob action; aldermen sought credit for preserving law and order; and, as Watson states, "the swing back to Lord North as a safe man . . . increased in speed and weight."

Restoration of Peace or a Massacre by Troops?

Now read Fanny Burney on June 9, 1780: "A private letter . . . brought word this morning that much slaughter has been made by the military among the mob. Never, I am sure, can any set of wretches less deserve quarter or pity; yet it is impossible not to shudder at hearing of their destruction. Nothing less, however, would do; they were too outrageous and powerful for civil power . . . . Now, if after all the intolerable provocation by the mob, after all the leniency and forbearance of the ministry, we shall by and by hear that this firing was a massacre . . . will it not be villainous and horrible? And yet as soon as safety is secured, by this means alone all now agree it can be secured—nothing would less surprise me than to hear the seekers of popularity make this assertion."

And there it is—eighteenth-century England or twentieth-century America? Dissension, taxes, riots, bigotry, domino theory, alienation, militarism, backlash. Surely, in our present mess we have heard no glad tidings. Is it permissible to be heartened by England's survival even into the Welfare State? It would be nice if from this encapsulated fragment of the past we could infer that we will eventually solve our problems. But there are too many variables beyond our knowledge and control.

Perhaps, then, the best we can derive from these quotations is some social psychotherapy that will enable us to be a little more objective, to avoid the long, inscrutable view, to recognize helplessness and entrapment of position instead of villainy, and to hear our prophets of doom with the necessary grain of salt.

Societies, even as individuals, are doomed; only the timetable is uncertain.

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INTERVIEW

Marcel Duchamp

PIERRE CABANNE

Marcel Duchamp has been called the most fascinating and the most disconcerting inventor in contemporary art. Presented here are excerpts from Dialogues with Marcel Duchamp *by Pierre Cabanne, translated by Ron Padgett, which will be published in April by The Viking Press as the first book in the series,* The Documents of 20th-Century Art. *Robert Motherwell, the originator of the series and general editor, writes in his Introduction to the Duchamp dialogues: "These conversations are more than mere interviews. They are Marcel Duchamp's 'summing up,' and constitute as vivid a self-portrait as we possess of a major twentieth-century artist, thanks to Duchamp's intelligence, scrupulousness, and disdain for the petty. Here, as throughout his life, he has rejected, as much as one can, that game of rivalry which makes so many modern artists uneasy and angry, or bitter, and sometimes false to themselves and to historical truth. . . . Duchamp's effort to be 'objective' is sustained with an intellectual strength and modesty (though he had his own arrogance) of which few celebrated artists approaching their eighties are capable . . . . his most successful works, paradoxically, take on that indirect beauty achieved only by those artists who have been concerned with more than the merely sensuous. In this way, Duchamp's intelligence accomplished nearly everything possible within the reach of a modern artist, earning him the unlimited and fully justified respect of successive small groups of admirers throughout his life. But, as he often says in the following pages, it is posterity who will judge, and he, like Stendhal, had more faith in posterity than in his contemporaries. At the same time, one learns from his conversations of an extraordinary artistic adventure, filled with direction, discipline, and disdain for art as a trade and for the repetition of what has already been done . . . . Despite Duchamp's urbanity, from another standpoint, Duchamp was the great saboteur, the relentless enemy of painterly painting (read Picasso and Matisse), the asp in the basket of fruit. His disdain for sensual painting was as intense as was his interest in erotic machines. Not to see this is not to take his testament seriously. No wonder he smiles at 'art history,' while making sure his work ended up in museums. Picasso, in questioning himself about what art is, immediately thought, 'What is not?' (1930s). Picasso, as a painter, wanted boundaries. Duchamp, as an antipainter, did not. From the standpoint of each, the other was involved in a game. Taking one side or the other is the history of art since 1914, since the First World War."*

PIERRE CABANNE: Marcel Duchamp, it is now 1966; in a few months you'll be eighty years old. In 1915, over half a century ago, you left for the United States. Looking back over your whole life, what satisfies you most?

MARCEL DUCHAMP: First, having been lucky. Because basically I've never worked for a living. I consider working for a living slightly imbecilic from an economic point of view. I hope that some day we'll be able to live without being obliged to work. Thanks to my luck, I was able to manage without getting wet. I understood, at a cer-

©PIERRE CABANNE has been for some years art critic of the Paris review, *Arts-Loisirs*. He has written books on Van Gogh, the Cubist epoch, Degas and Picasso, and he contributes to many French and foreign art magazines.

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tain moment, that it wasn't necessary to encumber one's life with too much weight, with too many things to do, with what is called a wife, children, a country house, an automobile. And I understood this, fortunately, rather early. This allowed me to live for a long time as a bachelor, more easily than if I had had to face the normal difficulties of life. Fundamentally, this is the main thing. So I consider myself very happy. I've never had a serious illness, or melancholy or neurasthenia. Also, I haven't known the strain of producing, painting not having been an outlet for me, or having a pressing need to express myself. I've never had that kind of need—to draw morning, noon, and night, to make sketches, etc. I can't tell you any more. I have no regrets.

CABANNE: And your greatest regret?

DUCHAMP: I don't have any, I really don't. I've missed nothing. I have had even more luck at the end of my life than at the beginning.

CABANNE: André Breton said that you were the most intelligent man of the twentieth century. To you, what is intelligence?

DUCHAMP: That's exactly what I was going to ask you! The word "intelligence" is the most elastic one can invent. There is a logical or Cartesian form of intelligence, but I think Breton meant to say something else. He envisaged, from the Surrealist point of view, a freer form of the problem; for him, intelligence was in some way the penetration of what the average normal man finds incomprehensible or difficult to understand. There is something like an explosion in the meaning of certain words: they have a greater value than their meaning in the dictionary.

Breton and I are men of the same order—we share a community of vision, which is why I think I understand his idea of intelligence: enlarged, drawn out, extended, inflated if you wish. . . .

CABANNE: In the sense that you yourself have enlarged, inflated, and exploded the limits of creation, according to your own "intelligence."

DUCHAMP: Perhaps. But I shy away from the word "creation." In the ordinary, social meaning of the word—well, it's very nice but, fundamentally, I don't believe in the creative function of the artist. He's a man like any other. It's his job to do certain things, but the businessman does certain things also, you understand? On the other hand, the word "art" interests me very much. If it comes from Sanskrit, as I've heard, it signifies "making." Now everyone makes something, and those who make things on a canvas, with a frame, they're called artists. Formerly, they were called craftsmen, a term I prefer. We're all craftsmen, in civilian or military or artistic life. When Rubens, or someone else, needed blue, he had to ask his guild for so many grams, and they discussed the question, to find out if he could have fifty or sixty grams, or more.

It was really craftsmen like that who appear in the old contracts. The word "artist" was invented when the painter became an individual, first in monarchical society, and then in contemporary society, where he is a gentleman. He doesn't make things for people; it's the people who come to choose things from among his production. The artist's revenge is that he is much less subject to concessions than before, under the monarchy.

CABANNE: Breton not only said that you are one of the most intelligent men of the twentieth century, but, and I quote, "for many, the most irritating."

DUCHAMP: I suppose he means that not following the style of the time bothers many people, who see this as an opposition to what they're doing, a rivalry if you wish but one which in reality doesn't exist at all. That rivalry existed only for Breton and the Surrealists, because they figured that one could do something other than what was being done at that point.

CABANNE: Do you think you've disturbed a lot of people?

DUCHAMP: No, not about this, because I've had anything but a public life. What little public life I did have was in Breton's group, and with others who were interested in my work a bit. In the true sense of the

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word, I've never had a public life, since I never exhibited the "Glass." It stayed in storage all the time.

CABANNE: So it's your moral position, more than your work, which was irritating?

DUCHAMP: There again, I had no position. I've been a little like Gertrude Stein. To a certain group, she was considered an interesting writer, with very original things. . . .

CABANNE: I admit I never would have thought of comparing you with Gertrude Stein. . . .

DUCHAMP: It's a form of comparison between people of that period. By that, I mean that there are people in every period who aren't "in." No one's bothered by it. Whether I had been in or not, it would have been all the same. It's only now, forty years later, that we discover things had happened forty years before that might have bothered some people—but they couldn't have cared less then!

CABANNE: Before going into details, we could tackle the key event in your life, that is, the fact that, after about twenty-five years of painting, you abruptly abandoned it. I'd like you to explain this rupture.

DUCHAMP: It came from several things. First, rubbing elbows with artists, the fact that one lives with artists, that one talks with artists, displeased me a lot. There was an incident, in 1912, which "gave me a turn," so to speak; when I brought the "Nude Descending a Staircase" to the Indépendants, and they asked me to withdraw it before the opening. In the most advanced group of the period, certain people had extraordinary qualms, a sort of fear! People like Gleizes, who were, nevertheless, extremely intelligent, found that *this "Nude" wasn't in the line that they* had predicted. Cubism had lasted two or three years, and they already had an absolutely clear, dogmatic line on it, foreseeing everything that might happen. I found that naïvely foolish. So, that cooled me off so much that, as a reaction against such behavior coming from artists whom I had believed to be free, I got a job. I became a librarian at the Sainte-Geneviève Library in Paris.

I made this gesture to rid myself of a certain milieu, a certain attitude, to have a clean conscience, but also to make a living. I was twenty-five. I had been told that one must make a living, and I believed it. Then the war came, which upset everything, and I left for the United States.

I kept working on the "Large Glass" for eight years, working on other things in the meantime. I had already abandoned stretchers and canvas. I already had a sort of disgust for them, not because there were too many paintings or stretched canvases, but because, in my eyes, this wasn't necessarily a way of expressing myself. The "Glass" saved me, by virtue of its transparency.

When you make a painting, even abstract, there is always a sort of necessary filling-in. I wondered why. I always asked myself "why" a lot, and from that questioning came doubt, doubt of everything. I came to doubt so much that in 1923 I said, "Good, that's going well." I didn't abandon everything at a moment's notice, on the contrary. I returned to France from America, leaving the "Large Glass" unfinished. When I returned, a lot of things had happened. I was married in, I think, 1927; my life was looking up. I had worked eight years on this thing, which was willed, voluntarily established according to exact plan, but despite that, I didn't want it—and this is perhaps why I worked such a long time—to be the expression of a sort of inner life. Unfortunately, with time I had lost my fire in regard to its execution; it no longer interested me, no longer concerned me. So I had had enough of it, and I stopped, but with no abrupt decision; I didn't even think about it.

CABANNE: It was like a sort of progressive refusal of traditional means.

DUCHAMP: That's it.

CABANNE: I noted something: first, which isn't new, your passion for chess . . .

DUCHAMP: It's not a serious matter, but it does exist.

CABANNE: But I also noted that this passion was especially great when you weren't painting.

DUCHAMP: That's true.

CABANNE: So, I wondered whether, dur-

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ing those periods, the gestures directing the movements of pawns in space didn't give rise to imaginary creations—yes, I know, you don't like that word—creations which, in your eyes, had as much value as the real creation of your pictures and, further, established a new plastic function in space.

DUCHAMP: In a certain sense, yes. A game of chess is a visual and plastic thing, and if it isn't geometric in the static sense of the word, it is mechanical, since it moves; it's a drawing, it's a mechanical reality. The pieces aren't pretty in themselves, any more than is the form of the game, but what is pretty—if the word "pretty" can be used—is the movement. Well, it is mechanical, the way, for example, a Calder is mechanical. In chess there are some extremely beautiful things in the domain of movement, but not in the visual domain. It's the imagining of the movement or of the gesture that makes the beauty, in this case. It's completely in one's gray matter.

CABANNE: In short, there is in chess a gratuitous play of forms, as opposed to the play of functional forms on the canvas.

DUCHAMP: Yes. Completely. Although chess play is not so gratuitous; there is choice. . . .

CABANNE: But no intended purpose?

DUCHAMP: No. There is no social purpose. That above all is important.

CABANNE: Chess is the ideal work of art?

DUCHAMP: That could be. Also, the milieu of chess players is far more sympathetic than that of artists. These people are completely cloudy, completely blind, wearing blinders. Madmen of a certain quality, the way the artist is supposed to be, and isn't, in general. That's probably what interested me the most. I was highly attracted to chess for forty or forty-five years, then little by little my enthusiasm lessened.

CABANNE: Now, we must go back to your childhood. You were born July 28, 1887, in Blainville, in the Seine-Maritime district. Your father was a notary. At home, the evenings were spent playing chess or music. You were the third of seven children, six of whom survived: the three boys, Gaston, the oldest, who became Jacques Villon; Raymond, who became the sculptor Duchamp-Villon; Marcel, yourself; then the three sisters, Suzanne, Yvonne, and Magdeleine. These births were spaced out in a surprising regularity, 1875-1876, 1887-1889, 1895-1898. From a good, middle-class Norman background, you grew up in a very provincial, Flaubertian atmosphere.

DUCHAMP: Completely. Very near Ry, the town where Madame Bovary took the coach for Yvetot, I believe. It's very Flaubertian indeed. But obviously one knows that only afterward, when one reads *Madame Bovary,* at sixteen.

CABANNE: I believe your first important artistic adventure, which took place in 1905, was a course in printing in Rouen. It gave you a genuine printer's competence.

DUCHAMP: That's a funny episode. Expecting to serve, under the law, two years of military service, I felt, being neither militaristic nor soldierly, that I must still try to profit from the "three-year law"; that is, do only one year by signing up immediately. So I went through the steps necessary to find out what one could do without being a lawyer or doctor, since these were the two usual exemptions. That's how I learned that there was an examination for "art workers," which allowed one year's service instead of three, under the same conditions as those of a lawyer or doctor. Then I wondered what kind of art worker I might be. I discovered that one could be a typographer or a printer of engravings, of etchings. That's what they meant by art worker. I had a grandfather who had been an experienced engraver; our family had saved some of his copperplates, on which he had engraved really extraordinary views of old Rouen. So I worked at a printer's, and I asked him to teach me how to print these plates. He agreed. I worked with him, and passed the examination, in Rouen. The jury was composed of master craftsmen, who asked me a few things about Leonardo da Vinci. As the written part, so to speak, you had to show what you could do by way of printing engravings. I had printed my grandfather's plate, and offered a proof to each member of the jury. They were enchanted.

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They gave me 49, out of a possible grade of 50. So I was exempted from two years in the service and assigned to a group of student officers. At the end of my year, in Eu, the captain in charge of those exempted questioned each soldier as to what he did in civilian life. When he learned that I was an "art worker," he said nothing; but I understood that, for him, the corps of French officers could not have a worker earning seven francs a day in its ranks, and I had the impression that I wouldn't go very far as a soldier.

*

CABANNE: Your first known canvas dates from 1902, when you were fifteen. It's "The Church in Blainville," your native village. How did you discover painting? Did your family encourage you?

DUCHAMP: The house we lived in was filled with the memory of my grandfather, who had produced engravings galore of the countryside. Further, I was twelve years younger than Jacques Villon, and eleven younger than Raymond Duchamp-Villon, who had been artists for a long time, especially Villon. I already had the opportunity to think about it. No objection from my father, who, with his two other sons, was used to dealing with these questions. So, for me there was no difficulty. My father even agreed to help me financially.

CABANNE: I believe your mother was an artist also. Didn't she paint still lifes?

DUCHAMP: She wanted to cook them too, but in all her seventy years she never got around to it. She did Strasbourgs on paper. It never went any further.

*

CABANNE: After your year of military service, you left for Paris, where you enrolled at the Académie Jullian. You had already spent a year there with Villon, who, at that time, was doing cartoons for the newspapers; you too tried this. Do you remember the "masters" you studied with at Jullian?

DUCHAMP: Absolutely not. Obviously the great man was Jules Lefebre, but I don't remember if he was teaching when I was there. There was another teacher, younger, but I don't remember his name at all. Besides, I only spent one year at Jullian. What did I do? I played billiards in the morning, instead of going to the studio! Nevertheless, I once tried entering the Ecole des Beaux-Arts competition, which was a "flop" as you say in English. The first test was to do a nude in charcoal—I flunked.

CABANNE: And so you joined the innumerable flunks of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts.

DUCHAMP: Absolutely, and I'm proud of it now. Back then, obviously, I had the innocent enthusiasm of one who wants to "make beaux-arts." Then I resumed cartooning and the art sessions at Jullian. I got ten francs for a quarter page in *Le Sourire* and *Le Courrier français,* which was going great guns at the time. Villon got me in. You know, the director was a very odd man, Jules Roques. Villon used to go to the newspaper Monday morning to trap him when he arrived at his office, to force four sous out of him, because evidently he never used to pay.

CABANNE: Well, to summarize your beginnings: a middle-class family, a very prudent and very conventional artistic education. Wasn't the antiartistic attitude you took later a reaction, even a revenge, against these things?

DUCHAMP: Yes, but I wasn't sure of myself, especially in the beginning. . . . When you're a kid, you don't think philosophically; you don't say, "Am I right? Am I wrong?" You simply follow a line that amuses you more than another, without thinking very much about the validity of what you're doing. It's later when you ask yourself if you're right or wrong, and if you should change.

*

CABANNE: I have noted that, up until "The Bride," your research was expressed in representations, in illustrations of the duration of time. Beginning with "The Bride," one has the impression that dynamic movement has stopped. It's somewhat as if the means took the place of the function.

DUCHAMP: That's fair enough. I completely forgot the idea of movement, or even of recording movement in one way or another. That didn't interest me any more.

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It was finished. In "The Bride," in the "Glass," I tried constantly to find something which would not recall what had happened before. I have had an obsession about not using the same things. One has to be on guard because, despite oneself, one can become invaded by things of the past. Without wanting to, one puts in some detail. There, it was a constant battle to make an exact and complete break.

*

CABANNE: You called "The Bride" a "delay in glass."

DUCHAMP: Yes. It was the poetic aspect of the words that I liked. I wanted to give "delay" a poetic sense that I couldn't even explain. It was to avoid saying, "a glass painting," "a glass drawing," "a thing drawn on glass," you understand? The word "delay" pleased me at that point, like a phrase one discovers. It was really poetic, in the most Mallarméan sense of the word, so to speak.

CABANNE: In "The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even," what does the word "even" mean?

DUCHAMP: Titles in general interested me a lot. At that time, I was becoming literary. Words interested me; and the bringing together of words to which I added a comma and "even," an adverb which makes no sense, since it relates to nothing in the picture or title. Thus it was an adverb in the most beautiful demonstration of adverbness. It has no meaning.

This "antisense" interested me a lot on the poetic level, from the point of view of the sentence. Breton was very pleased by it, and for me this was a sort of consecration. In fact, when I did it, I had no idea of its value. In English, too, "even" is an absolute adverb; it has no sense. All the more possibility of stripping bare. It's a "non-sense."

*

CABANNE: Several interpretations of the "Large Glass" have been given. What is yours?

DUCHAMP: I don't have any, because I made it without an idea. There were things that came along as I worked. The idea of the ensemble was purely and simply the execution, more than descriptions of each part in the manner of the catalogue of the "Arms of Saint-Etienne."* It was a renunciation of all aesthetics, in the ordinary sense of the word . . . not just another manifesto of new painting.

CABANNE: It's a sum of experiments?

DUCHAMP: A sum of experiments, yes, without the influence of the idea of creating another movement in painting, in the sense of Impressionism, Fauvism, etc., any kind of "ism."

CABANNE: What do you think of the different interpretations given by Breton, Michel Carrouges, or Lebel?

DUCHAMP: Each of them gives his particular note to his interpretation, which isn't necessarily true or false, which is interesting, but only interesting when you consider the man who wrote the interpretation, as always. The same thing goes for the people who have written about Impressionism. You believe one or you believe another, according to the one you feel closest to.

CABANNE: So, fundamentally, you're indifferent to what is written about you.

DUCHAMP: No, no, I'm interested.

CABANNE: You read it?

DUCHAMP: Certainly. But I forget.

*

CABANNE: By 1915 you were in New York. You were twenty-eight years old, and the famous author of a painting whose fame was no less great, the "Nude Descending a Staircase." On your arrival, you made the acquaintance of your principal American patron, who later brought together your life's work in the Philadelphia Museum: Walter C. Arensberg. How did you meet him?

DUCHAMP: When I arrived, Walter Pach was at the boat and took me straight to Arensberg's. Arensberg had known that I was coming to America, and without knowing anything about me, he wanted to meet me. I stayed at his place for a month, during which our friendship was born (afterward, I took my own studio), a friendship which lasted all my life.

*

CABANNE: I believe that at Arensberg's

* A sort of French "Sears, Roebuck." (Trans.)

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you met everybody who was anybody in New York.

DUCHAMP: Nearly. There were [Martin] Barzun, [Henri-Pierre] Roché, Jean Crotti, the composer Edgar Varese, Man Ray, and, obviously, a lot of Americans. Then Picabia arrived. . . .

*

CABANNE: You were linked with the revelation of the Armory Show?

DUCHAMP: Oh, yes, completely. For all the artists. And they weren't just the ones who had "arrived"; there were young ones too, much younger than I, who were very interesting. A few were already forming a group of Abstract painters. The most interesting was Arthur Dove. Also there was Alfred Stieglitz, the photographer, whose main characteristic was being a philosopher, a sort of Socrates. He always spoke in a very moralizing way, and his decisions were important. He didn't amuse me much, and at the beginning I must say he didn't think much of me either; I struck him as a charlatan. He was very bound up with Picabia, whom he had met in 1913; then later he changed his mind about me, and we became good friends. These are things that one cannot explain.

CABANNE: Your first American readymade was called "In Advance of the Broken Arm." Why?

DUCHAMP: It was a snow shovel. In fact, I had written that phrase on it. Obviously I was hoping it was without sense, but deep down everything ends up by having some.

CABANNE: It takes on sense when you have the object itself in front of your eyes.

DUCHAMP: Exactly. But I thought that, especially in English, it really had no importance, no possible relation. An obvious association is easy: you can break your arm shoveling snow, but that's a bit simple-minded, and I didn't think that would be noticed.

CABANNE: In "With Secret Noise," a ball of string squeezed between two brass plates, joined by four long screws, were your intentions the same?

DUCHAMP: The name came after. I did three readymades—it was Easter 1926—and I have lost them. One of them stayed with Arensberg, who put something inside, after loosening the plates. When they were screwed back down, the thing inside made a noise. . . . I never knew what it was. The noise was a secret for me.

*

CABANNE: What did you live on then?

DUCHAMP: I have no idea. I gave some French lessons, I sold a few paintings, the "Sonata," for example, one after another. . . .

CABANNE: Old paintings?

DUCHAMP: Old paintings. I even had the other "Glass" sent from Paris, the half-circle "Glass"; I sold it to Arensberg, too.

CABANNE: So basically it was your past that kept you alive.

DUCHAMP: Fortunately. I happened to make a little at that time. When one is young, one doesn't know how he lives. I didn't have a wife, a child, any "baggage," you see. People were always asking me how I lived, but one never knows, one gets along. Life goes on just the same. Certain people helped me. I never borrowed much money, except for some small amounts from time to time.

CABANNE: Notice that, back then, artists weren't ashamed of being supported.

DUCHAMP: One knew very well that there were people who made money and who understood that there were others, called artists or even craftsmen, who couldn't make a living. So they helped. Helping artists was a virtue for rich people. It was a monarchical concept—every period before democracy has done it—to protect painters, to protect the arts, etc.

CABANNE: You lived in Buenos Aires for nine months, and it was during this stay that you learned of Duchamp-Villon's death, and of Apollinaire's.

DUCHAMP: Apollinaire's was in November 1918, and my brother Raymond's was, I think, earlier, around July 1918. From that moment on, I wanted to go back to France. I tried to find a boat, etc. . . . My brother's death hit me hard. I knew he was very sick, but one never knows how sick. It was called blood poisoning; it lasted for two years, going from abscess to abscess, and it finished in uremia. But I

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wasn't briefed on the details. He was in Cannes, there was the war, and we didn't correspond much.

So, I came back in 1918.

CABANNE: No, you came back in July 1919.

DUCHAMP: Yes, that's right, I came back a long time afterward.

CABANNE: But before coming back, you learned of the marriage of your sister Suzanne to Jean Crotti, and you sent him what you called the "Unhappy Readymade."

DUCHAMP: Yes. It was a geometry book, which he had to hang by strings on the balcony of his apartment in the rue Condamine; the wind had to go through the book, choose its own problems, turn and tear out the pages. Suzanne did a small painting of it, "Marcel's Unhappy Readymade." That's all that's left, since the wind tore it up. It amused me to bring the idea of happy and unhappy into readymades, and then the rain, the wind, the pages flying, it was an amusing idea. . . .

CABANNE: In any case, it was very symbolic for a marriage.

DUCHAMP: I never even thought of that.

*

CABANNE: In 1921, you came back to Paris for eight months, until 1922. . . .

DUCHAMP: I couldn't stay in New York more than six months at a time, because I had a tourist visa, or something like that. So after six months, one had to ask for an extension. I preferred to leave. And come back later.

*

CABANNE: Had you left the "Large Glass" in New York?

DUCHAMP: Yes. And when I came back three years later, I didn't go back to it. In the meantime, it had been broken. . . . But that wasn't what kept me from working on it, it was the fact that I wasn't there. You know how it is to continue something after eight years. It was monotonous. . . . You have to be very strong. I wasn't bothered by it, there were simply other things happening in my life then. . . .

CABANNE: Had you already made the decision to stop painting?

DUCHAMP: I never made it; it came by itself, since the "Glass" wasn't a painting; there was lots of lead, a lot of other things. It was far from the traditional idea of the painter, with his brush, his palette, his turpentine, an idea which had already disappeared from my life.

CABANNE: Did this break ever bother you?

DUCHAMP: No, never.

CABANNE: And you've never had a longing to paint since then?

DUCHAMP: No, because when I go to a museum, I don't have a sort of stupefaction, astonishment, or curiosity in front of a picture. Never. I'm talking about the old masters, the old things. . . . I was really defrocked, in the religious sense of the word. But without doing it voluntarily. All that disgusted me.

CABANNE: You never touched a brush or a pencil?

DUCHAMP: No. It had no interest for me. It was a lack of attraction, a lack of interest.

I think painting dies, you understand. After forty or fifty years a picture dies, because its freshness disappears. Sculpture also dies. This is my own little hobbyhorse, which no one accepts, but I don't mind. I think a picture dies after a few years like the man who painted it. Afterward it's called the history of art. There's a huge difference between a Monet today, which is black as anything, and a Monet sixty or eighty years ago, when it was brilliant, when it was made. Now it has entered into history—it's accepted as that, and anyway that's fine, because that has nothing to do with what it is. Men are mortal, pictures too.

The history of art is something very different from aesthetics. For me, the history of art is what remains of an epoch in a museum, but it's not necessarily the best of that epoch, and fundamentally it's probably even the expression of the mediocrity of the epoch, because the beautiful things have disappeared—the public didn't want to keep them. But this is philosophy. . . .

*

CABANNE: Do you go to museums?

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DUCHAMP: Almost never. I haven't been to the Louvre for twenty years. It doesn't interest me, because I have these doubts about the value of the judgments which decided that all these pictures should be presented to the Louvre, instead of others which weren't even considered, and which might have been there. So fundamentally we content ourselves with the opinion which says that there exists a fleeting infatuation, a style based on a momentary taste; this momentary taste disappears, and, despite everything, certain things still remain. This is not a very good explanation, nor does it necessarily hold up.

CABANNE: Still, you accepted the idea that *your* entire work would be in a museum?

DUCHAMP: I accepted because there are practical things in life that one can't stop. I wasn't going to refuse. I could have torn them up or broken them; that would have been an idiotic gesture.

CABANNE: You could have asked that they be in a nonpublic place.

DUCHAMP: No. That would have been insanely pretentious.

CABANNE: Being protected yourself, you could have wanted to protect your work. . . .

DUCHAMP: Certainly. I'm slightly embarrassed by the publicity aspect which things take on, because of that society of onlookers who force them to re-enter a normal current, or, at least, what is called normal. The group of onlookers is a lot stronger than the group of painters. They oblige you to do specific things. To refuse would be ridiculous. To refuse the Nobel Prize is ridiculous.

*

CABANNE: When you were young, didn't you ever experience the desire to be artistically cultured?

DUCHAMP: Maybe, but it was a very mediocre desire. I would have wanted to work, but deep down I'm enormously lazy. I like living, breathing, better than working. I don't think that the work I've done can have any social importance whatsoever in the future. Therefore, if you wish, my art would be that of living: each second, each breath is a work which is inscribed nowhere, which is neither visual nor cerebral. It's a sort of constant euphoria.

CABANNE: That's what Roché said. Your best work has been the use of your time.

DUCHAMP: That's right. I really think that's right.

*

CABANNE: . . . Arensberg decided to gather your works together, and to give them to the Philadelphia Museum. You helped him round them up.

DUCHAMP: Yes, that's right.

CABANNE: Fundamentally, was it a way of valorizing yourself?

DUCHAMP: No, no, absolutely not.

CABANNE: At least, you preferred that your works be assembled in a single place where they could be seen.

DUCHAMP: That is true. I had a certain love for what I was making, and this love was translated into that form.

*

CABANNE: Nineteen twenty-six is the year that the "Large Glass" was cracked.

DUCHAMP: While I was gone, it was shown in an international exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum. The people who sent it back to Katherine Dreier, to whom it belonged, weren't professionals; they were careless. They put the two glasses one on top of the other, in a truck, flat in a box, but more or less well packed, without knowing if there were glass or marmalade inside. And after forty miles, it was marmalade. The only curious thing was that the two pieces were one on top of the other, and the cracks on each were in the same places.

CABANNE: The cracks follow the direction of the network of stoppages, it's astonishing all the same.

DUCHAMP: Exactly, and in the same sense. It constitutes a symmetry which seems voluntary; but that wasn't the case at all.

CABANNE: When one sees the "Large Glass," one doesn't imagine it intact at all.

DUCHAMP: No. It's a lot better with the breaks, a hundred times better. It's the destiny of things.

CABANNE: The intervention of chance that you count on so often.

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DUCHAMP: I respect it; I have ended up loving it.

*

CABANNE: In 1953, Picabia was dying and you sent him a rather disturbing telegram.

DUCHAMP: It's hard to write to a dying friend. One doesn't know what to say. You have to get around the difficulty with a sort of joke. Good-by, right?

CABANNE: You cabled, "Dear Francis, see you soon."

DUCHAMP: Yes, "see you soon." That's even better. I did the same thing for Edgar Varese, when he died a few months ago. Barzun's son Jacques had started organizing a sort of ceremony at Columbia University. He had asked that we send messages, which he would read aloud himself. So I simply sent, "See you soon!" It's the only way of getting out of it. If you make a panegyric, it's ridiculous. Everyone isn't a Bossuet.

*

CABANNE: One has the impression that every time you commit yourself to a position, you attenuate it by irony or sarcasm.

DUCHAMP: I always do. Because I don't believe in positions.

CABANNE: But what do you believe in?

DUCHAMP: Nothing, of course! The word "belief" is another error. It's like the word "judgment," they're both horrible ideas, on which the world is based. I hope it won't be like that on the moon!

CABANNE: Nevertheless, you believe in yourself?

DUCHAMP: No.

CABANNE: Not even that.

DUCHAMP: I don't believe in the word "being." The idea of being is a human invention.

*

CABANNE: What do you think of young people nowadays?

DUCHAMP: They're fine, because they're active. Even if it's against me; that doesn't matter. They think enormously. But nothing comes of it which isn't old, out of the past.

CABANNE: From tradition.

DUCHAMP: Yes. That's what's irritating; they can't get away from it. I'm sure that when people like Seurat started to do something, they really just wiped the past right out. Even the Fauves, even the Cubists did it. It seems that today, more than at any other time in this century, there are strong ties with the past. It lacks audacity, originality. . . .

CABANNE: Are you interested in politics?

DUCHAMP: No, not at all. Let's not talk about it. I don't know anything about it, I don't understand anything about politics, and I say it's really a stupid activity, which leads to nothing. Whether it leads to communism, to monarchy, to a democratic republic, it's exactly the same thing, as far as I'm concerned. You're going to tell me that men need politics in order to live in society, but that in no way justifies the idea of politics as a great art in itself. Nevertheless, this is what politicians believe; they imagine themselves doing something extraordinary! It's a little like notaries, like my father. The politician's style is something like the notary's. I remember my father's legal papers; the language was killingly funny; the lawyers in the United States use the same language. I don't go for politics.

*

CABANNE: You never want to pick up a brush or a pencil?

DUCHAMP: No, especially not a brush. But I could. If I had an idea pop into my head, like the "Glass," I'd do it for sure.

CABANNE: If someone offered you a hundred thousand dollars to do a painting?

DUCHAMP: Oh no! Nothing doing! During a talk in London, I answered questions for two hours. I was asked, "If you were offered a hundred thousand dollars, would you accept?"

I told them the story about New York, in 1916, when Knoedler, after seeing the "Nude Descending a Staircase," had offered me ten thousand dollars a year, for my entire production, naturally. I said no, and I wasn't rich, either. I could have very well accepted ten thousand dollars, but no, I sensed the danger right away. I had been able to avoid it until then. In 1915–16, I was twenty-nine, so I was old enough to protect myself.

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I'm telling you this simply to explain my attitude. It would be the same today, if I were offered a hundred thousand dollars to do something.

I had small orders, like the sugar cage which Katherine Dreier's sister asked for. She absolutely had to have something by me. I told her I'd be glad to, but on the condition that I could do whatever I wanted. I made that cage. She hated it. She sold it to her sister, and her sister hated it too, so she sold it to Arensberg, still for the same price, three hundred dollars.

CABANNE: If someone made you the same request now, would you accept?

DUCHAMP: If it were a matter of friendship, and they let me do what I wanted, yes.

CABANNE: What would you do?

DUCHAMP: Oh, I don't know. I can't do a painting, or a drawing, or a sculpture. I absolutely can't. I'd have to think for two or three months before deciding to do something which would have significance. It couldn't be simply an impression, an amusement. It would have to have a direction, a sense. That's the only thing that would guide me. I'd have to find it, this sense, before I started. So if I agreed to do something, it would be with reservations.

CABANNE: Do you believe in God?

DUCHAMP: No, not at all. Don't ask that! For me, the question doesn't exist. God is a human invention. Why talk about such a Utopia? When man invents something, there's always someone for it and someone against it. It's mad foolishness to have made up the idea of God. I don't mean that I'm neither atheist nor believer, I don't even want to talk about it. I don't talk to you about the life of bees on Sunday, do I? it's the same thing.

Do you know the story of the Viennese school of logicians?

CABANNE: No.

DUCHAMP: The Viennese logicians worked out a system where in everything is, as far as I understood it, a tautology, that is, a repetition of premises. In mathematics, it goes from a very simple theorem to a very complicated one, but it's all in the first theorem. So, metaphysics: tautology; religion: tautology: everything is tautology, except black coffee because the senses are in control!

The eyes see the black coffee, the senses are in control, it's a truth; but the rest is always tautology.

CABANNE: Do you think about death?

DUCHAMP: As little as possible. Physiologically you're obliged to think about it from time to time, at my age, when you have a headache or break your leg. Then death appears. Despite yourself, when you're an atheist, you're impressed by the fact that you're going to completely disappear. I don't want another life, or metempsychosis. It's very troublesome. It would be much better to believe in all those things, you'd die joyfully.

CABANNE: In an interview, you said that journalists' questions generally bore you to tears, but that there's one which they've never asked you and which you'd love to be asked, namely, "How are you doing?"

DUCHAMP: I'm doing very well. My health isn't at all bad. I've had one or two operations, I think normal operations at my age, like for the prostate. I've undergone the troubles which bother all seventy-nine-year-old men; watch out!

I am very happy.

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"Nasín Cand' as Prantas Nasen . . ."

ROSALÍA DE CASTRO

I was born at birth of blossoms,
born when all the gardens grew,
on so very soft a morning,
on a morning April-blue.
"Rose" they call me—that's the reason—
of the lonely smile, it's true.
I'm a thorny rose for others;
not a single thorn for you.
When I fell in love—ungrateful!—
all my other life was through.
You were all I dreamed of having;
every other joy, adieu!
Why then this complaining, Mauro?
Why are friendly words so few?
If I thought my death could please you
don't you realize what I'd do?
Still you're murmuring about me,
hurtful words that knife me through!
Lord knows what you want! demanding
this and that—I wish I knew!
All I had to give I've given,
really ravenous for you.

Lover, here's a heart I'm sending;
here's the one key fits it true.
Now! I've nothing left to give you.
Nothing you could ask me to.

English version by JOHN FREDERICK NIMS

✪ "Although Rosalía de Castro (1837-1885) also wrote poetry in Spanish, her best work was in Galician. Gerald Brenan considers her 'the greatest woman poet of modern times,'" JOHN FREDERICK NIMS writes. This translation will appear in his *Sappho to Valéry: Poems in Translation,* to be published soon by Rutgers University Press. Mr. Nims, professor of English at the University of Illinois at Chicago, last year taught a workshop in the translation of poetry at *Harvard. Of Flesh and Blood* is the most recent of his four volumes of poetry.

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PART TWO

Planetary Planning

The Historical Philosophic Background

R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER

Before the pictorially graphic record of the presence of humanity aboard our planet began, there was no way for men to record their individual feelings and thoughts except as manifest in their tool inventing. Words are tools, but their sounds could not be made to last, under early history's conditions. Individually identifiable humans had no line of communication reaching directly to us today other than their massive group-work in carving, moving, shaping and building with stones plus the nonidentifiable individual's profuse handicrafting of small artifacts, such as vessels, arrowheads, beads, and so forth.

But from the beginning of the pictorially recorded history—on walls, vases, jewelry —we gain more information regarding general human experiences, capabilities, thoughts and motivation. For instance, it is evidenced that throughout all earlier times until yesterday the ruling social powers assumed the human masses to be universally ignorant and accredited them with having only muscle and dexterity value. The illiteracy of the masses was mistakenly interpreted as meaning that the commoner was inherently lacking in intellect—just a "poor wretch."

As "the exception that proved the rule," once in a rare while, by command of some god, a commoner apparently was endowed with creative powers and insights. The ease with which the erroneous assumption could be made that the masses are *stupid* is manifest when we realize how easily a human of today, conditioned to speak only Americanese, could deceive himself into mistaking for an "inherently illiterate Mongol" some ill-clothed, war-bruised, Chinese Communist Ph.D. physicist, who had not learned to speak Americanese.

It has been only during the last few decades of the two million years within which humans now are known to have been living aboard our planet Earth that the behavioral clues have been multiplying sufficiently to suggest that all humans, including "spastics," *et cetera,* are born with a far more comprehensive and superb inventory of subjectively apprehending, synergetically comprehending faculties—as well as objectively articulating capabilities—than have as yet been formally acknowledged to be the case by the present educational establishments' capability-accrediting boards, much less by the politico-social pressure groups, such as veterans' organizations and parent-teacher associations. We may soon discover that all babies are born geniuses and only become degeniused by the erosive effects of grown-ups' unthinkingly maintained false assumptions regarding their conventional ways of "bringing up" and "educating" their young.

It is possible to identify some of the known faculties that are coordinate in those whom society concedes to be adult geniuses. The publicly accredited characteristics of genius consist, for instance, of an actively self-attended *intuition* opening the

✪ The first installment of R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER's "Planetary Planning" appeared in the Winter, 1970-71, issue of the SCHOLAR.

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conceptual doors for *innate, frequently and combiningly employed scientific, artistic, philosophical, idealistic, sensorially conceptive, physically talented, logical, farsighted, imaginative* and *practical* articulations.

Leonardo da Vinci, who fortunately avoided the genius-eroding processes, manifested and coordinatingly employed all and more of such conceptual faculties and articulative capabilities. In the graphically recorded history of the last eight millenniums—as well as in the dim twilight of pre-Indo-Chinese, Mesopotamian, Egyptian, South and Central American graphic documentations of history—individuals appeared from time to time, who grew to maturity without losing the full inventory of their innate, intuitive and spontaneously coordinate faculties and therewith inaugurated new eras of physical environmental transformation so important that, in due course, the lives of all ensuing humanity were affected. I will refer to such comprehensively effective but largely unidentified articulators as the *Leonardo-type individuals.*

Since the dawning of the most meagerly revealed human history, there have been *ten* importantly distinct periods of historical transformations of both the physical and cosmological environments of society. In each of these periods the environment-reorganizing Leonardo-types manifestly have played the leading roles. There are two discernible periods of history as yet to come. I will deal with all twelve.

To each of us *environment* means: *Everything that is not me.* Environment is divisible into two parts, physical and metaphysical. The metaphysical environment consists of human thoughts, generalized principles and customs. The Leonardo-types seem to have avoided attempting to reform the metaphysical environment. They are documented only by their employment of metaphysically generalized principles to reorganize the *physical* constituents of the scenery, apparently assuming intuitively that a more man-favoring rearrangement of the environment would be conducive to humanity's spontaneous self-realization of its higher potentials. Human travelers coming to a river and finding a bridge across it spontaneously use the bridge instead of hazarding themselves in the torrents.

Physiology and biology make it clear that, at the outset of graphically recorded history, a universally illiterate—but also probably *not* unintelligent—humanity was endowed with innate and spontaneously self-regenerative drives of hunger, thirst and species regeneration. The a priori, chemical, electromagnetic, atomistic, genetic and synergetic designing of these innate drives apparently was instituted by a wisdom and formulative capability, inherent in Universe, higher than that possessed by any known living man. These drives probably were designed into humans to ensure that the mind—long unacknowledged as the highest faculty—ultimately would discover its own significance and become established and, most important, operative not only aboard planet Earth, but also in respect to the vast, locally evidenced aspects of Universe. *If so,* mind will come not only to demonstrate supremacy over humanity's physical muscle, but also to render forevermore utterly innocuous and impotent the muscle-augmented weapons and their ballistic-hitting powers. Mind possibly may serve even the essential, antientropic function that eternally conserves the omniinteraccommodative, nonsimultaneous and only partially overlapping, intertransformative, self-regenerating *scenario*—which we speak of as *Universe.*

Mind, operative aboard our planet Earth, and probably elsewhere in Universe, in a myriad of effective circumstances, can perform the paramount function of conserving the scenario "Universe." If so, it will have to be accomplished by apprehending, comprehending and teleologically employing the metaphysical, weightless, omniintercooperative generalized principles of Universe—to a strategically *effective degree* and within a critical time limit. This can be accomplished, to a progressively more effective degree, by Earthians competently "fielding" all those physical energy increments, entropically broad-

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cast by the stars, that happen to impinge kinetically upon our Earth as it orbits the Sun. If Earthians employ the appropriate biological and physiological principles, these receipts could be collected, sorted, analyzed, synergetically comprehended and symmetrically combined into complex but orderly, macro- and micro-cohering aggregates, and added to the resource-conserving and storing inventory of the Earth's biosphere. For it seemingly is manifest that the task of metaphysical intellect is to cooperate with evolution as a major antientropic factor in offsetting the physical Universe's fundamental proclivities of becoming locally evermore dissynchronous, asymmetric, diffuse, multiplyingly expansive and disorderly.

The kinetic intercomplementarity of finite Universe requires that what disassociates here must associate somewhere else. High pressure atmosphere at one point is balanced by low pressure elsewhere. The stars are all radiantly dissipating energy. The Earth is a celestial center wherein energies from the stars are being collected and buried ever more deeply. When, after vast millions of years, enough energy has been impounded aboard our spherical space-vehicle Earth, it will become a radiant star. The discards of other burnt out and dissipated stars are concurrently aggregate elsewhere—some trillions of years again to become new stars. No factor operative aboard our planet is so effective in aggregating, reorganizing, concentrating and refining the disorderly resource receipts as is the human mind.

Period One

We can discern period one, of our twelve-period history, in the behavioral traceries we have of the ancient, seafaring fishermen-farmers of Japan and coastal China who seem to have learned through experience of the unique ability of water-borne and earth-rooted vegetation to impound the Sun's radiationally delivered energy and also of the Sun's ongoing regeneration of more vegetation from the seeds of the fruits and tubers. They also found that, although the Sun's energy was impounded in the vegetation, very little of the latter could be eaten by humans. Men could not eat bark, trunks, stalks and but few leaves. They found out, however, that animals, bugs, worms and other creatures could eat this vegetation and could discriminate, as man could not, as to which were poisonous and which were safe. Men could safely eat the live-killed flesh of animals, but the meat could only be kept viable in cold climates. In the tropics men learned by watching the animals which vegetables, berries, *et cetera,* were nontoxic and safe for cultivation. As hounds were used to track animal food in the cold countries, domesticated cattle were used as safe-vegetation "hounds," and their females were also milkable. (Despite any known later historical events impinging on the freely and safely wandering cattle of India, this is probably the most important single factor explaining this spontaneous social behavior.)

Sun energy thus converted into viably tender fruits, roots, shoots, seeds and nuts of safe vegetation, or into animal milk or flesh growth, was thence as food converted into human *growth.* The human growth was not only in size, but in muscular ability to do further work by investing available time in rearranging local environmental events and materials to produce an ever-higher human-life extending advantage.

The Universe and the immensity of everything that was not "self," and the locally permitted independence of action determined by man's will, as altogether manifest in nature, integrated in man's mind to infer a vast but obviously competent, pattern-formulating, a priori, *mysterious greatness* to be operative throughout all of nature. Humans referred to this greatness, singularly or plurally, with some voice-sounded word—such as God—or some counterpart of that economically vocalized term of vague but spontaneous acknowledgement of the presence in Universe of a knowledge, wisdom and power greater than that possessed by self or any other known humans.

Most prominent in God's total kingdom and most understandable of God's

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major roles was that of His functioning as the Sun. As the Sun died each evening and was reborn each morning, death was assumed be only an invisible state and life was eternally regenerative. The natural water-and-land-occurring abundance, which the ancestors of the Sino-Japanese had the good fortune to find, and the life that it permitted, seemed good. That the Japanese national flag should thousands of years later be emblazoned with the Sun is testimony of their enduring and fundamental comprehension of the omniregenerative scheme of the Universe.

These people, from the earliest historically interpretable times, expressed their gratitude to God, who apparently had pre-fashioned the places most suitable for humans to express spontaneous thanksgiving (worship). These places were (and are) unusually beautiful and inspiring places, occurring randomly and unexpectedly around the world, wherein one is surprised to find oneself from time to time. In such "beauty spots," designated as *fung sui* by the Chinese, men spontaneously tend to feel mysteriously closer to a wisdom and grandeur of conceiving greater than their own. Such places are unexpectedly intimate to the comprehensively acknowledged mystery identified as God. At the threshold of such secretly beautiful places, Japanese-Chinese fisherfolk mounted the keel of a ship, spanningly, atop two posts as a doorway or gate (the tori) through which they stepped into their vast, invisibly walled cathedral. Their particular ritualistic way of thanking God, which has persisted through the millenniums, is known to us as the Shinto religion. Their people brought fish, fruit, grain crops and wine, sacrificially denying themselves this nourishment, which represented their own immediate personal wants, in order to show God that for which they were thanking him. When their sacrifice was prepared and displayed on some form of raised prominence (altar/alter: high), they stepped forward, one by one, and clapped their hands twice loudly to gain God's attention. Then the individual picked a fresh green leaf from a precut tree branch and placed it on the altar. Thus having given thanks, the individual clapped his hands twice more to let God know he was through with his message of gratitude—so that God could get back to his great work of operating Universe and within it providing for the regeneration of all life. No words were spoken. In a universally obvious preword language, man said to God that he sensed intuitively the yet undiscovered photosynthesis operative in some mysterious way in the green leaf which was God's invention for transforming and transmitting the life-supporting energy of Sun to man on Earth. Often men's intuitions have identified and superstitiously employed and conserved for centuries—even millenniums—crude, hypothetical concepts regarding phenomena that are critical to the sustenance of life, concepts formulated before humans had made scientific discovery of some of the chemical and physiological details of such processes as, for instance, that of the photosynthesis accomplished by the green leaf's then only vaguely identified chlorophyllaceous-behavior.

As has been shown by Sir James Frazer in his book, *The Golden Bough,* the religions of the people around Earth, before the dawn of our eight thousand years of graphically communicated history, seem all to have been founded upon gratitude to God for the mysterious bounty of nature and in profoundly moving awe of the secrets of fertility—which still are fundamentally secret, despite man's having identified such genetic mechanisms as DNA and RNA, and their amino and enzymic realizations. Thus has much of human society recently come to be novelty-intoxicated and glib with scientific jargon. But much of Western society is now hungover with a specialization-obscured sense of the whole. Humanity, temporarily, has lost its spontaneous acknowledgement of a wisdom greater than its own "hepness."

Because society has physiologically discovered a considerable amount of data, it mistakenly assumes that it is only a matter of a few days, months or years before all humanity will know what "it is all about."

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World youth, however, is beginning to intuit that this may not be true—either now or forevermore—for fundamental reasons inherent in the experience-manifest, synergetically-catalyzed intuition of the a priori existence of an integrity and competence that probably is forever decomposing and recomposing the scenario Universe.

To those in ancient times who found their prime sustenance in the sea, God was a sea creature; ergo, being God—and logically a magnificently awesome creature—he was imagined to be a colossal sea serpent whose vertically waving back could be seen moving along, and all the way around, the ocean's faraway watery horizon. Later, as men found that they could employ wind to propel their rafts by mounting spars and sails, God was imagined to be a dragon or the same sea serpent with wings.

Those who found life-support exclusively through the God-given abundance on dry land were of two prime categories: the hunters in the North where the flesh food could be preserved by ice and the agrarians of the South where the fruits, nuts and tender-leaved grains of rice, oats, wheat and corn were in abundance and could be dried and stored indefinitely to be later ground, dehydrated and baked back into viability.

The agrarians imagined their god to be female—to be the fertility goddess—because the new seed always came out of the womb of the old seed's fruit. The hunters and animal milkers tended to imagine their god to be a male, typified by the four-legged king bull of the animal herds roaming on the land. These early people must intuitively have sensed that the preprocreative battles of the bulls guaranteed the genetic inclusion of the physically strongest strains. The bull identity of the male fertility of god still inspires the life-drives of some of the dwellers along the Arctic Coasts. There the whales come annually and their meat, bones and oil supply the energies necessary for humans to survive in the icy barrenness of the North. Thus the Point Barrow, Alaska, Eskimos of today still think realistically of the bull whale as being their Big Brother who returns annually to their Arctic waters to ask the Eskimos to kill him expertly and beautifully so that he may be released to return again next year in the familiar and useful form of another bull whale to fertilize again the school of female whales.

The people of prewritten history, who found ready sustenance and did survive, found no need for a walled-in, roofed, and thus deliberately isolated, environment for worship; the whole, visible Universe was their "house-of-god." They saw the living creatures and plants wither only to be replaced by more fresh life, and this amplified their concept of life as a scheme of eternal self-reproduction. Life was absolute and continuous and, as with the snakes' successive skins and the crabs' shells, only the fleshy vehicles that life employed in its successive manifestations were temporary and expendable. God was the *continuous* Universe.

We have, however, only the carefully perpetuated religious and superstitious customs of the men who were successful in those times to inform us of all the foregoing. Almost no records are left to tell us of the philosophy of those multitudes who did not find life successful and perished at an early age. We have only the subconscious, genes-triggered instincts that underlie the spontaneous adaptations to prevailing conditions, plus the spontaneously retaught mores that conditioned the postnatal attitudes of the successful tribal survivors, as handed on meticulously by word of mouth and pantomimic dance, from generation to generation, to guide our exploratory thoughts into the graphically undocumented past.

Northrop of Yale writes in his book *The Meeting of East and West* of the effects of the eighteenth-century impingement of the cosmological, highly-formalized, "Christian" dogma of (European) Spanish invaders upon the people of Mexico, at the midpoint of the North and South American continents, to which vast numbers of humans already had come, from Asia across the Pacific and from the Pacific Islands, during untold numbers of earlier

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millenniums. These Pacific basin people whom the Spanish invaders found in Mexico showed a crossbred physiognomy embracing every physical feature and skin color known anywhere around the Earth. They were so crossbred that they could no longer be spontaneously differentiated into separate "color" races. This crossbreeding is most advanced in both Mexico and India today, but now embraces all the European features as well. All varieties of angular pattern in physiognomy, and every skin color and shade, from intensely dark to intensely light, are found in both countries. Hair ranges through every known variety between straight to tight curly, in every hue from black to platinum blonde, and all varieties of hair adorn all varieties of skin color in all degrees of shading from dark to light, which in turn adorn all varieties of facial features and head shapes. Few Mexican individuals can be identified as being of any hybrid race. They are simply worldians.

When the Spanish Europeans brought their official religion of Christianity, in its most arbitrarily dogmatic form of the Father, Son, Virgin Mary and the Saints, to Mexico's worldians, the latter seemingly accepted that Latinized Catholicism, but they went on in swift course, impelled by the momentum of their earlier conditioned reflexes, to worship only the Virgin Mary, who was obviously not the same lady as that honored by the Pope but was indeed their age-old fertility goddess with a new name—Guadalupe.

In a concept approximately identical to the Eskimo's whale worship, the earliest known religious lore of the Asian and Asia Minor hunters held that God was a male who reappeared in generation after generation—to eternity—in the form of the king bull and required of the hunter that he, God in the bull, be most skillfully and honorably slain so that God could be released in order that he might reinvest himself anew and reinvigoratingly in the next generation to produce the sustaining bounty of human food. In the same way the bull-god culture of the prehistoric hunters came westward by ship through the traditions of the Asia Minor Phoenicians and was transposed to the Cretan Minoans (named for the Minotaur—which was the bull, their god). From Crete, the bull culture again went even farther westward by ship to Spain. Gradually, the ritualistic bull slaying was modified into the splendor of the bull fight. But today the toreador is more esteemed than the bull, for no longer does Spanish society think in the hunters' experience-generated terms that identified God in the bull.

This bull-slaying rationale was fortified in earliest time by the fact that the oft-repeated cutting back, or pruning, of the life vehicle frequently improved the growth. The concept of the prince hidden in a frog or larger beast, to be released only by the animal's being killed by the perceptively pure princess, is a typical fanciful by-product of the earlier pantheism (pan-*the*-ism). The linguistic tool known as an article, "*the*," meaning God, is also *the* root content of *the* Greek letter *theta*, omnipresent God. The male and female prefixes of the Latin world occurred because of the admixture of male-female god concepts halfway between the all-male god-bull whales of the animal-hunting north and the all-female goddess of the agrarian southlands. The root of the word, *pan*, means *everywhere*, as in pan-o-ramic. *Pan-the*-istic means *God is always present in every phenomenon*.

In all the pantheistic cosmologies coming over the threshold of prehistory, God, being everything, was also in man as one of God's myriad varieties of manifestations. Those who died were not looked upon as gone but simply as invisible, transmigrated or transformed.

The most prodigiously permanent record of the cosmology of those pantheistically rationalizing people exists today in the mistakenly named "temples" (wats) of Southeast Asia. For instance, the most recent centuries' Wats of Ankor in Cambodia are apparently replicas of earlier edifices. The wats are schematically-conceived cosmological models of humanity's most thoughtful representation of the structure of our world

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as informed by travelers' tales of the total sensorial perception. These cosmological-symbol edifices apparently were designed under the following circumstances and observations.

Humanity, within any one average life-span, has seen less than one millionth of the total surface of our spherical Spaceship Earth. This holds true from the earliest known humans until the mid-twentieth century. Throughout the vast ages of recorded history, man's locomotion being limited to his, or his animal's, leg-coverable distances on land and by boats at sea, man thought it obvious that the world was geometrically a horizontal slab with various aberrations of mountains and valleys superimposed. Thus humans have been spontaneous victims of the illusion that their world is an infinitely vast, watery plane, surmounted centrally by an immense island of dry land. To understand further the cosmological design of these early Southeast Asian edifices, we must recall that artifacts of the seafarers make it clear, today, that ancient man had discovered the North Star as the axis of the easterly rising-out-of-the-sea of the Sun and stars, and their westerly splash-down disappearance into the water. Ancient sea people tended to think spontaneously of their world in the terms of North, South, East and West quadrants. Thus came about our, as yet prevalent, deep-rooted, cultural reflex expression, "the four corners of the Earth." The Khmer civilization's Ankor Wat or Ankor Thom are physical models of that concept of the world. They are vast, square-based, dry-land models completely surrounded by lakes or moats. To ensure that the concept of water completely surrounding the land was lastingly incorporated in their cosmological models, when no water was at hand or when the waters evaporated, the architects edged their great square models of the world with a serpentine rail with separate heads at both ends occurring at the entrance of the model. This serpent was "Naga," their sea-serpent God of the Sea.

"Everyone who has traveled at all"—the ancient pantheists must have said—"knows that as one goes inland from the sea—everywhere surrounding the four-cornered world—one comes to ever higher mountains." This implied that, if one went far enough inland, one would come to a mountain reaching to heaven and therefore occupied at its highest point by God, with lesser gods at lower altitudes. Their living god-king was one of those lower-altitude gods who was residing temporarily at the even lower Earth level, where common mortals dwelt. So the pantheists' cosmological model of a "wide-wide," four-cornered world, surrounded by the sea, is a great edifice consisting of a concentric system of imitation mountains with each more central "mountain" pinnacle reaching higher toward heaven. Their first such models were constructed of wood, which could adequately accommodate their king during his return to a higher position among the gods. But it often happened that one new god-king replaced another within such short intervals that they began to use the same model for successive kings and gradually replaced the wooden parts with stone parts to make them more durable. The mistake should not be made of thinking of these edifices as having anything to do with ordinary people. They were not houses of worship in any sense.

These cosmological models of a wide-wide, four-cornered planar Earth surrounded by infinitely extensive waters, and surmounted by ever-higher central "mountain" pinnacles, disclose how the early humans explained the sum of their experiences to themselves regarding the structure and operating scheme of their real world from out of whose eastern watery extremity the Sun and stars rose, passed over, descended, plunged in and through again. Because the Sun and stars quite obviously passed *over,* and returned *under* it, the world was implied to be a thick, but penetrable, watery slab extending horizontally to infinity in all planar directions. All the perpendiculars to that slab's base plane were mathematically demonstrable as parallel to one another. Those perpendiculars then were extended in only two directions in relation to man's

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erroneously conceived flat Earth. Those two exactly opposite, positive and negative, exclusively perpendicular directions in respect to the horizontal Earth plane were the seemingly obvious concepts UP and DOWN. Anyone who uses the words *up* and *down* is subconsciously reflexing to that old concept of an obviously flat Earth. And that means approximately everybody today. I always ask audiences that I am addressing for a show of hands by any who do not use the words UP and DOWN. No hands are ever raised. Science, of course, has found no single direction of Universe that can be logically designated as UP or any opposite celestial direction that is DOWN.

But we now know that we do not live on a flat slab and that we do live onboard an eight-thousand-mile-diameter spherical spaceship speeding around the Sun at 60,000 miles per hour, spinning axially as it orbits. None of the perpendiculars to a sphere are parallel to one another. The first aviators flying completely around the Earth within its atmospheric mantel, and cohered to the planet by gravity, did not feel *up* side *down*, when they had completed half their circuit. They had to employ other words to explain correctly their experiences. So aviators used the terms "coming *in*" for a landing and "going *out*," not *down* and *up!* Those are the proper directional words—IN and OUT. We can go only *in, out* and *around.* Anyone, spontaneously seeking to prove his "practical" sense, who says, "Never mind that theoretical stuff —LET'S GET DOWN TO EARTH!" probably banging the table with his fist as he says it, is disclosed as being insane. We must reply to him, "*Where* and *what* is that 'down-to-Earth' phenomenon?"

Only yesterday society spoke of an insane man as a "lunatic." Now history's first real luna-tics are history's most widely-known heroes; they are the Earthian astronauts who first landed on Luna—the moon—they are moon-touchers, ergo, Lunatics. The moon viewpoint of Earth, first glimpsed realistically by humans through the television receivers at Christmastime, 1968, the sight of which was electromagnetically transmitted from the moon-circumnavigating astronaut's capsule-mounted camera via an Earth surface station and thence around the planet via the satellite relays, will soon become the natural way in which Earthians will think of Earth's celestial functioning. But on that Christmas occasion, the President of the United States, congratulating the moon-circumnavigating astronauts after their return to our mother spaceship, Earth, spoke of the astronauts going UP to the moon and back DOWN to Earth. And our senior TV commentator said as the astronauts' TV camera was aimed at the Earth, "There is our Earth floating there!"—there being naught to float in and no gravitational displacing of water. Our Earth planet was at that moment, and continues to be, flying a fancy spin-around formation in company with the moon. The two together orbit the Sun at a speed fourfold that which we impart additionally to our greatest space rockets. The Earth's position in space is kinetically maintained by a combination of its precessionally maintained, mass-velocity momentum and its orbital-radius restraints, provided most prominently by the Sun's gravity and secondarily by the other planets.

All those misconceptions of the long-ago Southeast Asians' cosmological models are deep-rooted in our own twentieth-century self-misinformed "common sense." Common sense was assumed by society to be the antithesis of lunacy. It still is. But now we know that the lunacy conforms strictly to the cosmological reality and that the "down-to-Earth" common sense of yesterday is fundamentally misinformed. Here we discover the basis for the intuitive discrediting of the older generation by world-youth who are directly informed by the astronauts as to the nature of celestial reality.

Thus, our exploration of the Southeast Asian edifices of the millenniums-ago nagas has begun to clarify our present era's great metaphysical revolution. The great edifices of the Central American Mayas and of the Incas were also the same four-square, cos-

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mological models and were likewise constructed not to be occupied but to be either surmounted or underpassed by man. Thus also did it come about that the earliest Babylonian and subsequent Egyptian pyramids were also square-based and highly formalized, "single" mountain edifices.

No one knows of any specific individual personalities who discovered and inaugurated the acknowledgement of a greater authority than that of man in the first invisible, abstract, God-designed-and-built hallowed spaces for Thanksgiving, nor does anyone know of any specific individuals who designed those cosmological wats of Southeast Asia. Their inspiration and economic authority, however, were clearly that of a popularly spontaneous acknowledgement of a mandate from the gods to identify the conceptual scheme of the interrelationship of the gods to the world they had created, or that had been created possibly by an ever-higher god, a creative scheme that had structural and operative logic consistent with the experience-won information of contemporary humanity. The design-authority was probably that of priest-navigators, for the wats are found either near the sea or near to canals or rivers leading to the sea, and the conformation of their structuring, which was at first of wood, employed principles inherited from boat-building. We find the descendants of the navigator-astronomer-priests of those earlier times reaching weakly even into our times in the Polynesian chieftains' separation of the habitats of the navigators from the tribe, and also in the still superstitiously-heeded astrology. We also have clues of that world-around priest-navigator's cosmological authority in astronomical "observatory" structures of more recent past centuries still standing in India, Mesopotamia, Crete, Egypt, England and Central America.

In the early dawning of graphically chronicled civilization, the wats involved gods of the sea and gods of the sky, as well as gods of the underground land. The fire, smoke and lava of volcanoes, well known to men, indicated that *down* led through the horizontal plane of the world into a hell of brimstone and fire, just as *up* led everywhere exclusively toward the serene blue heaven of the highest god.

Most important to our comprehensive cosmological survey of all-history is the reminder that these cosmological-symbol edifices had no direct personal relationship to humans. They were constructed only for the convenience of the visible god's (king's) reascension from Earth to become once more an invisible god of heaven, capable of returning at any future time to resume human or any other convenient form. Thus millenniums later, when Buddha became divinely inspirational to man, one generation of priests after another installed statues of Buddha in niches in the old "mountains" of the wats. But the wats, as originally constructed, symbolized nothing for the humans other than the existence of gods who, according to the priests, could be humored by sacrifices to bring about more favorable conditions for the momentarily living god-king. Humans were absolutely expendable either as slaves or as sacrifices. Thus we close period one of our *twelve-period world history,* which was constructed only inferentially by extending backward the first historically disclosed data. We can surmise that the economic authority patron of the Leonardo-type designers of period one was that of the gods or god-king.

Period Two

Period two of our overall twelve-period history—nine past and two to come—begins with the first graphically pictured history of world society as recorded in the stone carvings of Egypt and Mesopotamia. At this time humanity-at-large knew nothing of physics, chemistry or biology. Humans recognized but few safe edibles. Humans had witnessed many lethal poisonings by superficially attractive items plucked from the mysterious scenery. Infection was rampant. Average survival was in the neighborhood of twenty-two years or about one-third of the once-in-a-rare-while demonstrated, biblically mentioned, "three-score-and-ten" years life-span. Life was so fundamentally awful that no logic

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could persuade humanity to believe that the living experience was intended by the maker of Universe to be directly *worthwhile* and desirable in its own right. The only tenable assumption was that life on Earth was suffered only in preparation for a life-hereafter. It was reasoned that the worse that life on Earth proved to be, the better would be life-hereafter. Experience seemed to show that adequate sustenance in general was so fundamentally scarce that even in the hereafter there could be enough only for one.

Thus it came about in period two that the *economic authority patronage,* which employed and subsidized the efforts of the Leonardo-type—the intuitive artist-scientist, poet, inventor, engineer, and initiator of the early Egyptian eras—was exclusively the *life-hereafter of the pharaoh.*

The economic license to employ whatever capabilities he could visualize as existing in the nonobvious but intellectually conceptual resources hidden in the scenery went to the Leonardo-type to support his reorganization of environmental potentials for the advantage of the life-hereafter of the pharaoh and of his most faithful servants.

With all building there is a scaffolding activity—"a make ready." The Leonardo-type existing in the times of the earliest pharaohs conceived of the principle of levers and their use in moving great rocks. He recognized that he could vastly augment the muscles of whole armies of slaves, but that these slaves must be fed in order to put out energy. The Leonardo-type conceived that the waters of the Nile could be allowed to flow into man-produced irrigation ditches, to be dug by slaves, which would lead the Nile into the potentially fertile floodlands bordering the river. Thus the Leonardo-type rearranged the environment of the living in preferred ways, which increased in ever-multiplying degree the technological advantages as well as the human resources and their combined ability to adjust the environment to an ever-higher energy-producing degree.

When the pharaoh died, the Leonardo-type was rewarded by being entombed with him, along with the other most faithful servants, so that they could enjoy the blessings of the "hereafter." But the irrigation ditch did not obliterate itself, nor was the principle of the lever forgotten by the people still living. These physical-scaffolding capabilities of this pre-afterlife living society persisted and multiplied as one pharaoh after another was advantaged by the successive Leonardo-types of scientists, artists and environment-comprehending rearrangers, all combined in one man.

Finally, the "scaffolding equipment" employed in the pre-death days by the living slaves, as led by the era's Leonardo-types, became so prodigious that it became manifest that it would be possible not only to organize to maximum degree the advantages of the afterlife of the pharaoh but also to employ the excess environment-mastering capability to accommodate the afterlife of the nobles as well. Thus developed period three.

Period Three

During historical period three, the progressively evermore prodigious rearrangement of the living-environment technology, as temporary scaffolding for the eternal afterlife, multiplied to such a degree that it became spontaneously apparent to all concerned that the total of now-mastered workable energy-capability made possible the accommodation of the afterlife not only of the pharaoh and of the nobles, but also of the middle-class society. This inaugurated period four as determined by the economic patronage of the Leonardo-type artist conceivers.

Period Four

In period four, we discover the work of the artists preoccupied with the afterlife enshrinement of the prosperous middle class. Family mausoleums and burial urns abound. Eventually the environment-altering activity of the in-life, temporal-scaffolding technology, devised for the exclusive afterlife enjoyment of

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kings, nobles and middle class, became so vast that surprisingly new thoughts were inspired and pronounced by several Middle East and Far Eastern prophets, such as Buddha, Mohammed and Christ, who found it logical to assume that there also could be provision for the afterlife not only of the king, nobles and middle class, but for *all humanity,* including the most lowly commoner. Thus was introduced period five.

Period Five

Period five is unaltered by any new overriding patronage of the Leonardo-type activity. Period five witnesses the anonymous Leonardo-types designing the great cathedrals of Europe. Their highly organized physical-resource capabilities all led society toward the realization of a divinely satisfactory afterlife even for the most lowly of free men. In period four slaves and indentured servants had been considered to be subhuman and in period five they still often were overlooked in the newly oriented considerations of humanity.

Unfortunately, holdovers of this viewpoint persisted here and there throughout period five. The "subhuman" status of slavery involved unfortunates taken in battle—of all colors of skin. Those who had acquired the darkest skin in multigenerations of environmental adaptivity in the tropical Sun areas had also enjoyed a clothing-free functional body development that produced a physical superiority that in turn brought the highest prices paid in the slave markets. For millenniums the majority of prisoners of war who were cast into slavery were predominantly of white or swarthy skin, but their work-value was so inferior to that of the black-skinned prisoners that in the great slave markets, such as that of Delos, the whites and the swarthy became obsolete as slaves. This reduced the slave ranks to an almost exclusively black variety until, as we shall see, in period seven of our history, the inanimate power-driven machines made even the blacks obsolete. With the coming of inanimate power-driven tools, the automatons, both unpaid slaves and wage slaves, also became obsolete but have not even today been effectively conceded to be so by the lingering mores of an unenlightened, fearful society.

Finally, in period five, the enormous magnitude of technological development going into the scaffolding preparations for the sublime afterlife, of *all* those classified as humans, proliferated in life to such an extent that society began to realize that not only the afterlife of everyone could be accommodated but also the *living life* of the king.

Period Six

This opened period six. Its beginning is identified with the beginning of what became socially recognized as "the divine right of kings." God apparently had ruled that certain individuals should enjoy life itself as well as afterlife.

In period six the Leonardo-type was patronized by the *living* king as well as by the *life-hereafter* of the sovereign, nobles, middle class, commoners, and in most areas even of the slaves, both black and white.

Period Seven

As the temporal technology proliferated yet further in period six, it became evident that humanity could be organized to produce a bounteous *life* for the *nobles,* as well as for the king, while also accommodating the afterlife of all humanity. This inaugurated period seven, when artists made extraordinarily powerful and effective physical devices. Tools, weapons, painting and sculpture were all made by hand, to advantage and please exclusively the living kings and living nobles, as well as the afterlife of all humanity.

Period Eight

The multiplying proliferation of technical capability, material resource availability and investible man hours of society

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finally permitted the temporal life-advantaging even of the *middle class* and that inaugurated the eighth period, which we know as the Victorian Era. It lasted through the "Gay Nineties," into the turn of the twentieth century and terminated with the beginning of World War I in 1914. But, as usual, the termination of a period overlapped the beginning of another. Period nine begins almost unnoticed in the midst of the "Gay Nineties."

Period Nine

With the 1895 invention of the automobile, radio, X ray, and automatic machine tools, and their subsequent twenty-two year gestation into full-fledged industries, the beginning of period nine had been clearly established by 1917. Before the beginning of World War I, in 1914, a vastly amplified resource realization had been established by the Leonardo-type, and especially the newcomer, crossbred, industrial-society Leonardo of the North American continent. These latter-day Leonardo-types saw that the total environment had become so effectively rearranged that it made possible the *advantaging* not only of the *afterlives of all humanity* but also now of the *living experience of all humanity.*

At this new juncture the Leonardo-types who had, for all the first eight periods, been producing the prime designs with their own minds and the realization of those designs by the fine crafting with their own hands and exclusively human muscle-powered tools, comprehended that there were not enough of their own Leonardo-type artists, scientists, philosophers or craftsmen to manufacture—manu(hand)-facture(make), meaning to produce with their own hands—all the physical items that could and must be produced for all of humanity.

It was at this historical twentieth-century dawning of period nine that the Leonardo-type realized that energies applied to the ends of levers—in the form of waterwheels connected by pulleys and belts to overhead rotating shafts of factories and thence by pulleys and belts to individual machines, to which electric meters were directly attached by wire—made possible so much inanimate energy-driven productivity that the Leonardo-type had, of economic necessity, to preoccupy himself with the invention and production of special machine tools and forming dies operated from a central power-driven shafting. These tools would in turn *mass reproduce* the *end products* of their designing for the advantage of all humanity. Thus we enter into the ninth period of our history, the *mass production* industry age.

Mass production was first applied to materials for other contractors and manufacturers and not for consumer end products. (Mass-produced nails went to the carpenter-contractor to hammer into the final building.) The first direct consumer-distributed mechanical "end products" to be mass-produced were the pocket watches of Ingersoll and alarm clocks. Then came Singer's sewing machines and Gillette's razors.

Henry Ford, who thought of "art" as consisting only of Americana, fiddlers and twinkle dancing and gave little consideration to the art of other countries and times, thought of his own productive efforts as strictly classifiable only under the heading of prosaic "work," or, more specifically, as "hard" mechanics, engineering and commerce.

Ford was inspired by the needs of the farmer, having himself been born a farm boy. The great mass of humanity at that time continued to be farmers, as in the millenniums past. Ford gradually evolved an omnikinetic electromagnetically powered and intercommunicated network of industrialization, and most effectively employed the world-around, unevenly occurring, geographically remote resources that had to be integrated in order to permit ever-higher performance capabilities by metallurgical alloying, precision forming and synergetics in general.

Henry Ford introduced the era of employment of the ninety-nine percent invisible ranges of the electromagnetic spectrum reality. Man's eye cannot dis-

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tinguish modular intervals of less than 1/100 of an inch. Ford introduced measurement controls of 1/10,000 of an inch in his automobile manufacturing technology. He was mistakenly identified as a stubborn old man who persisted in making just one type of black automobile—the Model T. While his General Motors competitors were preoccupied with customer-courting by improving primarily only the visible instrument panels, visible upholstery, shift levers, motor hoods, mudguard shaping, and other sensorially pleasing modifications, Henry Ford was inaugurating the mass use of the invisible and ever-higher performance per pound alloys and the invisible controls of ever-closer measuring of invisibly operating parts of the machinery, structure and production tooling of his automobiles. He was also the first to mass-produce automobiles on moving assembly lines. Nothing bigger than sewing machines had previously been mass-produced. Ford also concerned himself directly as the prime designer of his evolving machinery and structural technology and all the other supporting activities of final pertinence to the success of the massively reproductive industry—he led in designing of his factories and tools, in mining, transporting of raw materials all around the world, and in railroad, ship, loading, communications and information-handling systems. Ford was personally and inventively concerned with each and every technoscientific and economic involvement from the raw resources situated in the scenery to the design and maintenance of the production equipment research evolution and, of course, with the design of the end-product automobiles and tractors themselves.

As a consequence of all the foregoing historical initiatives, when Henry Ford replaced the Model T with the Model A, he was employing fifty-four different alloys of steel in his Model T. These alloys were as unlike one another as diamonds are unlike pearls. But the electromagnetic, structural arrangements of those alloyed atoms were all invisible. Henry Ford's establishment for humanity of all these invisible capabilities prevented his cars from suffering the swift deterioration of his competitor's only superficially more "attractive" vehicles. Although drivers were unable to see the alloys and were unaware of their existence, the cars lasted and lasted despite rough usage, with little maintenance and almost without any weather protection. They had far greater performance per pound, hour and kilowatt of invested physical resources than had any of the other contemporary vehicles. Most of Henry Ford's one-hundred-and-twenty car-manufacturing competitors of the first quarter of the twentieth century did not last, nor did their cars. But many of those earlier Ford cars still exist, particularly the Model A of 1928, and are demanding good prices, while most of the names of Ford's competitors are almost altogether forgotten and their cars are only to be found in museums.

By the mid-twenty-first century with the perspective advantage of time, it may come to pass that Henry Ford will have become recognized by world-around society as the Leonardo of the twentieth century, for it was Henry Ford, Sr., who first organized the mass-production effectiveness of science and technology and its comprehensive logistical revolution, as well as evolving the supporting new economics and world mass-distribution of the high performance products of mass-production industry, whose controls lay exclusively within the realm of the ninety-nine percent invisible, physical reality. He was the first to recognize that mass production was impossible without mass consumption and that that required much higher wages, which Ford was the first to institute. Through the great depression his operation continued as others closed and failed. Henry Ford thus introduced and held the prime initiative for period nine.

Henry Ford set the stage for period ten of that part of our overall evolutionary history in which man consciously participates and takes responsibility for the transformations of the environment and

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the consequent social behaviors of adjustment to the successively new environments.

Period Ten

Henry Ford also set the stage for, but did not lead, the inauguration and development of period ten. Period ten was opened by a century-long succession of masters of the invisible reality—Newton, Hertz, Maxwell, Faraday, Boyle, Avogadro, Mendeleev, van't Hoff, Michelson, Planck and finally secured by Einstein. Ralph Waldo Emerson defined poetry as "saying the most important things in the simplest way." By that definition Einstein became and will probably remain history's greatest poet—for who could say so much so simply as did Einstein when he described physical universe as $e = mc^2$.

There are varying time lags in the rate of industrial gestation of the Leonardo-type's inventions. The least lag occurs between invention and industrial use in the electronics industry. Here the technical advantages are conceived of and realized only by the invisible, mathematical probing of scientists. The invisible improvements are adopted because their logic can be disclosed only by mathematics. There are no grounds for sensorially based and conditioned reflexive objections: that is, for exclusively *opinionated* arguments. Inventions in the aeronautical arts and their industrial support field are adopted within five years. This lag in the speed of adoption is occasioned by the spontaneously imaginable life or death importance involved in the practical employment of critical and most effective tools, all of which must be static-load tested, and so forth, before risking human life, either as test pilot or as ultimate passenger aboard the aircraft.

Inventions in the automobile arts are adopted by their industry within an average span of ten years, and railroad inventions take eighteen years to become standardly employed.

While buildings expand and contract physically, between summer's heat and winter's cold, and even between night and day temperatures, those size changings are invisible to the human eye. While buildings are stressed by great wind loads and snow loads—great skyscrapers sway as much as a foot, but relatively slowly—the deflective motions are invisible to man. Invisible also are the motions of the hands of the clock, or of atomic components of matter, which move, hither and yon, radiationally and locally, at 700,000,000 miles per hour speeds. Also invisible to man are the vast, high-speed motions of the stars and the relatively slow growth of trees. When man cannot see the motion, he rarely thinks realistically about it. He is not prone to be usefully critical of the invisible yet real kinetics of design-function suitability, or of relative performance efficiency. Nor are humans inclined to put their experience to inventive advantage for others until they have had a long series of personal inconveniences and accidents to prompt them into comprehending the involved critical events that they cannot see. Humans tend to identify as machines only those complex devices that they can see move. Unable to see their buildings with seasonally slow, energy transformations functioning as machines, which indeed they are, humans fail to design their buildings with the same degree of scientific integrity with which, for instance, they conduct the ten million discreet but mostly invisible tasks that have to be completed from the outset of "countdown" to the successful "blast-off" of a rocketed, manned, extraterrestrially traveling capsule. As a consequence of humanity's inability to see the energy transformation motions involved, the structural design of their land buildings and their livingry mechanics (such as plumbing equipment) lag three thousand years behind the evolution in airspace technology standards. Humanity's housing structures and livingry in general are, to a high degree, only superstitiously evolved, economic prowess symbols, inefficiently repetitious of all of yesterday's make-do mistakes.

We can say, in respect to the directly

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recognized motion experiences of the average observer, that the higher the operating velocity of the art involved, the shorter is the invention-to-industrialization lag. Electromagnetic communication, operating at 700 million miles per hour, has the least lag. Astronautics operating at between ten and twenty thousand m.p.h., jetonautics at 200 to 1800 m.p.h., and automobiles at 0 to 150 m.p.h. follow one another in the rate of contraction of the relative magnitude of delayed invention adoption. They also rank in the same order in degree of nicety of design production and control: one quadrillionth of an inch in electromagnetic communications tuning capability, one ten-millionth of an inch in astronautic mechanisms, one hundred-thousandth of an inch in jetonautics, one ten-thousandth of an inch in automobiles and one sixteenth of an inch in the house building arts. Housing, which seems not to move at all, has the greatest invention-to-use lag. The lag between invention and commercial use in skyscrapers is about twenty-five years; in single family dwellings the invention-to-industrialization-use lag is about forty-five to fifty years.

Because of the widely differing lags occurring between invention and common use as disclosed by the different arts, the twentieth-century Leonardo's conceptioning of mass-production industry, as essential to the gratification of the living needs of all humanity, has come into effective world-around use only in the omniinvisible electronic and semiinvisible aeronautical, and partially invisible marine, automobile and railroad technologies. Industrial mass production, which long ago produced nails, screws, bricks and small parts of buildings, is favorably affecting the production of many of the parts going into the skyscraper phase of the building arts. But none of the synergetic benefits of scientifically coordinated, high-speed, light-weight moving line production and general assemblage of final-user products (mass-produced, distributed, maintained and removed only under omnicontrolled, optimum environmental conditions), and of the mass delivery of fully assembled, ready-to-use, rentable-anywhere, scientifically serviced, complex-dwelling machine products, have been realized yet, anywhere. Such competence will never be realized by the utterly obsolete, "one-off" handcrafting, under uncontrolled field conditions, as practiced by an interplay of real estaters, banks, contractors, building lobbies and government subsidy. All that is now dead. It will be replaced by the high-priority air-space technologies of the world reoriented from a war to a peace-aimed economy.

Mass-production industry, as conceived and instituted by the modern Leonardos, will not affect its ultimate beneficiary, the common man and his home-life dwelling facilities, in important degrees, until the mid-1970s, when the forty-five to fifty year evolutionary transition lag following the 1927 invention of the Dymaxion House (the equivalent in dwelling machine, service industry facility to the "Model T") has run its course, and mass proliferation of scientifically conceived, produced, delivered, maintained and removed dwellings for all of humanity everywhere around the world will be realized in equal service satisfaction to that provided today by the rent-anywhere, leave-anywhere, automobile facilities.

In the 1970s we will see skyscrapers mass-assembled horizontally in the air-space industry's controlled-condition factories, vertically airlifted in their horizontal, low-air-drag attitude to a position over their installation sites, and then rotated into a vertical attitude, lowered and made fast to their anchored-piling foundations.

The 1970s will see air deliveries all around the world of semiautonomous dwelling machines belonging to the world around, computerized, universal credit-card managed rental service systems which will air-install, maintain and air-remove the dwelling machines within hours. Both the power to operate semiautonomous sanitation automation and the equipment involved will be mass produced from the experience gained in the moon and outer

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space programs and equipment prototyping. The little black boxes that contain all the life-regenerating systems will dispense forever with the Earthians wasteful piped-in water supply and sewer systems. The only slowly and meagerly decreasing, essential chemistries of such recirculating systems will be replenished intermittently in small containers. Energy as electrical power will be beam-transmitted and satellite-relayed to humans operating anywhere within the solar system. Energy as Sun power will be universally employed.

In the first nine periods of the total history of the economic patronage of the creative individuals' initiatives, the hand-fashioning of the environmental rearrangements, advantaging both the afterlife and the living lives, occurred under the conditions of humanity's thinking of reality as consisting strictly of the phenomena that could be apprehended directly by humanity's senses of sight, touch, hearing, smelling and tasting. All invisible occurrences were considered to be either mystical, magical or trickery. Then came man's discovery of electromagnetics, atomic physics and chemistry, and, with these, humans could explore the vast ranges of the invisible, nonsensorially contactible reality. Thereby all of yesterday's mysteries were either logically explained or dismissed.

During the first seven historical periods, man thought of all men as totally conscious of themselves and consciously responsible for their every waking-hour's act. In period eight Freud and Mesmer, through hypnosis, shook humanity's complacent assumption of an exclusively *conscious reality*. Period ten's invisible electromagnetics, chemistry, biochemistry and mathematics ushered in by the initiatives of the mass-production invention of twentieth-century Leonardos—including the Einsteins, Bells, Wrights, Edisons and even earlier Hertzs, Maxwells, Faradays, Boyles, *et al.*—made it evident to those who thought cogently about it, that reality is more than ninety-nine percent invisible. The swelling ranks of those trained scientifically to cope with the ninety-nine percent invisibility of reality rendered humanity's exclusively visible, news-pictured undertakings almost negligibly important.

There is a clearly discernible successional order in which the various prime categories of humanity's capabilities come to employ—and to be, almost miraculously, advantaged by—the invisible realities' exquisite reliabilities of technical formulation. First was mathematical thought itself. Next came the communications arts—next the air-space transportation arts—then ground transportation. Last will come the world-around dwelling and livingry arts.

The latter evolutionary scheduling of events is a fact that ninety-nine percent of humanity has not as yet come to understand, but that fact underlies the students' mid-sixties intuitive rejection of all superficially based traditions.

Whereas the aesthetics of the first nine periods were sensorially apprehendible, the Leonardo-types' preoccupations in period ten have been predicted on an *utterly invisible aesthetic*. The aesthetics of period ten will probably govern the Leonardo-type initiations of all centuries to come and will be the most important ingredient of humanity's survival—if those of the human team now aboard planet Earth do indeed survive.

The great *aesthetic* that will inaugurate the twenty-first century will be the utterly invisible quality of intellectual *integrity:* the integrity of the individual in dealing with his scientific discoveries; the integrity of the individual in dealing with conceptual realization of the comprehensive interrelatedness of all events; the integrity of the individual in dealing with the only experimentally arrived-at information regarding invisible phenomena; and, finally, the integrity of all those who formulate invisibly within their respective minds, and invisibly with the only mathematically dimensionable, advanced production technologies, on behalf of their fellowmen.

This aesthetic of integrity causes the

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new life now emerging aboard our Spaceship Earth to abhor any hypocrisy. Children are spontaneously truthful. They simply announce that which they observe. Lying and warping of information is an acquired capability. Panicking fear employs lying, in the mistaken hope that it will be advantageous. Because a lie is a fiction, it can be dispelled. Corruption by lying requires a mental self-deceit, a misconception, a visualization of imagined experience. The unimaginableness of the invisible reality precludes such manipulation.

In the cold warring, all that one side can do to the other is to jam, obscure or destroy information since its meaning cannot be perverted. The intuitions of the young are overwhelmed by the awareness of the utter essentiality of comprehensively operative information *integrity* to their present and future lives. They are forsaking all vain symbolism of pseudo "distinction."

The young are as imbued with idealism, harmonics, romance and awareness of the a priori mystery of "How come Universe?" as have been all generations before them. But their passion for integrity will ensure them against the disappointment and dismays of earlier generations, all of which were betrayed by ignorance, fallacious credos, axioms and passionately biased customs promulgated at first by ruthless, muscle-wielded swords and later by the most powerful, gun-imposed dictatorships that taught their followers to lie as an act of loyalty. Youth's idealism and love of harmonic synchronization can only be guaranteed gratifyingly by the integrity to which their intuitions bind them.

Seeking an understanding of the comprehensive aesthetic trending throughout our ten past periods' history, we have traveled from an at first but dimly inferred review to a now *overwhelmingly documented* history of humanity's initiatives and accomplishments aboard planet Earth. We found humanity at earliest recorded times philosophically assuming an eternal *NOW* Universe. In it death did not mean departure from life but only a transformation or transmigration of the individual. Thereafter we go through an illogical dichotomy of Universe into two Universes, into life and lives-hereafter, a temporal, character-trial life, plus two other eternal Universes: Heaven and Hell; that is, three Universes, one an Earth-Time Universe—that had its *horizontal* planes laterally extensible outwardly from its "civilization" or tribal center to the land of dragons and thence to infinity. Its perpendicular up and down lines, ran diametrically toward *two* separate timeless eternities, the heaven and hell Universes.

Throughout the first nine periods of the Leonardo-type, era-transforming initiations, we rewitnessed the realization of a series of major Earthian edifices that consisted at first of naga, or water-surrounded, square-based, solidly packed, multi-pinnacled rock and stone models of the world as it evolved slowly into single pinnacled or one central-mountained world with climbable steps. Such edifices of Southeast Asia, Mesopotamia (ziguratts) and Central America simply informed society that this was the structural scheme of the gods, of whom their king was at first only one of many—that is, many mini-mountain spires in the complex—but later became "it," requiring only a one-pinnacled structure.

In our first eight successive periods, as led by the Leonardo-types' prime, teleological-designing initiatives, the edifices became progressively occupied in ever-increasing geometrical magnitude, first with a small subterranean chamber beneath the half-octahedronal, square-based, pyramidal edifices erected for the pharaoh's entry into afterlife. Thereafter, in the successive Leonardo-type's design-revolution periods, the interior of such edifices became progressively amplified to house the afterlives of ever-greater numbers of nobles and their attendants, and then were amplified even more to accommodate all the middle-class afterlifers as boxlike chambers above Earth—as mausoleums.

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Such depositories of human remains for an afterlife continuation are not to be confused with the temples that are extensions of the earliest theology. The columned temples of Egypt, Asia Minor, the Greek and later Roman worlds were gradually evolved from the earliest invisible cathedral "beauty spots," "*fung sui,*" where the breathtaking beauty and view from the highest, tree-line altitudes evoked humanity's most expansive thoughts and thanksgiving or prayer for further favors. The often worshiped and decorated trees on those beauty spots gradually died and were replaced by the formally decorated columns of the temples. The Greek temples were usually placed on shoulder lands, halfway toward mountain peaks, so that, while affording magnificent views that engendered humans' most noble conceptioning, there were always the much higher mountain peaks above to remind man of the far-greater viewpoint and power of their gods. The temples were for temporal-life's thanksgiving and beseeching.

Finally, the edifices designed by the Leonardo-type teleological initiators of this latter series of thanks-and-ask stone-forest edifices were at first the private, tiny chapels for exclusive use of a living king within which he might pray for help in his coming battle. The king's chapel period was followed by the relatively small thirteenth-century crusader-patronized abbeys of England. Then came the vast interior of the great cathedrals to accommodate preparations for everybody's afterlife and prayers for some favors in this life. But the mountain-peak architectural tradition of the early wats persisted, in the form of increasingly impressive spires superimposed on the prime cavernous church or cathedral. Sometimes these man-occupiable caverns (duomos) had their exclusively god-occupiable higher mountain as a separate outside tower (campanile). By this total overall evolution, the once solid stone piles were penetrated in even greater degree until they became cathedrals (meaning universal—for all people). The cathedrals are, finally, relatively thin-shelled, orderly designed piles of externally buttressed stone. Chambers for depositing bodies were at first, as with the pyramids, placed below the cathedral flooring. But as more and more bodies had to be accommodated, the graveyards outside the cathedral were developed.

Returning again to consideration of the mass-production functioning of period nine, we find that it expanded reality ninety-nine-fold to include the whole range of the invisible events of Universe. These had been held previously by humans to be magical and superstitiously mystical. Now they had become the realities of everyday science.

In period ten we witness the progressive abandonment of the cathedral and churches by an ever-accelerating succession of individually intuitive withdrawals from religious groups, not because individuals have less awareness of greater wisdom and integrity than are ascribable to any known capabilities of humans, but simply because their further participation in dogmatic formula and the unthinking rituals of religious ceremony have become less acceptable as being truthfully cogent of the total informative environment.

Period ten, which has much more to accomplish, is destined to emancipate all humanity from physical drudgery and conversely to give every individual the freedom to reemploy his original unblemished childhood's faculty of thought and experimental curiosity drives in whatever way each finds to be most constructive.

Thus we find that all the superstitious symbolism of yesterday's houses of worship has become irrelevant, obsolete, and redolent with pathos, regarding both the innocent devotion and trust placed upon the words of the dogma-harnessed and devotedly considerate "fathers." The great cathedrals, smaller ministries, churches, temples, pyramids, zigurats and wats thus become ever more informative only as archaeological disclosures of the great human epic. As such they become increasingly inspirational, as integrity seeks to understand and appreciate the great

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dedications of the past and to offset the errors of yesterday with ever-greater fulfillment of humanity's conscious, metaphysical functioning in the evolutionary events of macro-medi-micro Universe.

Thus we find humanity beginning to recognize that science has discovered that there are no experimentally demonstrable static things. There are no solids, no *at-rest* statics. There are only *weightless metaphysical* and *weighable physical* (energy) events, both characterized by irreversible proclivities and unique interferences, frequencies of oscillating symmetries and maximum asymmetries, complementaries, and so on. There are no experimentally demonstrable things. We have no use for *nouns;* we can use only *verbs.* Newton's instant noun-thing Universe has been replaced with Einstein's scenario, verb-event, wave-frequency Universe. There is no experimentally demonstrated phenomenon *space,* only experimentally disclosed, discrete packages of energy, as discontinuous quanta events.

As we saw earlier, we have *events* and *no-events, moments* and *no-ments.* There is no zero *time.* Time is always a duration-magnitude event. We have only *becoming* and *became.* We have only *yesterday* and *already begun tomorrow.* We have no static, single-frame Universe. We have only an aggregate of nonsimultaneous and only partially overlapping experiences, subjective and objective—a scenario of separate quantum frames of electromagnetic reality events overridden by a plurality of omni-interaccommodative generalized behavioral laws, which are utterly abstract, weightless, invisible, metaphysical concepts, manifesting an all-embracing integrity of intellection. We also have the disassociation of that weightless integrity that is unique to life from the physical regenerative chemical organism of seven pounds at birth, augmented twenty-fold more at maturity.

This new era, period ten's cosmology, is ushered in by Einstein's "Cosmic Religious Sense," first mentioned in the New York *Times* in November, 1930, right after the great financial "crash" of 1929 in which the living gods of exclusively physical power were banished forever from the highest throne of human esteem. In the same year, the ninety-second isolation of the total, finite family of ninety-two regenerative chemical elements was accomplished, and the invisible-ingredients cupboard of the invisible reality was completely stocked to service the constructive assemblage of the invisible tenth period of history.

In the closing days of the twentieth century, humanity seems to be returning to the Garden of Eden of an invisible "edificeless," comprehensive integrity of an eternally self-transforming and regenerative Universe. In this tenth period all humanity will find itself intellectually empowered to teach itself through individual thought.

The god function in all humanity of the capability to think and act with teleologic integrity will ever approach, but never quite attain, the perfection of absolute integrity that we now identify in utter abstraction as truth or god. God as a verb, as an abstract love-momentumed gyrocompass, will intuit the emergent directional courses to be steered. Else, there will be no more humans aboard Spaceship Earth, and the metaphysical functions of orderly discernment and mastery of the physically disorderly behaviors of Universe will have to be carried on by minds operating elsewhere and otherwise in Universe.

For there are to be periods eleven and twelve of Leonardo-type initiations of the design revolution to be realized by humanity somewhere in Universe complementarily to comprehend, cohere and resonantly regenerate the discontinuous, positive-negative, quantized universal evolution.

Period Eleven

In period eleven the Leonardo-types' economic-patronage-mandate will be that of the newborn children of all humanity everywhere. This Leonardo-type will be preoccupied with the safeguarding of the innate faculties of the newborn. In historical period eleven it will be the function of the Leonardo-type to compound for humanity the ever-increasingly aug-

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mentable advantages inherent in the fact that each child is born in the presence of less cosmological and cosmogonal misinformation and is endowed with undamaged, unfrustrated love-drives to apprehend, comprehend, to understand and be understood; to employ regeneratively the ever more reliable information, electronically retrievable by each individual, for private individual consumption, and thereby potentially to discover and employ designingly on behalf of all humanity an ever-greater inventory of the generalized principles interaccommodatively governing the universal metaphysical and physical evolution.

Period Twelve

In historical period twelve it will be the function of the Leonardo-type initiators of the design revolution to employ the evolutionary environment modifications capabilities, coming ever more importantly within the domain of human potential, under the inspiring *patronage mandate* of all *the as yet unborn generations of humanity, ever-to-be-in universe,* while always ensuring the evolutionary advantage of all those now living as inspiringly informed by all the experiences, positive and negative, of all previous generations of mind in man.

And when period twelve of history has reached maturity—when mind-in-man in Universe has masteringly explored vast time-distance ranges of the presently operative scenario Universe, and approximately all of the physical phenomena, once only superstitiously considered by humanity, has been electrochemically comprehended by humanity in general—humanity will have learned that the human organic, anatomical complex, identified as the human corpus or body, is exclusively physical and constitutes the most anticipatorily successful self-regenerating and replica-reproducing automated machine-design known to exist within Universe, being lesser only in evolutionary self-regenerating complexity to scenario Universe itself. Man then will have learned that life is not the machine but is the utterly weightless, immortal, individual, intellectual integrity. And when that degree of universal integrity of understanding has been attained by mind-in-man consciousness, all the questions of Universe will have converged into one great and forever unanswerable question.

"How come Universe?"—and its complex inventory of omninoncontradictorially, intertransforming, and only partially overlapping, interaccommodative, abstract, weightless, generalized principles. This is a question that seems guaranteed to be eternal by virtue of the forever irreversible directional progression toward an infinitely nonattainable *timeless truth.* We can only approach but never attain *completely inclusive, infinitely incisive truth* or *love,* or *understanding.*

The integrity of the loving dream is the integrity of Universe and being humanly unattainable is inherently uncorruptible and infinitely regenerative.

Penta-gone

two apples
three pears
one table
four chairs
five foxes
no hares

ELLIOT ABHAU

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Portrait

Hardin Craig: Professor

NICHOLAS L. HENRY

Hardin Craig and I had an old-fashioned friendship. Much of it was carried on by correspondence, an increasingly antiquated kind of communication; he was old and I was young, so our friendship was something of an oddity in these days when the generation gap has widened to a gorge.

We met each other at Centre College of Kentucky, a tiny school in the bluegrass region. He had, in a sense, come home. Centre was his alma mater, and he was planning to teach his last class. As a senior, I was anxious to take my last class.

We students vaguely were aware that a Shakespearean scholar of some prominence was going to lecture for a year. We had no idea how prominent he was. Professor Craig had been educated not only at Centre, but at Princeton, Oxford, Chicago and Jena. He had taught at Princeton, Stanford, Stephens, Minnesota, Iowa, North Carolina and Missouri. He had founded the *Philological Quarterly,* and was connected officially with several other scholarly journals, and had written books too numerous to list on topics ranging from education to philosophy, history, politics and, of course, literature.

Hardin Craig was one of those rare men who excelled from the beginning to the end of his life. Louis Marder, editor of *The Shakespeare Newsletter,* notes in the December, 1968, issue that in 1901 Dr. Craig was awarded the first Ph.D. in English at Princeton. On reaching retirement age at Stanford, he became the third professor asked by that university to continue teaching. The following year a volume of Renaissance studies was published in his honor. More than twenty years later, yet another book dedicated to him was released, with contributions from academicians in England, Canada and the United States.

While these and many other public recognitions were gratifying to Hardin Craig (as to most men), the private triumphs mattered most. Marder reports that in 1960 he asked Professor Craig to lecture on the teaching of Shakespeare during a convention of English professors. As an especially large turnout for Dr. Craig's portion of the program was not anticipated, a small classroom was provided. More than three hundred teachers appeared to hear Hardin Craig. They crammed the halls outside the classroom, and Dr. Craig had to deliver the address while standing on a chair in the corridor.

I am not sure that he ever knew it, but teaching his last classes at Centre College was a triumph, too. In a way, there was some anticipation of Professor Craig's arrival on campus. Students at a little, liberal arts college can be touchingly desperate for some indication that their institution is at least close to the educational mainstream, and respect for the man was established well before his appearance. Once we students were told that "Hardin Craig is coming," the title endured. In all the time that he was at Centre, he was referred to primarily as "Hardin Craig." "Dr. Craig" and "Professor Craig" were seldom used, and the abrupt "Craig" was never spoken. The students' use of his full name was not the product of any conscious sanctification of Hardin Craig but rather, I thought, the result of a sense of rightness.

We first saw him when he entered the

NICHOLAS L. HENRY is a graduate student in political science at Indiana University.

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student dining hall, where he would eat most of his meals that year. He was eighty-nine. His entrance was absorbed by the students with disbelief and giggles. He was so *old*! About five and a half feet of frailty, he tottered to his table and joined the resident housemothers—just in time, we thought, for he seemed continually on the brink of toppling over. His skin was pink and wrinkly; his hands trembled; his hair was wispy and white; his blue eyes peeped from behind shiny, gold-rimmed spectacles; a hearing aid dangled raffishly from the side of his head; his teeth were too obviously his own; and he dribbled.

Still, as we stared at him through that initial dinner, a certain style emerged. Most noticeably, he was nattily dressed. Few sights are more pleasing than an elderly man smartly turned-out, one who retains enough respect for himself and for others to maintain appearances. And he seemed to keep the younger ladies at his table (none of them more than sixty-five) amused as he ate his vegetables—age mandated a meat-free diet.

Despite this, Hardin Craig's years had their effects on his class's enrollment. Those of us who did not drop out before the first meeting of the Shakespeare course entered the classroom with trepidation. Would we be bored stiff? Would we be embarrassed for a garrulous old man babbling in front of us? Nevertheless, in spite of Dr. Craig's age, and for some of us his subject, most of us were there, as James Russell Lowell said about Ralph Waldo Emerson at Harvard, not to "hear what Emerson says so much as to hear Emerson."

Hardin Craig was sitting behind a scarred oak desk, like the ones every classroom has in every college. After we were settled, the chairman of the English department entered and delivered a shimmering introductory speech in praise of Dr. Craig who, it appeared, had turned off his hearing aid. Professor Craig thanked the chairman briefly, then got into the matter at hand. His voice was strong, clear and lucid, and from that first day his class was packed with students. He lectured from his chair, always talking in an intimate, conversational manner. Although he knew his topic as well as anyone did and probably better, and although he had been teaching as long as anyone and probably longer, he never entered our class without several typewritten sheets of lecture notes that he had prepared the day before. While his lectures were stimulating, he reached the class more effectively with his asides, with his impromptu remarks, with himself. Always, Hardin Craig presented the countenance of a humble man who, nonetheless, was aware of his abilities and learning. Alfred North Whitehead's statement about the university professor seems to encapsulate his students' impression of him: he exhibited himself in "his own true character—that is, as an ignorant man thinking, actively utilizing his small share of knowledge."

He had the talent of lifting us out of the ordinary and then dropping us back to reality. He did it entirely with words, scorning classroom histrionics. As he once put it, "it is the use of language that matters . . . to be educated is to know how to talk."

Dr. Craig knew how to talk, as he demonstrated continually in class. He was the first to point out that he was "not afraid to preach to my students," and would worry aloud if he was doing his job well. "If I could only get you to do the thinking," he would sigh, "I could pack up and go home. I don't know if I can, however." When he thought that he had been unduly demanding of us, he would end his class with "We're friends, aren't we? Then I shall excuse you." Or, on another occasion, "I shall excuse you today. Thank you for your courage."

Hardin Craig would speak of many things besides Shakespeare, although he would have contended that everything was in Shakespeare. Speaking of colleges, he would say, "I'm against administration and I want it reduced to the lowest common denominator . . . particularly in colleges and universities." On the topic of politics, he noted, "The question is why be a politician at all? Why not be an honest man?" And he would sneer at "those polite and persuasive efforts that we are beginning to praise so highly in our country." The written word was another subject deserving comment: "We're

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so used to studying criticism instead of literature, we've forgotten how to read a book. . . . English teachers believe in 'art,' not nature. They value skill, not reality. . . . This business of love of the sexes is made idiotic by the poets." On greatness: "We must take greatness only if it comes. We can be a candidate, but not a vociferous candidate." On nature: "Nature is completely just, unconsciously just. Nature's purpose is survival. . . . Man can get along better with atoms than with nature and God." On age: "When you get older you can do simple things and nobody gives a damn. When you're younger you have to be more complicated." And on the reason for our existence: "Is it the end and purpose of the world to associate ourselves with those we love? Probably so."

By the close of the year, I realized that I had been exposed to a man of some significance. Not significant, perhaps, because of his personal accomplishments (although they were many), but because of his humanity. I would visit him in his office to be entertained with stories about his old friends, such as Albert Einstein and Woodrow Wilson.

After I had left Centre, we carried on a correspondence that lasted several years. In many of our letters we would discuss the book he was writing, a history of Centre College. I would try to hide my amazement, when I wrote to Dr. Craig, that a man in his nineties would bother to produce yet another book, to dig through musty archives.

But Hardin Craig's mind would not dwell on the book alone. He could not understand, for instance, why today's academicians seemed so intent on specialization, unless it was to encourage "the run of cheaper degrees, often in contemporary literature or some other easy subject." He had not narrowed the strictures of study for his doctorate. At Princeton his field had been the Middle Ages: not theology in the Middle Ages, not political philosophy in the Middle Ages, not the history, art or society of the Middle Ages; just the Middle Ages. "Linguistically," he wrote, "this meant the study of Old and Middle English, dialects and all, Old and Middle High German, Gothic, Old Norse, Sanskrit, and the elements of Hebrew." How could man specialize and remain true to his potential, he would ask. Biologists had shown that the cerebral cortex was "capable of nine billion separate acts of ideation"; specialization, obviously, was unnatural. Or, to be more explicit, "a man who becomes a specialist is simply an idiot. Intense and exclusive specializing is suicidal. His brain becomes mere degenerated tissue."

When *Centre College of Kentucky: A Tradition and an Opportunity* was published, it was far more than a local history. Interspersed among the inevitable dry stretches that must accompany a responsible recording of events was Professor Craig's educational philosophy. He was a classicist. Dr. Craig's disdain for the nonacademic aspects of college life permeated his writing and, at times, he seemed unconscious of it. For instance, one section of the book is entitled "History of Intercollegiate Athletics," and contains a fair, balanced and dry description of sports at Centre College. The section following has the subhead, "Other Rivals of the Curriculum."

Professor Craig believed that the removal of Latin and Greek from the college curriculum was catastrophic—not because they were useful languages, or even because the readings were outstanding, but because studying them taught the student "symbolization," the soundest of the learning methodologies. For the free elective system, in which the student selects his courses, Dr. Craig had only contempt. It was yet another indication, in his opinion, that "today the teacher and not the taught is too often the center of interest" in higher education.

"What is needed," he stated in one letter, "is man to man tutorial stuff (ages old) and not just more talk (lecturing, reciting, quizzing). . . . I had not only two years at Oxford, but five in Woodrow Wilson's Preceptorial Method." In fact, Dr. Craig had been one of Wilson's original preceptors at Princeton and had helped define the approach. "I have never lost my ability in the old plain way."

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In his last book, he was even more forceful: "The present system seems to bid our sons and daughters to look out for number one. Perhaps we might say selfish education is no education at all, since our brains and our hearts are not drawn out or used in life but allowed to perish. . . . If this is what higher education means—personal gain and indifference to the welfare of our fellow men—let's not have any of it."

To the end of his life, Hardin Craig refused to admit defeat at the hands of man's most insidious enemy, age, or by its vassals, bitterness, loneliness and neglect. Occasionally, of course, he would recognize frankly the unpleasant features of being beyond ninety. Once he noted that some people, including himself, must rely on their "ability to deny self and to work hard; also to take neglect right on the chin. No doubt one does this better by remaining in a friendly mood." In another letter he wrote that "Sunday and Labor Day united in a grand effort to go somewhere and, in a sad way, have a good time. I mean to start something else, but have not decided what it will be."

Usually, however, Dr. Craig's letters were electric with new ideas and projects. After he had completed his history of Centre College, he wrote, "my family would like to see me the denizen of a swagger rest home. Personally I have little interest in such things. I want to do a book on Shakespeare better than I have ever done." In his last letter, he was happy to report that he had "finished a book on Shakespeare's appeal to normal life. It . . . is being copied and will be along in a week, I think." He was ninety-three.

In the same letter, Hardin Craig was feeling especially vibrant. He had been staying in a "swagger rest home" while his family was on vacation. "I emerged from eight weeks, a sort of confinement, in a rather fine residence hotel and resort for the aged. It was lonesome and a little tiresome. But I made excellent time." He went on to urge that I brush up on Einstein. He was pleased that his history of "Centre College has been a great success in spite of indifference at first. . . . I am all right, really in excellent health, both eyes and ears apparently improved. I might go back to Centre for a visit. . . ." Less than a month later, he suffered his fatal heart attack.

Hardin Craig had lived a life richer than those most men play out. What is more, he came close to understanding his existence. He endured the seven ages of man, including the

> . . . Last scene of all,
> That ends this strange eventful history,
> Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
> Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Once, in our class, he asked, "Do men and women, if allowed, turn into greedy swine? Hardship, bitterness, exposure do things to people. Is there such a thing as man triumphant?"

I think there might be.

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Bresson's Gentleness

CHARLES THOMAS SAMUELS

To be profitable, even "art" films must be entertaining; and although art and entertainment may coincide, the former is often starved because the latter is too narrowly defined. In literature, readers can enjoy Nabokov, whose difficulty is lightened by rococo language and sex, as well as Beckett, who is recondite even when funny. But in film, even cultivated spectators expect pleasure to require no personal exertion (you have to turn pages to read a book) and austerity is regarded almost as an affront.

Often, great directors reach their audience through sensational but artistically inferior efforts. Because it is a fine film one doesn't deplore the success of *Blow-Up,* although one wishes more attention were paid to *L'Avventura*; but a preference for *La Dolce Vita* over Fellini's early comedies, or for *The Seventh Seal* over *The Naked Night,* is deplorable. When a good film doesn't bathe the eye or gratify the emotions, it often sinks quickly into oblivion (I think, in recent years, of Henning Carlsen's *Hunger,* Alain Jessua's *Life Upside Down,* or Vittorio De Seta's *Bandits of Orgosolo).* Some directors are dismissed *in toto*—like the excellent Ermanno Olmi. When his film *The Job* was renamed *The Sound of Trumpets,* filmgoers still weren't blasted out of their houses, and even free tickets couldn't get them to the theater when *The Fiancés* played in New York City.

As we move up the scale from Olmi to Robert Bresson, the carnival mentality of most filmgoers does even greater damage to the cause of art. Except for Antonioni and Bergman, no other Western director possesses so original a style, although Bresson wouldn't welcome the comparison. He dismisses Antonioni as a mere photographer and Bergman as someone wrongly dependent on rhetoric. Accordingly, Bresson himself is linguistically concentrated and visually unadorned—so spare, in fact, that even admirers of the other directors (artists who are distinctly not crowd-pleasing) find Bresson too rarefied. This helps to explain why Bresson has been able to direct only nine films in thirty years. Nevertheless, he has become more and more appealing to producers without compromising his stubborn austerity. During his first decade, when he was forced to direct professional actors (although he hates their artificiality), he was able to find backing for only two films; during his latest, most Bressonian decade, he has found backing for five. This is especially remarkable because only one of his efforts *(A Man Escaped)* has been a hit—and this principally in France—and because his recent works have been pretty much restricted to film clubs and art cinemas and, in America, to one-night-stands at festivals.

By now, Bresson is slighted neither by producers nor by film scholars; audiences are what he requires. That his newest effort, *Une Femme Douce,* might provide them is evident from the admiring review it earned in *Time* (no proponent of the

✪ CHARLES THOMAS SAMUELS is on leave from Williams College this year as a National Humanities Endowment fellow. The University of Illinois Press will publish his book, *The Ambiguity of Henry James,* this fall.

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avant-garde) when it was shown at the 1969 Lincoln Center Film Festival. Perhaps sensing that Bresson's hour had come—since the new film is in lovely color, features a beautiful leading lady (the then nonprofessional Dominique Sanda) and treats a favored subject (unhappy marriage)—Paramount Pictures toyed with the idea of underwriting commercial distribution. Eventually, however, Paramount's courage receded, leaving the possibility of import to the more adventurous but less wealthy New Yorker Theater. Daniel Talbot, who manages that crucial showcase for neglected art, has every intention of bringing *Une Femme Douce* to this country; but, as he says, "I've discovered that young peoples' taste, . . . and they would be 95 percent of the audience for a film like *Une Femme Douce,* is hopelessly conservative." Therefore, in a time of economic jitters, Mr. Talbot may not be able to risk dependence on an audience—for all the cant about a "film generation"—whose taste remains uninstructed. Should this film not reach America, we will perhaps have missed our easiest entrance into Bresson's art; but, since at sixty-three the director shows no sign of slowing down, the loss will be entirely ours.

Unlike Bergman but like Antonioni, Bresson is even more distinguished for his method than for individual films (although, like Antonioni, he has produced, with *A Man Escaped,* at least one cinematic landmark). His method is a relentless pursuit of inner truth. Because Bresson disdains acting, rhetoric and spectacle, he considers himself a realist, but viewers rightly contend that life is not so spare as it appears in his films. Bresson's "realism" is to be understood as a definition of intention, not as a description of style. In fact, he is the most rigid stylist in the history of cinema, and no one but Bresson himself would think to call his work "natural."

His realism produces a surface only in order to uncover its depths, as is revealed by the first crucial aspect of his technique. Alone among his peers, Bresson habitually films preexisting texts. Although he remains strictly faithful to them—retaining most of the action and dialogue and rarely adding or inventing anything—he arranges the details so as to release an insight that was only latent. For example, the Madame de la Pommeraye episode from Diderot's *Jacques le Fataliste,* which Bresson used in *Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne,* is only a clever anecdote, illustrating feminine wiles, about an aristocrat who avenges herself on a faithless lover by tricking him into marriage with a courtesan. Comically, her plot misfires: when the lover upbraids his wife for her cooperation in duping him, she is so contrite that she wins him over. By updating the story, Bresson diverts attention from specific social attitudes, which are prominent in the original, to uncover a deeper moral meaning. Filming Diderot's plot and dialogue in the emotionally compacted style of Racine, he shows how vengeance is emasculated by its own character. Locked in unforgiving rage, the mistress cannot even imagine the merciful love that makes her jealousy self-defeating.

Dostoevski's novella, "A Gentle Spirit," Bresson's source for *Une Femme Douce,* is, to begin with, richer in possibility than the Diderot episode. While his young wife lies on her bier, the narrator of Dostoevski's tale reviews his marriage in order to comprehend the girl's motive for suicide. He recalls how his infernal pride made him alienate her affection to test it. Because she had been poor, he flaunted the financial favor conferred on her by marriage. Because she was naturally loving, he responded coldly. It is not surprising that all this drove her to hatred and almost to adultery, but when the husband rented a room to spy on her, he had the triumph of hearing her repulse the other man. Nonetheless, his humiliation of his wife caused her to attempt murder. With her gun at his temple, he momentarily awakened and kept himself from flinching to impress on her his largeness of soul. This he did so effectively that the girl was crushed by guilt and, spiritual creature that she was, made atonement by leaping to her death while clutching an icon. Concluding his baleful story, the husband curses his own perversity and avers that all men live in unbreachable solitude.

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This story required less alteration than Diderot's to make it suitable to Bresson's sensibility. Nonetheless, he made one major change that greatly enriches his source. Whereas in Dostoevski the wife is mainly an item in her husband's reminiscence, in Bresson she is a living presence. This is accomplished through the second important feature of Bresson's technique.

In half of his films, Bresson uses narrated commentary; a device, widely condemned as anticinematic, that is instead the director's most important formal contribution. Narration is obviously efficient because it elides time; in place of functional but undramatic scenes it permits speedy summation ("For six weeks she was feverish," *et cetera*). More important, it allows Bresson to present both objective and subjective views of the action.

Asynchronous relation of dialogue to image has long been standard cinematic technique, as in the classic example of a man murmuring love-words to a woman on whom he advances while the camera holds on a knife in his hands. But although this technique is normally put to such melodramatic uses, in Bresson it is employed to reveal the soul. Thus, in *Diary of a Country Priest,* the titular narrator frequently tells us through his commentary that he is doing exactly what we see him doing on the screen. Such duplication, so apparently wasteful, becomes functional through deviations, as rhyme becomes more than mere adornment when occasionally it goes "off." At one moment, for example, the priest tells us that he is feeling better and can even eat bread and wine (he is dying from cancer of the stomach), while the image tells us with what difficulty he eats and how sick he really is. By comparing his total accuracy when reporting priestly activities with his failure to register the state of his health, we comprehend his humility: he reports what he is doing but neglects to acknowledge the personal odds against doing it.

In *Une Femme Douce* this technique is even more essential to Bresson's meaning. Dostoevski's narrator fully understands his experience; Bresson's does not. As only cinema can, this film solves the long-standing literary problem of how to present a story through an unreliable narrator without confusing the audience about the plot or the character. Thus the film's dramatic sequences are not flashbacks; they are illustrations of past events accompanied by a commentary that exposes the husband's inability to cope with them.

Unlike Dostoevski, Bresson shows the wife independent of her husband's viewpoint, and this increases both our participation in the failure of their marriage and our comprehension of the complexity of its cause. Two minor alterations in detail point toward the latter intention. In Dostoevski, the husband hears his wife spurn her would-be lover through a door; in Bresson, he comes upon the couple by accident as they are sitting in an automobile. All we see is the wife moving away from the man; we do not hear, as the husband tells us he heard, her refusal. As a result, we are free to suspect his attribution to his wife of perfect innocence, a suspicion strengthened by the other change. Bresson's heroine does not die clutching an icon. Before her jump, she fingers but rejects an ivory Christ, leaving behind her only a shawl that floats to earth with ironic grace and is the only visible sign of her suicide. Because of these and many other indications in the film, both husband and wife become ambiguous figures. She is not merely the gentle victim of his egotism; he is not simply a monster trying her soul. The moral distinction between them is made rather clearly in Dostoevski, but Bresson constantly reminds us that responsibility for the failure of a relationship can never be simple.

Avoiding discursive dialogue, so essential in Bergman, or visual symbolism, as in Antonioni, Bresson makes things doubly difficult for his audience; but the power of the film depends on our awareness of mystery. Although he was referring to another artist, John Updike has nicely formulated what is also the essence of Bresson's appeal. We are held, Updike says, either by stories that offer basic "circumstantial suspense" or, more significantly, by those whose suspense is "gnostic." In the former we want to "know the outcome of an unresolved situa-

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tion"; in the latter we read on "in the expectation that at any moment an illumination will occur." Most directors even more than most writers cater to the former interest: Bresson is preeminent among those who court the latter. For that reason, he always begins his films by telling us what will happen. The heroine of *Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne* says she will be avenged and immediately we see the medium of her vengeance; in *Diary of a Country Priest* the face of the priest tells us instantly that he will die; the very title gives the plot away in *A Man Escaped*. Just so, in *Une Femme Douce*, the film commences with the suicide. What draws us on, like the husband, is the desire to know why. But to know why in Bresson (as is not the case in Dostoevski), we have to watch intently everything that happens because nothing is explained and even the explainer is an item to be fathomed. Many viewers find Bresson cold and remote, but this coldness may be only a reflection of their own passivity. If you can be excited by the search for understanding, you can be excited by Bresson.

So Bresson forces total concentration. Actors are not permitted to act lest we be diverted by their excellence as performers from what they incarnate. Framing is constricted lest our eye wander to an irrelevant detail. Scenes are enacted and assembled without differing degrees of emphasis lest we strain forward for one and relax in another. Dialogue is held to a minimum lest we settle for abstractions in place of facts. Only at the very end of each film does Bresson release us from our hush of contemplation with a shock that sums up what we've seen, as when bubbles emerge from the river in which the heroine of *Mouchette* has drowned herself and a blast of the *Magnificat* admits that death alone is victory for such a life.

The last scene of *Une Femme Douce* is equally conclusive. Throughout the film, the husband has been pacing around the corpse of his wife, seeking but failing to breach this final barrier. Now he can only raise her bloodless face from its final repose and murmur hopelessly: "Oh. Open your eyes. A second—only for a second." Then her head is lowered, the screen momentarily darkens as his back passes in front of the camera, and we hold for several seconds while a coffin screw is fastened; the sound of its turning indicates the finality of his defeat.

Figuratively, the screw had always been turning on a separateness no more irrevocable in death than it was in life. Recalling their first real conversation on one of the girl's trips to his pawnshop, he comments that she was pleased to find him more educated than she might have expected, but we see on her face little more than sullen regard. Thus begins the husband's attempt to understand things only insofar as they can support his repeated desire for "a solid happiness."

"How voluptuous when one no longer doubts," he tells the impassive maid who must listen to his monologue. But, whereas he dotes on intellectual certainty, his wife is certain only that life is mean. Paleontology, she tells him, dictates that even men are structured like mice. When he buys her flowers as a sign of love, she wryly mocks the act's distinctiveness. Seeing a nearby woman receive an identical bouquet, she rids herself of hers, remarking, "We, too, form a couple, all based on the same model." But obscurely she searches for some higher satisfaction, although she cannot even specify the object of her search. In Dostoevski, the wife is an orphan, exploited by her relatives, who marries to better her position. In Bresson, her motives are deliberately enshrouded. All she reveals is that she comes from a sinister house, and she succumbs to the pawnbroker's entreaties for no apparent reason. When he tells her that she will help him by marrying him, she asks whether it would not be possible to do so without marriage. Then, when she finds herself tied to him, committed as she is to her obscure ideal, she tortures his bourgeois certitude.

He tells her that they must be frugal so as to improve their lot, and to mock him she offers prodigal sums to his customers. He asserts that marriage is a state desired by most women, but she expresses her contempt for this ideal through apparent in-

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fidelities. Because he is devoted to certainty, the infidelities torment him, the more so because his devotion to his wife makes it unthinkable that so gentle a creature should be heartless.

Is she gentle? The husband keeps saying so, but the action undermines his contention. He admires her passion for books and records, but we see her listening to jazz (the sound-cuts to it are always accomplished with deafening volume) while munching fancy pastries, or leafing through books, only to extract the lesson that man is no more august than a mouse. Do these actions express intellectual passion or emptiness of spirit? Does her esteem for books accord with the careless way in which she tosses them about, as we recall the disarray of her dresser and the provocative lingerie found on her bed? When they go to a museum she disagrees with her husband that there is a gap between classic and modern art, but does she deny the gap out of catholicity of taste or because nothing means very much to her? Moreover, doesn't she express her denial simply to mock him? "Young birds are drawn to the same chant as their parents," she tells her husband, "and all birds sing the same way." Is her whole life a doomed attempt to break away from her "sinister" upbringing, her aspiration a baffled yearning toward what her imagination cannot conceive?

Yet the husband persists in regarding her as gentle, finer than he is, more intelligent, more compassionate, and, above all, faithful, that is to say, secure. When they go to a movie and a man next to her tries to make a pass, the husband forces her to change seats; and when they exit from the theater and she throws her arms about her husband, he comments that she obviously wants to love him. What he will not face is the possibility that she is incapable of this. He blames himself for accepting possession merely of her body, but that is all she offers him. Even in the midst of their alienation she turns toward his flesh.

In the dramatized sequences, the wife seems lost, perhaps more ferocious than gentle, but at least she is honest whereas the husband is sentimental, and, unlike him, she is not so stupid as to think that cash and marriage insure happiness. Desiring to educate her to his parochial values, the husband drives her to adultery. Desiring to free herself from his stifling conventionality, the wife awakens in him a terrible perturbation of spirit.

But worse lies ahead, ironically. During their first conversation (as in Dostoevski), the husband quotes Mephistopheles in Goethe's *Faust*, who proclaims himself one of those wishing to do evil who inadvertently does good. Although the line is here pronounced to impress the wife with the husband's learning, it should be recalled during the latter half of the film, where, out of their mutual enmity, a bizarre mutual improvement springs.

After the wife is driven to attempt murder, the husband makes use of her action to gain control. Refusing to admit what he saw, he nonetheless punishes her by banishing her from his bed. She, in turn, driven wild by her uncertainty about his motive and, as we later learn, by her fear that he will abandon her, falls into a fever from which she emerges transformed. Whereas all her energy had gone into combating her husband, now she seems to turn her criticism inward, at last attaining that gentleness in which her husband took such solace. Jazz is replaced on her phonograph by Bach and Purcell, she begins to serve her husband dutifully, and she promises to be a faithful wife. Watching all this, he feels torn between pity for her abasement and exultation at her new docility, but the change gives him hope for their future. She has indeed become more nearly the tender creature he has always sought and, out of gratitude, he confesses how badly he has sinned against her spirit and proceeds to show that he too can change. Committing acts of ostentatious kindness to his customers, he also literally abases himself to his wife in love.

Why, then, does his wife burst into sobs when he tells her how deeply she is adored? Because the new spirituality that he has released in her makes her intolerably guilty.

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But he cannot moderate his passion because the act of murder to which he nearly drove her has awakened in him an equal measure of guilt. They are as terribly isolated in their mutual regret as they were in their former enmity. The evil that they did to each other ironically produced good, freeing her from desolate negation and him from self-protective acquisitiveness. Now this good produces evil.

Lost between the self she was and the self she has promised to become, the wife cannot summon sufficient faith to believe in the permanency of her new dispensation. The husband wishes to sell the shop, move away, and devote his life simply to adoring her, but the more he affirms this plan the more unbearable becomes her sense that she is unfit for adoration. Before their marriage she had come to him to pawn a gold crucifix with an ivory Christ attached and had not wanted the Christ which he had offered to return. Now, in her perplexity, she fingers it in the drawer where it has lain, but when the maid comes in to inquire after her, she quickly hides what she is doing. Then, donning a shawl, she steps on a little iron table and leaps from her balcony into the traffic that has been resounding throughout the film.

The wife is not what her husband thinks her to be, yet when she almost embodies his erroneous image, her integrity is shattered and she can only die. The husband is brutal, not so much when he seeks to possess his hard-eyed wife as when he seeks to make amends for having sought possession. Watching their marriage progress, we feel a growing terror, because opposites merge and solutions turn out to be worse than the problems they solve. The husband's story, in its ironic complexity, ridicules his very effort to understand it. He never comes closer to the mystery of his ineluctable misalliance than when he confesses that he cannot understand the impulse that made him leave his wife at their highest moment of intimacy, thus unintentionally facilitating her suicide.

The film's clear point is that tragedy can be comprehended as a process, while still evading our need to fathom motives and fix blame. Therefore, Bresson uses his cinematic means—framing, editing, dialogue, acting—to achieve an even emphasis that precludes abstract summation. Whatever inspires these people can only be inferred from their laconic utterances and meager gestures. But this very meagerness—which we are made to experience—comes as close as anything can to being the source of their solitude. Both Dostoevski's story and Bresson's film light up the distance between two human souls (although Bresson magnifies the distance by giving us a fuller portrayal of the wife). Dostoevski, however, attributes the distance to a fundamental human perversity; Bresson links it to a world without spiritual force.

Throughout the film we hear more traffic noises and footsteps than dialogue; we see more doors and empty stairways than people. Usually a frame is filled with objects; fragmentation even turns characters into things. In Nathanael West's novel *Miss Lonelyhearts* the Christ-hungry protagonist sees the world as "dead . . . a world of doorknobs"; this is also the world in which Bresson's tragedy transpires. The wife yearns obscurely beyond a universe in which all is matter; the husband tries to turn matter into might. "Why did we adopt silence from the beginning?" the husband laments, and as the couple are shown to us we are tempted to give an answer. Neither husband nor wife can rise above the world of things; as a result they can reach toward each other, even gaze into each other's eyes, but they can communicate nothing of their souls. In the midst of his agony the husband wishes he could pray but knows that he can only think. The wife can finger her Christ, but the tentative movement seems almost to shame her. The maid's silence makes her simulate the role of confessor, but when she pronounces her first line, late in the film, we learn how distant she has been from the husband's ordeal ("After the burial, I will leave for eight days, if you will let me.").

Une Femme Douce is distinguished from Bresson's other films by the absence of some principle of redemption. The courte-

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san in *Les Dames du Bois du Bologne* receives forgiveness; the hero of *A Man Escaped* is granted liberty. Even in those films where Bresson's heroes die, some promise of transfiguration is made; all the victims resemble that most Bressonian of characters, Joan of Arc, who loses the earth but achieves Heaven. *Une Femme Douce* is, however, the darkest of three recent films in which Bresson contemplates the modern world. Successively, in *Au Hasard, Balthazar* and *Mouchette* and this work, he portrays a spiritual wasteland, characterized by brutality and a self-punishing pursuit of pleasure. But even Balthazar dies amid a field of peacefully grazing sheep and Mouchette drowns to the *Magnificat;* the wife in *Une Femme Douce* falls to the cacaphony of screeching brakes.

It is this bleakness that will, I think, make the film seem more tenable to the uninitiated than the profound Christian certitude of Bresson's other works. But although the mood here is untypical, the technique is not. In *A Man Escaped* the mystery of human courage and of divine aid are illustrated through the most mundane details. A spoon is needed in Fontaine's escape; by chance he finds it, and we marvel at the concentration with which it is used. The contrasting spiritual aridity of *Une Femme Douce* is shown through the same close-in depiction of the ordinary.

The wedding sequence can serve as an example. In the scene immediately preceding, the husband begs the girl to say "yes," but although she looks at him before entering her apartment, she makes no answer. Rather we witness her assent in an immediate cut to the signing of the marriage register, an act itself quickly replaced by hands exchanging rings over a restaurant table. We then see reverse shots of the two gazing at each other and cut to an almost excessively detailed staging of their entrance into their new home. Again, there is no dialogue, only the sound of a key turning in the lock, of a door opening and closing, of footsteps and traffic. They embrace but we see her staring quizzically over his shoulder. They hesitate, but she finally pulls him forward. In quick cuts, we see her walk to the bathroom, throw a nightgown on the bed, while he watches television. She comes to him, laughingly unbuttons his shirt, turns off the television (in the action dislodging a towel and giving us a glittering view of her lovely body), and then jumps into bed. They pull the covers over them, we hear the sound of laughter, and then only silence. Car noises come up on the sound track, followed by his voice commenting that he had to "throw water" on the "marvelous drunkenness" of his joy.

Each detail measures the paucity of their hopes. The marriage is not assented to but only performed, and then not as a sacrament but as the signing of a register. Even the real marriage, at the restaurant, is only a series of movements and looks, and the consummation, initiated by the wife and excited by the mechanical noise of auto racing on the television set, is meager in its unseen joy. Yet the husband persists in regarding this uncommunicative, wholly material coming-together as something marvelous in its intoxication.

Many artists would depict a desolation of spirit so profound through more striking dramatization, but Bresson would think this a mistake; he includes in *Une Femme Douce* a scene that illustrates his aesthetic. When the couple see *Hamlet* at the theater, the husband is impressed but the wife doesn't join in his applause. Returning home, she explains why, by running to a volume of Shakespeare to read lines that had been eliminated in the performance only so that the actors could get away with shouting and gesticulation. The lines come from Hamlet's advice to the players (in a French translation) and among them is the veritable motto of Bresson's art:

> in the torrent, the tempest, the whirlwind one must always be moderate and acquire even a certain gentleness.

Like the wife herself, Bresson shows that gentleness of manner does not deny inner ferocity. For the spectator who can match the film's concentration with his own, Bresson, by rigorously controlling passion, inspires it.

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OF WRITING AND WRITERS

The Ladies of the *Dial*

MELVILLE CANE

What I hope to achieve here, however inadequately, is to discharge a debt close to a half-century overdue. The obligation is obviously not a matter of money for, if it were, I would have long since been absolved from payment by force of law. The debt, however, continues noncancellable, under a less merciful code: What I owe is gratitude.

The period was the 1920s, specifically, from 1923 to 1927—a time for me of speculation and uncertainty over my future engagement with poetry. Such a possibility was not new; in fact, it had been seriously, although only momentarily, entertained as far back as my undergraduate days at Columbia when, as a committed writer of light, superficial verse, I actually broke through to produce a single nature lyric that my professor, the poet George Edward Woodberry, pronounced "the real thing."

But the forces of habit, convention, and concern with society's demands prevailed to lock the door against further exploration. Nevertheless, that spark did light a flame that has not diminished over the years.

It was not, however, until the year 1923 that I was able to summon sufficient willpower and self-confidence to overcome the embedded inertia and resistance to creative needs. I dared, at last, to express and to expose myself. The experience, regardless of aesthetic result, marked the first step in liberation; it stimulated further effort, and before long I had acquired a respectable number of short lyrics to risk to magazine submission. With new-found temerity, I set aim on the most elusive of targets, the *Dial.*

After many transmogrifications from the middle of the nineteenth, and down to the beginning of the twentieth century, the *Dial* was reincarnated in the 1920s as a general magazine of the arts, dedicated alike to belles lettres and beaux arts. It towered above all possible rivals as the aesthetic voice of the period. It spoke for no cult and from no platform, but for the best wherever available. In so doing it transcended national boundaries and manifested a cosmopolitan catholicity. It sought out novelty, not for its own sake, as was the case generally with avant-garde publications, but as a fresh, original infusion into the mainstream of creative expression and experiment. It published criticism, poems and fiction. It reproduced paintings and photographs of sculpture. Among its diversified contributors were Picasso, Marie Laurencin, Vanessa Bell, Kuniyoshi, Santayana, Conrad Aiken, Cummings, Paul Morand, Kenneth Burke, Bertrand Russell, Padraic Colum, Gertrude Stein and T. S. Eliot.

My approach to the *Dial,* aside from writing my name at the end of a typed manuscript and enclosing a self-addressed, stamped, return envelope, was, with rarest exceptions, impersonal. Each poem should speak for itself, stand or fall of its own weight or weakness without the intercession or mistaken support of its author; correspondence, if any, must originate at the other end.

✪ MELVILLE CANE is the author of ten books of verse. This essay will appear in *Eloquent April,* to be published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich this spring.

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Surprisingly it did. Some of those early letters of rejection unfortunately were either lost or crushed into the wastebasket. (I probably couldn't endure having them around.) But the earliest of those preserved will indicate the general tone and nature of the editorial response. Dated September 8, 1924, it reads:

My dear Mr. Cane:

We are sorry to return this because we do always discover an unusual quality in your poetry.

Very sincerely yours,
Alyse Gregory,
Managing Editor

As I read and reread the letter, disappointment gradually yielded to hope, with the realization that this unknown editorial person had "always" found evidence of "quality" in my faulty submissions. Nonacceptance, accordingly, far from fatal, carried within it an unexpressed invitation to keep open the channels of communication. With growing optimism I led myself to believe that what at first seemed the routine dismissal of still another poem might in reality be a considered acceptance of me as a poet. So, self-assured, I continued sending each new poem to Miss Gregory with no happier fortune until the receipt of the following letter dated January 26, 1925:

My dear Mr. Cane:

We are most happy to have your lovely poem January Garden for The Dial. Would you mind sending us some biographical material about yourself for our Notes on Contributors: when and where born, where educated, if you have published anything previous to this and whatever else you care to tell us. Do you mind my saying that the only lines in the poem that do not seem to me wholly satisfactory are those in the next to the last verse?

You will receive a check in a few days.

Very sincerely yours,
Alyse Gregory

Heady with elation, I promptly sent on my vital statistics with an item or so of my scanty accomplishments, and reexamined the poem in the light of her objections. Although I found them valid, I was unable to produce anything better at the time. The poem appeared, without change, in the March, 1925, issue (along with T. S. Eliot's "The Hollow Men"!). I reproduce it here:

January Garden

Insidious, elemental cold
Foglike steals
Over garden-mold
And seals
The flower-border like a grave.

Lower, deeper,
Inch on inch,
It spreads its iron hold.

Pores through which the rain and
sunlight flowed
Now, instead,
Are stopped with icy lead.

Take a sharp pick,
Break the harsh thick
Wintry metal:
Once you might have found
Springing through the ground
What goes to shape a petal.

Once from here did issue
Palpitating tissue
Of larkspur,
And the earthy mesh
Warmed the velvet flesh
Of pansies.

Once from here did stream
Odor, like a dream,—
That which, more than form or
color, makes a rose a rose.

Beauty's womb
Is now a tomb
For frozen worms.

The weak stanza ran:

Once from here did stream
Odor, like a dream,—
That which, more than form or
color, makes a rose a rose.

(Had I anticipated Gertrude Stein's cryptic line?)

From time to time over the years I would vainly wrestle with the refractory material, but it was not until the preparation in 1966 of *So That It Flower,* my general collection, that I devised the following substitute:

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Once from here did stream
Fragrance, like a dream,
Wreathing to enclose
The rose.

A few days after the poem's acceptance, the check came. It was for the munificent sum of twenty dollars! Twenty dollars was the set sum paid for each of four later acceptances. I make note of this fact since there appears to be some confusion over the *Dial*'s rates for poetry. I can add that if a piece ran over to a second page by as little as a single line, the price was doubled. The *Dial* led the other magazines of the period in liberal terms of payment.

Two months later than Miss Gregory's first acceptance came a second; she wrote on March 28, 1925:

We are accepting with pleasure Snow Toward Evening. Our check will follow in a few days. We are returning the other poems.

Snow Toward Evening

Suddenly the sky turned gray.
The day,
Which had been bitter and chill,
Grew soft and still.
Quietly
From some invisible blossoming tree
Millions of petals, cool and white,
Drifted and blew,
Lifted and flew,
Fell with the falling night.

I have no record of the "other poems"; obviously they failed to measure up to Miss Gregory's high critical requirements.

Soon after this second acceptance Miss Gregory retired as managing editor and our relations were over. I can't remember ever having met her face to face and, aside from a possible telephone call connected with some poem, I doubt ever having heard the sound of her voice. Nevertheless, I treasure her in memory as one who by her perceptive response and encouragement dispelled my irresolution and strengthened my commitment to a career as a poet.

Now that Miss Gregory had welcomed me to the *Dial* I felt the welcome extended by her successor, Marianne Moore. Throughout the years to follow, Miss Moore was to approach my work with the same friendliness, helpfulness, discernment and scrupulous concern, and, since she had by this time already arrived as a poet of consequence, our interchanges were destined to throw light on both our agreements and differences. A few of her letters, fortunately preserved, will illustrate the vitality and variety of these encounters.

Her first letter, dated June 5, 1925, reads:

Dear Mr. Cane:

We are happy to accept your poem Fog and shall send you a check for twenty dollars in a day or so. We should like to use it as originally written, not omitting the last two lines.

We also like I Have Seen. Since you suggest the possibility of changing another of the poems, I venture to ask if the accompanying version of I Have Seen would have your sanction.

Sincerely yours,
Marianne Moore,
Acting Editor

Fog

Fog is a crawling monster.
Soundless, unseen.
With spidery stealth,
A thousand clammy tentacles
Surround, clutch, crush.

Fog is a sucking monster.
A thousand ravenous tongues
Lap the blue from the sky,
Lick the gold from the sun,
Swallow the sea,
Devour the land.

Land and sea and sky and sun
Now are one,
Slaty and dun;
One and none.

Horns moan terror.
Bells toll death.

Her letter is characteristic of her involvement: first she chooses between two offered versions of "Fog," and then deals with her reservations about another submission by offering her own version of the poem. This surely represented a service quite beyond the customary editorial practice.

My immediate reaction was one of embarrassment. Her proffered contribution paralleled my own composition but with

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certain significant deviations; I reproduce mine as it later appeared elsewhere:

I Have Seen

I have seen:
A yellow butterfly
Steer for the harbor of a tiger-lily;

A snowy gull
Spin ascending spirals round a spruce;

A foolish June-bug
Sprint with a shooting star across the night.

And once
On a wild black road
I saw a summer moon
Weave a web of gold
Out of a humming stretch of telegraph wires.

One of Miss Moore's objections ran to the use of the word "telegraph"—on what grounds I cannot recall. In my view it helped to define the scene more precisely and therefore more thoroughly. I decided, however, against disagreeing over details; instead I suggested as diplomatically as possible that for a number of reasons I felt unable to take advantage of her generosity. My poem, so revised, would no longer be solely mine, but a collaboration; as such, it must properly be signed by each of us, and that, I knew, would be awkward; a reader would be unable to determine how much was Moore, how much was me. With the letter I enclosed a slightly modified form.

To my relief came her warm, understanding letter of June 10, 1925:

Dear Mr. Cane:

Sorry as I am not to accept for "The Dial" the amended version of I Have Seen so graciously proffered by you, I concur with you in your determination to preserve your own concept of the poem. I feel, with you, that changes, to have value, must be on the part of the author. I am sorry, too, to return to you, Feelings and Snow in April. It has been a pleasure to see them—especially Feelings. I hope that you will allow us to see other work. . . .

Sincerely yours,
Marianne Moore,
Acting Editor

Despite her concurrence with the view that a poem should in all respects be the author's, Miss Moore's appetence for collaboration persisted unappeased. We had barely disposed of the "I Have Seen" case when another of the same kind confronted us. It began with this letter, dated August 13, 1925:

Dear Mr. Cane:

It is always a pleasure to see your work. My ear which is sometimes too temerarious differs, however, sometimes, from your own.

Changes which I suggest in The Storm Is Broken possibly you will not like. May I, however, present them to you.

Since you have been in Maine I am glad to infer that you have recovered from your accident.

Sincerely yours,
Marianne Moore,
Acting Editor

Enclosed with this letter was a thoroughgoing recast, which, after setting out my own poem, I will append. Mine reads:

The Storm Is Broken

All day long the smash of the sea
Against the rocks;
All day long the gulls scream frantically
And one crow mocks.
Out of the sea a hurricane
Has driven, hour on hour, with mounting tide,
The wild relentless rain
Across the countryside.
Somewhere in the obliterated west
A sun lies lost.
Evening birdlike hovers
Over wagon-ruts now little rivers.

The storm is breaking soon:
A tattered cloud
Meagerly veils the proud
Reluctant moon.
Motionless are leaf and fern.
Fireflies fantastically turn
On and off their green and yellow lights.

This is one of the clean and mellow nights
That follow rain in June.
Flurry of unseen wings.
An upland cow-bell rings,
While over the impenetrable marsh
Bull-frogs harsh
Strum their stubborn strings.

And now, Miss Moore's:

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The Storm

All day, the smashing sea
Against the rocks.
A hurricane
Has driven, hour on hour,
The rain across the countryside.
In the obliterated west
A sun lies lost.
Over wagon-ruts that now are rivers,
Evening hovers.

A tattered cloud
Has veiled the moon.
Fireflies turn on and off
Their green and yellow lights.

This is one of the clean nights
That follow rain in June
The sound of unseen wings;
Above the harsh antiphony—
As over the impenetrable marsh
The bull-frog
Strums its stubborn strings.

I have supplied these competing printings of "The Storm" primarily to stress Miss Moore's readiness to become implicated in any poem with sufficient appeal to warrant the correction of its infirmities. And although unable for reasons stated to accept a substitution, even when an improvement over my own text, I nonetheless welcomed and greatly benefited from her criticisms.

To illustrate in some detail:

My poem rhymes throughout; Miss Moore's sporadically. Whether or not hers was an improvement, I was reminded of my weakness for rhyme beginning with my early baptism in the lines of W. S. Gilbert in his "Bab Ballads" and patter songs of the comic opera librettos—a weakness I was striving to overcome with a more flexible and freer technique. Doubtless, in further disapproval, Miss Moore had scrapped my complicated internal rhyme couplet:

On and off their green and yellow lights.
This is one of the clean and mellow nights

Again, my lines run to 26; she confines hers to 20. A lesson in the value of conciseness. While emphasizing the need to slough off all extraneous matter, she deletes the gulls-and-crow couplet, and this I can't accept; the lines are not repetitious, and they amplify the scene in nature.

To conclude without further explication: Miss Moore gains in solidity through tautness. Her version is more spare than mine, which takes in the landscape in more generous detail but suffers from an excess of adjectives. On the whole I prefer hers, a more mature performance, yet blemished by the abstraction, "antiphony," in an otherwise concrete company.

In the spring of 1926 I published my first book, *January Garden*, a small collection, the product of three years of trial and error. It contained the three *Dial* poems, "January Garden," "Snow Toward Evening" and "Fog," and Miss Moore evidently felt it deserved notice. In July, 1926, her review of my book with two others appeared under the title "Land and Sea and Sky and Sun"—a line from my "Fog" poem. I reprint those passages which deal mainly with my book:

In each of three contemporary poets, Miss Mabel Simpson, Leon Scrabian Herold and Melville Cane, the unimplicated mere reader seems to distinguish a unanimity which is not conspicuously present among poets—that is to say, reverence for mystery and for deity. There is also most diversely manifested by these three poets a love of "land and sea and sky and sun."

Mr. Cane has, in his view of the external world, a distinctly formulated, approvedly decorative concept of colour. Mauve, grey, blue, white, silver, black, he finds in what he sees, making best use perhaps of black. In time of snow and fog, he buries "deep the black world underneath the white," says of fireflies, "sparks fly through the thick black foliage of my soul," and there are occasions upon which to him

Indistinguishable lie
Black sea, black sky.

The artist in that he will and can preserve the sense and aspect of what has meant much to him, Mr. Cane is able, alas, to dismay as to delight. One syllable too much, one impropriety of diction, and illusion is lost. The reader regrets "exquisitely," "flavorous," "to get the leaves used to it," "kitchenetted souls," "infant rainbows," and can scarcely accept as appropriate "cowed waves sinking at their feet." There is on the other hand in the following epitome of North Winds In May a moving truthfulness: "panic clutches the bushes" as in

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the concept of the sandpiper: "It rides an instant on the shifting swell," and how fine:

The rich moon with its broadly streaming flood
Washes with light
The earth whereon I stand.
The icy ether fires my smouldering blood. . . .

This review, which then went on to discuss the two other volumes, carried for me more satisfying meaning and utility than did any other notice. It approached the poems with respect, bestowed its praise and its censures with judicial exactitude and fairness, and supported its pronouncements with convincing quotations.

I could readily plead guilty to all of the verbal misdemeanors with a single exception, the charge that I had stressed the wrong syllable of "exquisitely." The rest of the poem reads:

The stars I breathe and feel,
The magic heavens my trembling feelings steal,
Until, exquisitely unmanned,
My spirits swoon
With the delicious cold, the dark, the riding moon.

I suggested to Miss Moore that the poem mounted to a climax after the word "until" and that the stress on the first (not the second) syllable of "exquisitely" was implicit. And, with needless apology, she agreed. (And how gratifying that she should have singled out this particular poem for quotation and thereby confirmed Professor Woodberry's judgment of its merit on first reading it twenty-seven years earlier!)

The review ends:

Mr. Cane's flowers, Miss Simpson's quiet, Mr. Herold's sententious simplicity are, if they are not products of peace, conducive to it. One is pleased when poets who live in America are sufficiently pleased with America to seem so; and the exciting charm of American vegetation, gardens, weather, and people, is indubitably felt in the work of these poets.

Over what turned out to be, regrettably, the last years of the *Dial*, I would send Miss Moore a few poems I hoped might interest her, and with the same luck. Of these she took two: one a love lyric, "I Have Heard"; the other, "From A Deck Chair," a bit of observation describing the rhythms of an ocean liner as it adjusted to shifting seas. In neither did she suggest any change, although on reading "I Have Heard" in galleys, she did call me up at the office to ask whether I didn't think a certain line that I had ended with a comma might not deserve a semicolon. I agreed, and I mention the tiny incident as further evidence of Miss Moore's scrupulous respect for the author's right to have his manuscript printed as written without editorial tampering.

Five poems, as already noted, constituted my total contributions to the pages of the *Dial*. Miss Moore was responsible for three. In the eyes of a reviewer in the *New Masses*, this qualified me as a member of Miss Moore's "seraglio" and therefore removed my work from the field of fair criticism.

I never belonged to the so-called "*Dial* Set," considering myself merely a contributor rather than a member. I saw Miss Moore but once during these passing years. It was a date for lunch. I called for her at the *Dial* office on Thirteenth Street, and she suggested a restaurant on Fifteenth, west of Seventh Avenue. Since this happened over forty years ago, I hope I may be forgiven for not remembering what we talked about or what we ate.

My experiences with Miss Moore over the two rejected poems, "I Have Seen" and "The Storm Is Broken," present dramatically the wide range and workings of her editorial commitment as she conceived it. It involved, first of all, a hospitable frame of mind toward the incoming manuscript, regardless of its origin. It operated from a broad catholicity of taste and a seasoned judgment that yielded to no passing cult but made its valuations on purely aesthetic grounds. And it was enriched by a general symbiosis with the poetic experience itself, the urge to be a partner in its adventure.

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La Mama Exposée

JACQUELYN TOMASSI

Fling high your nightgown
La Mama earth, and
dance your orbit
exposée today, before the moon with
phosphoeyes
gawks, and finds your gyrations on the orbit of the ridiculous
for a femme your age.

You're in the round now, love, and
all those cardboard clothes, those sticky belts, those concrete
ribbons through your hair reek must upon your lunelit chair.
Fly! Fly!
(Can you fly? Can you soar? Can you fling yourself away from all the
centuries of dust beneath your bed and prism out your eyes to
see your creaking hulk whirls circles?)
Grope your way to the star fair, Mama.
Creak the course where the constant
air steps from your web
ly cubing.
For the Martian ladies, you know . . . . . .

dance.

✪ JACQUELYN TOMASSI is studying for a doctorate in philosophy at Yale University.

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CONtroversy

American Medicine

As a physician in private practice, I approached Michael Michaelson's article, "The Failure of American Medicine" [AS: Autumn, 1970], with a closed mind. There was nothing in that foolish diatribe which opened it. Statements such as the "AMA as a political force in this country must be discredited, and if possible, destroyed" reflect the intolerance that is characteristic of today's young idealists. This desire to destroy those guilty of Wrong Thinking is an emotion my generation classifies as fascistic.

Mr. Michaelson is a medical student, not a practitioner. He has read widely, but knows only that which he has read. After he has had some experience in the actual treatment of the sick, he will retract his belief that the "health care team need no longer, and must no longer, be exclusively controlled by physicians."

A case in point. A few years ago, I was employed by the Veterans Administration Regional Office to examine elderly veterans who were applying for their pensions. An old man had a heart attack as he was standing at the counter filling out his application form. With him lying on the floor I pounded on the chest to start the heart, gave him artificial respiration, administered oxygen, and told the secretary to call an ambulance. She returned in two minutes to tell me that Willie, the ambulance clerk, refused to call an ambulance unless we gave him the patient's name, age, date of entry into the service, date of discharge from the service, and his Veterans Administration claim number. Disregarding my curses and pleas, Willie absolutely refused to call the ambulance. I had to pick the patient's pocket and extract the needed information from papers in his wallet. Willie then called the ambulance.

The Board of Inquiry, convened the next day, concluded that Willie could not be faulted. He had conformed with regulations.

In my private office, this could never happen. The fact is, a "nonsystem" that imposes immediate personal responsibility upon the doctor is much better for the patient than a system in which the control is exercised by an institution, and no one individual has to say "I am responsible." The "reform" advocated by Mr. Michaelson would inevitably change a group of conscientious men into "Willies."

HARRY J. KANIN, M.D.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Most of Mr. Michaelson's sweeping and naïve statements cry out for rebuttal. One must remember that he is speaking as a sociologist, not as a physician. I am speaking as an American physician who has worked in charity institutions, the university setting, private practice, and the National Health Service of England.

Few would argue that health care is a right but many would argue that it should be free, even if fiscally possible. The English are still recovering from the consequences of this delusion.

Contrary to Mr. Michaelson's assertion, American medicine in total is as good as medicine practiced in any country. We do have pockets of inadequate care but so do the slums and rural areas of the western European countries, whose care supposedly is better than ours. It would seem that some government program is necessary for this numerical minority but not at the expense of sacrificing the high quality the majority now has.

In the assembly-line medicine advocated by Mr. Michaelson and practiced in England, the patient has no assurance that the certified surgeon, rather than the apprentice, will operate on him or that the operating surgeon will care for him postoperatively. Impersonal approach and dis-

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continuity of care are a necessity under this system. One-to-one doctor-patient relationships are not obsolete, as politicians and medical educators would have us believe.

Finally, let us bury forever the tiresome statistics of infant mortality and mean life expectancy. The infant mortality figures are clouded by innumerable variables while the life expectancy figures reflect death due to arteriosclerotic heart disease, a disease related to our rich diet and the inescapable stress of American life.

Mr. Michaelson would predictably answer me by charging that my opinions are a product of my "archaic education" and "inappropriate orientation to disease and to people." Heaven help us if American medicine ever loses this orientation!

ROBERT A. BEATTY, M.D.
Hinsdale, Illinois

It is novel, though hardly reassuring, to find someone who feels that in the America of 1970 we need fewer, rather than more, person-to-person relationships. Not only does Mr. Michaelson hold this rather perverse view, but he glories in it—"the traditional notion of a patient-centered rather than a community-centered" physician is obsolete, he tells us.

Mr. Michaelson is obviously unaware of the Orwellian implications of his "new" medical practice. In all sincerity he wants the physician to stop focusing on the individual and serve the "community." He cites several examples of such community medicine, all of which seem to concern political rather than medical activism.

The deficiencies of the kind of community medicine that Mr. Michaelson advocates are obvious. In most American communities, even those that are ethnically homogenous, people are too diverse for us to abandon a one-to-one relationship. When Mr. Michaelson goes into practice and starts work in his community-centered clinic, is he going to run it for the male black militant who says that "birth control is black genocide," or for the militant's girl friend, who wants her birth control pills renewed? In the absence of any general community consensus on health matters the perceptive physician is much more helpful when he responds to the deeply felt needs of individuals.

Furthermore, Mr. Michaelson appears unaware that we have had some examples of the kind of community medicine that he so admires. The white physician in Alabama who refused to treat civil rights workers was expressing the sentiments of ninety-eight percent of his community. The physicians in Massachusetts who not only refused to do abortions, but also blocked other physicians from doing them or from prescribing contraceptives, were certainly practicing community-centered medicine. Mr. Michaelson does not deal with this kind of aberration, because in his system it is not an aberration.

I would implore Mr. Michaelson, who seems like a sensitive enough human being, to reexamine his premises. If there is anything that the work of Goodman, Roszak and others have shown, it is that we must establish people primacy. Certainly the physician should be aware of and—to a degree—responsive to the needs of his community. But in a nation where "community" is so tenuous, where it is so often perceived only by listening to the loudest voice, where, when it truly exists, it can be as mean-spirited as any central government, there should be someplace where the individual's needs come first. What more logical place for this to begin than in the physician's office? Until he realizes this, Mr. Michaelson—if he ever goes into practice—will merely be substituting an evil system for an inefficient one.

MICHAEL J. HALBERSTAM, M.D.
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Michaelson, as a medical student, has probably not yet taken full responsibility for any patient's illness, including a sore throat, much less a seriously ill patient or an operative procedure and consequently is hardly able to give value judgments regarding medical practice in this country.

The two major arguments he uses to validate his premise about the failure of American medicine—infant mortality rate and longevity—are both a function of heredity and environment, as well as the quality of available medical care. Societies with larger

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percentages of nonwhites and non-northern Europeans have higher infant mortality rates for the following reasons: in general, a more fatalistic and neglectful attitude exists among these groups; they produce a higher percentage of unwanted or illegitimate children; mother and child are generally in poorer nutritional state. All of these are problems unsolved by sociologists.

Additionally, because of more liberal contraceptive and abortion laws, many infants never become neglected or unwanted neonates in Sweden or elsewhere—a rather effective way of lowering "infant mortality."

Longevity is a function of the infant mortality rate, nutritional status, mental and physical habits, work attitudes, and accidental auto deaths, as well as available medical care.

Finally, aside from the moot point about what are "rights," the most offensive part of the whole article is the idea of regulation to be imposed by those of lesser mind, whether bureaucracy, hospital administrators, sociologists or politicians, on physicians, who, by virtue of their inclination, perspicacity and training, are, as a group of health specialists, best suited to decide what constitutes good and adequate medical care for all.

T. A. Dippy, M.D.
Winter Park, Florida

As an undefined, obsolete physician I must wonder if Mr. Michaelson's qualifications to comment on medical care rate above those of a high school quarterback to instruct the Minnesota Viking offense.

By all commonsense standards America is *not* an unhealthy nation. One has only to travel abroad or look around here with unbiased eyes to know this. Only fools, politicians and headline-hunters attempt to compare dissimilar statistical populations.

Most of medicine's present problems are directly related to inflation and reflect the overall disintegration of our socioeconomic structure occasioned by government's repeated interventions in the market place.

Until World War II there was a relative equilibrium between supply and demand in health care. Since then a massive supply of money has been injected into medicine's restricted economy by three major intrusions: medical school subsidies, the Hill-Burton act, and Medicare-Medicaid. The first, by inflating research and tripling faculties, has greatly increased the cost of medical education and, by diverting countless doctors into academic fields, actually reduced the supply of available, practicing physicians. The second, by increased hospital construction without provisions for staffing, has created a chronic shortage of high-priced auxiliary help. The third suddenly supplied vast sums of hitherto unavailable dollars to consumers, markedly increasing demand and psychologically inflating it.

With supply chronically limited, demand inflated and costs rising constantly, no combination of managerial talent can alter the economic facts. Government control would only reduce the general quality of medical care and tremendously increase its cost to the consumer-taxpayer; its effect on physician motivation would be disastrous. It seems foolish to hope that a medical monopoly controlled by government bureaucracy (that most inefficient form of administration yet devised by man) will improve the situation.

Michaelson's juvenile rantings are directed at the wrong villains. His reform suggestions—consumer revolution, redefined physician, drastic restructuring, new recognition of accountability, self-determination (whatever *that* means)—are nebulous regurgitations of sociologic double-talk.

There is no Utopia; there are no perfect systems this side of heaven. Yet all is not hopeless. Inflation cannot last indefinitely. If disaster comes, the world will not end. Society may collapse, but we will remain. Perhaps then we will discover the self-determination Michaelson seeks and will choose the medical care that suits us individually, be it given by obsolete physician, witch-doctor or Chinese acupuncture specialist.

P. C. Graffagnino, M.D.
Columbus, Georgia

Mr. Michaelson replies: These letters verify more than a few of my essay's central points, causing me, with some irony, not to be encouraged but to be profoundly sad.

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When I criticized the traditional concept of "physician primacy" in American medicine, I was referring precisely to the kind of attitude that permits men like Dr. Dippy to dismiss nonphysicians with an interest in medicine and health as "those of lesser mind." It is revealing, on this score, to note how many of these writers admonish me to stick to sociology; if I would, they might dismiss my remarks with less difficulty. Instead, they must struggle with the fact that I am indeed a student of medicine, participating actively in the treatment of patients. I can, of course, point to hundreds of practicing physicians who share many of my views (and the number is growing); but to do so would be to bend to just that elitism that I find reprehensible and that our medical schools systematically foster. To my mind no one is more qualified to criticize the American physician than the patient.

One aspect of the physician's "obsolescence," as I defined it, is the feeling of omniscience characteristic of too many medical practitioners. My critics provide another case in point. After dismissing me as a mere sociologist, these men quite unself-consciously proceed to correct my sociology. I did not attempt in my article to argue that American medicine is a failure—I stated it as a widely acknowledged, abundantly documented fact. In the first footnote I listed seven books that contain the necessary elaboration. In the past year, articles further documenting that failure have appeared in *Fortune,* the *Saturday Review, Redbook,* the *New York Review of Books,* the *Nation,* the *New Republic, Time,* and in nearly every leading professional journal. To a point, I am willing to sympathize with these doctors, who are the products of a term of education both narrow and narrowing. But I think it is not unreasonable to expect them to read.

Michael Halberstam is a notable and refreshing exception to all this. He is a thoughtful and articulate conservative physician who shares, I think, many of my goals, although we differ emphatically in approach. Some of his present criticism is, however, the result of simple misunderstanding. When I suggested that the physician shift his focus from the individual patient who seeks him out to the entire community of patients and potential patients who may not come to him (for whatever economic or educational or cultural reasons), I was suggesting that doctors accept a broader, but certainly *no less personal,* obligation than they have. The physician must indeed respond "to the deeply felt needs of individuals"—all individuals, not merely the privileged few.

I feel that some highly decentralized sociomedical organization, with control of health facilities in the hands of both the local community and its doctors (perhaps with certain federal antidiscriminatory guidelines), is the most feasible approach to the end that Dr. Halberstam and I share: restoring human intimacy and dignity to the relationship between doctor and patient, making it again a "sacred trust." There are many difficulties in such an approach, but not nearly so many as are inherent in the huge, centralized, impersonal, wholly unaccountable system for which this country seems to be headed. I feel certain that Theodore Roszak and Paul Goodman would agree. Dr. Halberstam ought to read them again, more carefully.

Finally, I would like to thank Dr. Harry J. Kanin, who approached my article with a closed mind, for his candor.

Painting and Perspective

The condescending air of revelation used by Michael Polanyi in "What is a Painting?" [AS: Autumn, 1970] must be challenged for his failure to reveal anything and his mistaking the function of criticism. Art is not a mystery, subject to divination only by a mystical priesthood, but an experience accessible to all. As in any other complex area, some initial guidance is needed, of course, with which the neophyte should be able to proceed on his own, not feel even more mystified by expertise.

Certain simple observations can be made about spatial illusion and Baroque ceiling decoration: (1) The relations *within* the painting do not change as the beholder moves from one position to another; there-

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fore, the illusion is not seriously distorted. Many years ago, in the revival of a quaint nineteenth-century American play called *Fashion* by the Provincetown Theater company in New York, a backdrop for a ball scene was painted with receding colonnades. Although it created the spatial impression of opulence, an actor who moved upstage appeared gigantic. The movement, however, was *behind* the proscenium, not in front of it. (2) The spatial contradiction in the "Apotheosis of St. Ignatius," reproduced with the article, is readily explained by the artist's decision to move the vanishing point forward from its natural position on the horizon to a spot immediately behind the floating figure of Christ. Perspective convergence is thus made to contribute "functional lines" to the composition, directing attention toward an important focus; but the columns appear to tilt inward in contrast to the real ones, as two different vanishing points are used.

As the first "modern" artist interested in the dramatic as well as symbolic meaning of his subjects, Giotto started the use of functional lines for emphasis, and Leonardo later adapted perspective to this purpose, as in his "Last Supper." Because the space of the picture is clearly separate from that of the room it decorates, the contradiction is not so noticeable.

It is true that linear perspective refers to a precise source of vision from which the work theoretically should be seen. In the Church of Il Gesu in Rome the artist had this point identified with an inlay in the floor. It is important, not because slight distortions of the illusion may arise when one moves to other positions, but as part of the appropriateness of this style to the authoritarian seventeenth-century society.

The "open form" of these compositions, having no precise frame, hence no "picture plane," separating inner and outer space as the footlights and proscenium arch do in classic theater, *includes the spectator* in the spatial continuum fabricated by the artist. Thus his position is theoretically mandated; and it is always necessarily the last of a continuous series, from celestial beings with whom the patrons associate, down through less and less individualized "extras" and "walk-ons." This is sometimes described as a "worm's eye view," and although the term is generally taken as a flippant reference to spatial relations, I am sure it reflects accurately a social estimate the patron was trying to impose.

A perspective ceiling of this type in the Barberini Palace in Rome illustrates a poem by the secretary of that family, called "Allegory of Divine Wisdom," that is said to congratulate the Almighty on His good judgment in making Matteo Barberini Pope! The "message of the medium" is no more mystical than that.

LINCOLN ROTHSCHILD
Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

Michael Polanyi's article demonstrates the difficulty today's specialists must face in the present effort to frame expert knowledge in a context of greater breadth, intellectually healthy though that trend is. The distinguished scientist's unfamiliarity with certain aspects of art and art history has led him into serious error.

Referring to Andrea Pozzo's seventeenth-century decoration of the vault of St. Ignazio as strange and singular, Dr. Polanyi reveals that he is not aware of *quadratura* painting, which covered so many ceiling decorations in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But more serious than his lack of information, because more misleading to the nonspecialist reader, is Dr. Polanyi's failure to realize that wall painting and ceiling painting present vastly different problems of perspective, and thus their varying illusionistic effects derive from the necessarily different solutions to the difficulties. He believes that the illusionistic phenomenon whereby, in Pozzo's painting, the columns become distorted when viewed from other than the privileged position is explainable on the basis of the distortion that occurs when any perspectival painting is viewed at an angle other than perpendicular to its central axis.

The fact is that the design of a ceiling painting of this kind, an illusionistic representation meant to be viewed from below, is constructed quite differently from a painting meant to be seen on a wall. A wall

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painting is vertical, and the figure elements are therefore *in fact* vertical, parallel to the verticality of the viewer, and *in effect* vertical, perpendicular to the line of sight; a ceiling is horizontal but the figural elements must be represented *still as vertical.* Thus the foreshortening of the ceiling figures must accommodate the eyes of the viewer, which are in a horizontal plane parallel to the picture plane but which at the same time must see the figural elements, by contrast with the wall situation, not perpendicular to the line of sight but parallel to it. Pozzo's ceiling makes no sense in a vertical, wall-like position.

The author accounts for the deceptiveness—and the attendant distortion—of Pozzo's ceiling by recourse to the theory of M. H. Pirenne, which holds that "awareness of the canvas reduces . . . the depth of a painting's perspectival design and thus protects the painting against the distorting effect of being viewed at an angle . . . Pozzo's painting is subject to distortion, because its perspective is not counteracted by an awareness of the ground on which it is painted . . . The liability of a painting's being distorted by angular vision is . . . linked to its deceptiveness, a subsidiary awareness of the canvas being responsible both for protecting a painting against angular distortion and for preventing it from producing a deception . . . the Pozzo vault shows angular distortion plus deceptive power because we are not aware of its ground . . ." That this theory is not correct can be shown by looking at Michelangelo's vaulted Sistine ceiling, for example, where the deception and distortion do *not* operate. There, the scenes and the architectural representations are constructed like wall paintings that have simply been placed on the ceiling. The ground is not visible, and we are no more or less aware of it than we are of Pozzo's ceiling, but there is no deception or distortion to the degree found in Pozzo's work because the method of foreshortening is the same as that used for vertical paintings. Look at a reproduction of a discrete detail from the Sistine ceiling in a book and you will see a perfectly normal vertically oriented representation.

That visual deceptiveness is *not* dependent on the distance of the viewer from the painting, contrary to the impression held by both Polanyi and Pirenne, is easily seen by looking at a painting executed in the *trompe l'oeil* style. Viewed from a normal distance, or even *very close up,* the deception in a well-executed *trompe l'oeil* work is so persuasive that one wants to touch the objects to ascertain whether they really are only painted. In this kind of painting the perspectival illusion is one of projecting forward from the picture plane, while in *quadratura* painting the illusion is one of great height or depth, actually perspectival recession from the plane.

Polanyi does not distinguish properly between "illusion" and "imitation," a failure that leads him into the error of thinking that paintings are not deceptive because the flat surface of the canvas itself counteracts the illusion. But Renaissance artists—Paolo Uccello and Andrea Mantegna excepted—and those following who were grounded in the aesthetics of imitation *never intended* to deceive. Deception is dependent on an aesthetics of illusion, which did develop in the seventeenth century.

With his theory of the integration of incompatibles Dr. Polanyi claims to account for aesthetic distance: the flatness of a canvas and the depth of its pictured perspective creates a "transnatural" condition. I have shown how *trompe l'oeil* painting refutes this argument, and one may consider, in addition, the experience of illusionistic floor decoration: stand or walk on the mosaic floor from ancient Rome in the *Terme* museum in Rome and try to undeceive your eye from the illusion of depth deliberately created.

The theory of integration of incompatibles is expanded in Dr. Polanyi's discussion of drama, where he holds that the total apparatus of stagecraft restrains the range of simulation and allows us to view the play aesthetically, without being deceived about the reality of the acts we witness. But in the seventeenth century, Bernini's stage effects were so deliberately persuasive that actual panic occurred in the audience because people believed real fire had broken out on stage, or a real

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torrent of water was rushing at them.

Dr. Polanyi points out that a perspectival painting must look distorted when viewed at an angle to its central axis, without appearing to know why this is so, or to understand how this observation affects the illusionistic effect of Pozzo's ceiling. The reason for the distortion is that when the painting is viewed from an angle to the picture plane, the imagined plane of projection is not parallel to, but rather at an angle to, the real plane of the picture; as one moves to the center, one's imagined plane comes into phase with that of the real plane, and as one then continues moving past the privileged position, the imagined plane shifts out of phase again, this time from an opposite angle. Thus a path that appears to be oriented into the picture depth more or less along its central axis will appear to be oriented from left to right when you stand at the left, and from right to left as you stand at the right. There is, as a result, some distortion, although it is not bothersome because the vertical relationships remain unchanged. The far greater appearance of distortion in *quadratura* painting is therefore due not only to the difference in the handling of the perspective that I have explained, but also to the greater mobility of the viewer vis-a-vis the painting: one can move forward and back as well as from side to side, thus increasing the number of distorting angles from which the ceiling is seen. However, the example of the Sistine ceiling makes it evident that awareness of a painting's ground plays no role in preventing our awareness of the distortion; it should follow that nonawareness of the ground removes the inhibitions, and we can consequently become aware of the distortions. Yet one is not any more aware of the side-to-side swing in Michelangelo's ceiling than one is in any perspectival wall painting. The representational artist did not have to depend on the flat canvas in order to avoid deception and insure the aesthetic response resulting from disengagement. Color, selection of figural elements, size, framing—these are only a few of the choices he could make. Because they, singly or in combination, all contribute to setting off the representation from the real world, they lead us, in some still mysterious way, to the aesthetic experience.

IRMA B. JAFFE
Fordham University

M. H. PIRENNE replies: Professor Michael Polanyi asked me to answer Dr. Irma B. Jaffe and Mr. Lincoln Rothschild because they raise technical problems of optics and perspective. Art historians often fail to understand the optical basis of perspective. Probably the greatest treatise on perspective was written in 1859 by La Gournerie, but his work is almost never referred to by art historians. Linear perspective is the intersection of the "visual pyramid" by a surface—*any given* surface placed in a given position. In other words, linear perspective is the geometrical central projection of a scene on the painted surface with the eye as the center of projection. I tried to discuss the problem in detail in a recent book, *Optics, Painting and Photography.*

Perspective as thus defined should theoretically give a total illusion of the third dimension. But for scenes having great depth, it does not do so, except in very rare instances like Pozzo's high ceilings; in more numerous cases of scenes having little depth, it can do so, and the distance from the eye to the painting can then be much shorter, for optical reasons. In both these types of *trompe l'oeil,* the painted surface is invisible *qua* surface; in ordinary paintings the spectator is aware of the surface—as he is in the case of Michelangelo's ceiling—whereas Pozzo's looks like a complicated piece of colored sculpture. Experiments described in my book show that under special conditions ordinary pictures can also be seen in 3-D, their surface, as such, then becoming "invisible."

It is the whole argument I tried to put in book form that should be disproved by Dr. Jaffe and by Mr. Rothschild. Although sociological factors have influenced the art of painting, perspective retains an objective, optical basis. Yet in ordinary painting it is the spectator's awareness of the painted surface that, for instance, makes successful the use of lines for emphasis, and this awareness of the painted surface can be demonstrated by experiments.

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The Revolving Bookstand

Industrial Society in Trouble: Some Recent Views

EDWARD SHORTER

THE CRISIS OF INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY. *By Norman Birnbaum. Oxford University Press. $4.75. Paper, $1.75.*

TECHNOLOGY AND EMPIRE: PERSPECTIVES ON NORTH AMERICA. *By George Grant. House of Anansi, Toronto, Canada. $5.50 (Canadian).*

MARSHALL, MARX AND MODERN TIMES: THE MULTI-DIMENSIONAL SOCIETY. *By Clark Kerr. Cambridge University Press. $4.95.*

LE MOUVEMENT DE MAI OU LE COMMUNISME UTOPIQUE. *By Alain Touraine. Editions du Seuil, Paris, France. 21 francs.*

One of the ironies of the last ten years of social comment is that themes sounded during the first years of the Industrial Revolution are again being heard. They have been woven into a new critique of contemporary America that centers upon technology. A hundred and fifty years ago the European conservatives blasted industrial technology because its conflicts between grasping capitalists and sullen proletarians had shattered the organic unity of traditional society. From the opposite direction, radicals such as the young Karl Marx damned factory industry because it alienated and dehumanized the working classes. Both sides shared a concern that technology would create an unheavenly city uninhabitable for the human spirit.

A hundred and fifty years later we see that these classic European social thinkers of the Right and Left were not far wrong. Among all the critiques of American society in 1970, whether springing from Women's Lib, the Whole Earth Catalogue, Horror Commune Eins, or Pollution Probe, there runs a common thread: modern technology is destroying the emotional and collective life not just of those immediately caught up in it but of the entire society. The agony we are presently enduring is a crisis of technological society.

Now, the interesting thing is that radicals and conservatives have seen this, but liberals have not. Liberals a century and a half ago embraced the machine as a tireless progenitor of material well-being and progress, while remaining blind to social problems beyond the environs of the dark satanic mill. In the same way, liberals today applaud technology for our marvelous GNP and consumer civilization, while overlooking the outrageous price we have had to pay for being able to control the social and physical environment with technology.

Recently four authors have pointed out just how high the price has been. Of course, many people have written on the crisis of technological society in the last several years. And one could fill a shelf with new books on pollution, automation or urban living. I have selected the four listed above with their books, partly for the brilliance of their analysis (the reader will soon see I consider Alain Touraine and George Grant first-rate social thinkers), and partly because they so neatly illustrate which of the great political traditions are most helpful in finding the way out.

The new critique of technological society did not suddenly spring onto stage in fully elaborated form in the '60s. Back in the

EDWARD SHORTER, a European social historian at the University of Toronto and author of *The Historian and the Computer,* is currently a visiting member of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, N. J.

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1940s and '50s several writers, voices in the wilderness, had already started to articulate a comprehensive indictment of industrial society that departed from Marx by stressing technological rationality. It is worth pausing for a moment to consider three of the forebears of the new critique not only because the work of each is a major intellectual achievement, but because we cannot easily make sense of Birnbaum, Touraine and Grant (who are hostile to modern technology; Kerr, as we shall see, is basically friendly) without some knowledge of the themes already available to them to build upon.

In one way or another all three of these elder statesmen of the new critique develop the theme that modern industry and technology are turning into demons because they have started to model the social institutions within which they function in their own image. In other words, this new stage in the criticism of industrial society lashes out at technology because not only the economy, but all social institutions, all walks of life, all modes of thought are becoming permeated by the technological mentality.

Karl Polanyi, a Viennese refugee from Hitler who taught economics at Oxford, the University of London, and Bennington in the '30s and '40s, published in 1944 a book called *The Great Transformation: The Political and Economic Origins of Our Time* (Beacon, paper, $1.95). Perhaps the book came out at the wrong time, or the issues it raised were too much at odds with accepted doctrine, but it caused little excitement until the '60s.

Polanyi's thesis was ostensibly historical: in traditional society, the economy was fashioned to suit the needs of the larger social order of which it was a part. The Old Regime was based on hierarchy, stability, and life lived in the small scale, and accordingly maintained an economy that controlled movement, preserved established social relationships, and did not go beyond the local village or district in circumference. With capitalism, however, this relationship was reversed. Instead of capitalist economy serving the needs of the social order around it, *modern society has become the handmaiden of the capitalist economy.* Capitalism has escaped the framework of the social order to become its master by turning its essential ingredients, land and labor, into commodities, goods that have precise market values and that can pass from one owner to another as easily as sacks of sugar and wheat.

How had this happened? The core process of the industrial revolution, said Polanyi, was mechanization. Giant, complex factories had to be built to house the new machines. So expensive were these machines that idleness owing to a lack of manpower or raw materials would mean bankruptcy for the investors. It became absolutely essential for industry to ensure a steady flow of supplies and skilled workers. And, as a result, land and labor became transformed from their traditional status, in which all kinds of social constraints governed their deployment, to the status of commodities. The trouble is that land and labor are not really genuine commodities but fictitious ones. Land is in fact just the world of nature, and labor is merely another word for human activity, which, as Polanyi explained, "goes with life itself, which in its turn is not produced for sale but for entirely different reasons."

Polanyi was not interested in merely accounting for the tragic features of the Industrial Revolution. He saw that the world of his own time was in crisis because industrial capitalism had steadily reached out to pull ever greater numbers of people and institutions into its orbit: the structure of politics, the form of government, educational institutions, the arrangement of the social classes, charitable institutions—all had been reshaped to accommodate the needs of industrial capitalism. Yet the market demands only efficiency from those involved in it, and the inefficient must fall by the wayside. Out there in society, however, were all kinds of flesh-and-blood people who didn't want to fall by the wayside, rather wishing for themselves humane, agreeable existences, surrounded by familiar institutions.

Why all this is a major advance in our understanding of technological society be-

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comes clear when we ask what Polanyi said that Marx didn't say. Marx argued that capitalism carried within itself the seeds of its own destruction: the economic machinery would jam up and break down in crises of overproduction; and the social and political machinery would be seized by militant proletarians made bitter through exploitation and oppression. Polanyi, on the other hand, said that capitalist society would be overthrown because all the people enmeshed in it—not just the factory proletarians—would see that it was desocializing them. Capitalism, which subordinated all social values to economic rationality and which transformed such integral components of man's existence as work and land into commodities, was incompatible with the functioning of human society. Therefore, civilization, with its infinite resiliency, would limit the ruthless operation of the market with laws protecting the values and institutions people considered to be more important than making money.

Whereas Polanyi initiated an important new radical critique, ten years later the French philosopher Jacques Ellul, professor of history and contemporary sociology at the University of Bordeaux, sounded the first notes of a *conservative* analysis of modern technology and factory industry. In 1954 he published *La Technique,* a book that, like Polanyi's, languished unread for a while, only to become well known after 1964 when it was translated into English (*The Technological Society,* Alfred A. Knopf, $10.95, Vintage, $2.45). Whereupon it burst like a bomb.

What, asks Ellul, has gone wrong with modern society? To begin with, people have certain basic emotional needs that society must satisfy. They need to enjoy the sense of participation in the world around them that comes from having some control over their own lives. And they must be permitted a sense of the sacred, to feel that mysteries exist that the intellect cannot quite comprehend.

In the modern world these emotional needs are frustrated because something Ellul calls "technique" has taken over. Technique means essentially a highly rational, bureaucratic way of dealing with other people, a definition that makes the crisis of industrial society sound almost innocuous, until the consequences of this mode of thought are spelled out. We see technique in the rational search for the most "efficient" way of doing something, be it sending out war veterans' checks or manufacturing table cutlery. Since the French Revolution, capitalist society has been obsessed with the fetish of efficiency, because efficiency means profits.

Yet what's wrong with that? Ellul dislikes the cult of efficiency because it means that all the existing social customs and institutions, the product of the collective wisdom of our ancestors, are constantly being changed in order to make them more rational and efficient. Whatever awe we might have felt at the towering majesty and mystery of some venerable institution, such as the English Constitution or the Catholic Church, is immediately dispelled as the searing light of rationality, generated by the agents of efficiency, beams upon it and finds it wanting. Pretty soon nothing is sacred.

Technique also foils man's need for participation in shaping his own fate. The best way of all to make institutions efficient is to have plans. Far preferable to the invisible hand of the free market, plans allow for every contingency and ensure that human affairs will be conducted with the punctuality of the noon factory whistle. Yet plans inevitably compel centralized administration and the removal of decision-making power from the anarchic hands of impulsive, spontaneous individuals. Also, in order for the plans to work, human activity must become highly predictable and easily subject to regulation. So we find ourselves surrounded on all sides by gigantic bureaucracies of government, the corporations, the labor unions, the universities, and whatever. These great organizations make things run smoothly by implementing extensive plans that can treat all the complexities of life in a standard manner. Rather than being able to take part in his own disorderly, irrational way in the management of his own destiny, the individual is processed

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in a fair but routine fashion through these administrative machines, like an IBM card through a card sorter.

How did this sad state of affairs come about? Ellul dates it back to around the time of the French Revolution. A number of far-reaching social changes, such as the rapid growth of population and the diffusion of mechanization, took place, which had the result of quickening the pace of capitalism and the spread of factory industry. The growth of cities, the breakdown of peasant subsistence agriculture, and the general decline of close-knit traditional community life that accompanied capitalism meant the atomization of the individual. Split off by the free market from the former ties that bound him to the little communities and corporations in which he lived, the individual threatened to drift aimlessly and dangerously amid the wreckage of the Old Regime. To institute social controls, an omnipotent central state grew up in place of the decentralized corporate bodies that had governed traditional society. Bureaucratic rationality was the watchword of the new nineteenth-century superstate, and soon the remnants of traditional society were subjected to an unceasing rearrangement. Yet all that was back in the nineteenth century. How do we get from there to the crisis of contemporary industrial society?

In the twentieth century the new industrial technology can be fully utilized only by giant factories, operating within the administrative mesh of towering corporations. As the scale of economic life has grown, the scale of government has risen to keep pace. So too have the size of our cities, the reach of the mass media, the vastness of our problems—all have mushroomed in scope and complexity. Given institutions of these dimensions, the interests of efficiency may be served only by the ruthless application of rationalized planning.

We may find a concrete example of how this matters in the building of expressways within our cities. Citizens' groups, which organize to protest the destruction of urban life these monsters cause, are told that no, the expressway must be built "because it's laid out in the Plan." The Plan! We are not supposed to serve the Plan, it's supposed to serve us! This is the crisis of technological society. Modes of economic organization, such as capitalism, or modes of solving social problems, such as rational-utopian planning, have gotten out of control, making slaves of the men who had hoped to use *them* as servants.

The human consequences of letting technique escape its masters are ugly, as Ellul points out. For one thing, men become so perfectly adapted to their mechanized environment that they become like machines themselves. For another, technique has "fragmented" our existences, by which Ellul means a dissociation between our mental activity, something spontaneous and creative that craves participation, and the physical actions we perform with our bodies, which are routinized, standardized and deadening. Finally, the knowledge of human control that technique has given the technocrats permits them to smash open our subconscious (through the use of sex in advertising, for example) and manipulate it at will. (More about this in a minute from Marcuse.)

Although Ellul's book is one of the towering intellectual achievements of the postwar period, a brilliant updating of Max Weber, it has dark implications. A disturbing anti-intellectualism runs through his arguments, a foretaste perhaps of the same rejection of linear logic we would later find in Marshall McLuhan: the rational analysis and restructuring of the world around us, he implies, must cease. Yet intellectuals are reluctant to accept the proposition that reason has its limits, for the only dogma rational men hold unchallengeable is that no bounds must be set to critical inquiry. Even more disturbing is that Ellul sees no solution to the onrush of technology and technique, aside from the direct intervention of God in man's affairs.

The last of the great premonitions of the technological flaw in industrial society was Herbert Marcuse's. Now on the staff of the University of California at La Jolla, Marcuse has passed, in a lifetime of scholarship

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on the political Left, from an examination of the radical implications of Hegel's thought to a critique of industrial society that starts from the revolutionary undertones in Freudian psychology. Two of his works, *Eros and Civilization: A Philosophical Inquiry into Freud* (Beacon, $7.50, Vintage, $1.75), and *One-Dimensional Man* (Beacon, $7.50, paper, $2.25), constitute an assault as forceful and profound as Ellul's upon technological society, yet with very different premises in mind. We are fortunate in having Paul Robinson's thoughtful study *The Freudian Left: Wilhelm Reich, Géza Róheim, Herbert Marcuse* (Harper & Row Torchbook, $2.25) to help us interpret Marcuse's ideas.

Like Ellul, Marcuse says that people have fundamental emotional needs, which society must not frustrate. But unlike Ellul, whose conservatism leads to prizing such things as a sense of mystery or small-scale communities, Marcuse concentrates upon sex. Working forward from Freud, Marcuse suggests that industrial society represses two dimensions of human sexuality. It stifles people's need for an intensive sex life—not just erotic activity (possibly intercourse, possibly something nongenital) once nightly, or weekly, or whatever the harried pace of one's fragmented existence permits, but as often as the mood strikes. Marcuse calls this integral sexuality, "the pleasure principle." Capitalism replaces this principle with the "performance principle" by forcing people to perform economically, exhausting themselves at grinding, routine jobs and repressing their play instincts.

People also need to enjoy all of their sexual capacities. As with infants, whose entire bodies are sources of sexual delight, so too do adults have a potential for sexual pleasure quite apart from their genitals. Yet because industrial capitalism needs most of the body to perform work, it compels the concentration of sexuality in the genitals alone. This is unnatural, and leads to repression and neurosis.

In fact, the entire crisis of industrial society may be laid to capitalism's limitations on the quantity of sex ("surplus repression" means less sex play), and on the quality of sex (true enjoyment comes from "polymorphous," not solely from genital, eroticism). Destructive energies, as Freud foresaw in his hypothesis of the Death Instinct, rush into the psyche to fill the gap left by the withdrawal of libidinal energy. The trouble with industrial society, according to Marcuse, is not merely that people are neurotic; it is that they secretly desire their own self-destruction, and that of the world around them.

Paul Robinson calls attention to the role technology plays in Marcuse's argument. In *Eros and Civilization* Marcuse saw technology as a potentially liberating force, freeing man from the rat race of work and giving him leisure in which to develop his own sexual potentialities. By the time *One-Dimensional Man* came out in 1964, however, Marcuse had changed his mind—as so many people had in the sixties. Now he thinks of technology as distracting man from the pursuit of libidinal pleasure by waving before him an array of unnecessary and repressive consumer goods. This acquisitiveness reinforces the odious performance principle, making liberation more difficult than ever. Even worse, modern technology has vastly escalated man's capacity to destroy himself.

These three forerunners of the technological critique of industrial society—Polanyi, Ellul and Marcuse—demonstrate how close radicals and conservatives have come to one another. Both unite against the liberal conception of the modern world as a place where the pursuit of self-interest combines with the search for efficiency to produce a centralized state ruled by great bureaucracies. Both instead believe that some of the instruments man has used to make his life more tolerable, namely, capitalist economic organization and rational planning procedures, have acquired independent wills, molding their human inventors in their own mechanical images.

Of the four authors to have written recently on the crisis of industrial society, Birnbaum, Grant, Kerr and Touraine, two are radicals. How do they, Birnbaum and Touraine, analyze the scene?

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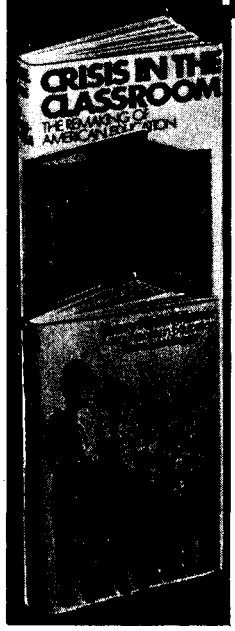

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In important essays on "Power" and "Culture" in Western Europe and the United States, Birnbaum stakes out a position halfway between the old Marxist critique of capitalist society as economically exploitative and the new radical analysis of technocratic society as "mindfucking." He attacks the liberal devotion to pluralism, which means the wholesome-sounding policy of letting a number of institutions, such as labor unions, the churches and such, flower together, rather than permitting such bodies to be weakened by an all-powerful central state. Pluralism, Birnbaum suggests, is merely a guise for exploitation. Whereas we think that many different kinds of interests and agencies have a hand in formulating public policy, in reality the government is controlled by a small elite of the economically powerful. This is the Marxist thesis that political control goes to those men who control the economy. Now of course the captains of industry themselves do not run the government: they are much too busy for that. But a technocratic elite, who share the values of the business class, rule in their interest. So in his chapter on "Power" Birnbaum has not yet forsaken the Old Left for the New. He says that the technocracy is dangerous not because it imposes the logic of technique upon the entire society, but because it does the bidding of the economic exploiters.

Birnbaum's essay on "Culture" is closer to the spirit of the technocratic critique of industrial society. Back in the nineteenth century, and certainly in the Old Regime, people acquired culture in order to understand the important ideas that gave meaning to civilized life. Culture used to be something you learned in order to improve yourself. Now, the modern age has witnessed the "industrialization" or the "objectification" of culture, which means acquiring knowledge in order to gain *control* over other people. Rather than mastering ideas, culture now means mastering men. In these terms, courses in "human dynamics," "group mechanics," "industrial relations" and such, within psychology, sociology, business or education, exemplify the yearning for domination characteristic of industrial culture.

A culture that turns people into objects of manipulation perverts human nature and reason in several ways. It deflects men from the search for self-insight to the quest for control. Moreover, the fragmentation of knowledge that accompanies the highly specialized disciplinary approach to learning means that an overview is lost. Finally, such a culture is emotionally unrewarding, for Birnbaum agrees with Marcuse that the cool logic of control stymies instinctual satisfactions and represses sexual longings.

These are important, and in part original, ideas. But Birnbaum must be faulted for presenting them with syntax so disordered and an argument so unsystematic as to create the impression that he is confused about what he is saying. Bad writing and opaque logic are hallmarks of many great analyses, such as Ellul's and Marcuse's, and so we may be charitable to Birnbaum and say that he is well acculturated into this critical tradition. Yet it makes for a frustrating and often boring book. Indeed, the first essay on "Class" is so loosely argued and written that it should never have been published. It contributes to the whole only in giving some idea of the revolutionary potentiality of the people who work in the great offices under the thrall of the technocrats. But the German sociologist Ralf Dahrendorf has said it better. So has Alain Touraine.

Touraine wrote *Le Mouvement de mai* ostensibly to explain the May-June Days of 1968 in France, the great eruption that saw students seizing their universities and engaging in street violence, and office and factory workers participating in the longest, largest general strike in history. Imbedded within Touraine's account of what happened is the most trenchant analysis of social conflict in France since Marx wrote on the June Days of 1848. Touraine's thoughts will be of special interest to those who hope, or fear, that the crisis of industrial society will result in revolution, for what happened in France was no less than an attempted revolution against technology and technique.

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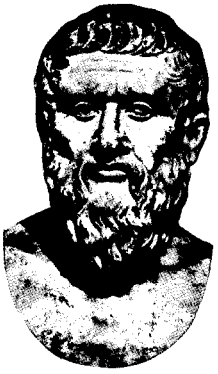

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Touraine sees several important changes at work to transform French society. To start with, economic decision-making power has become concentrated in the managers of great corporations in such leading sectors as chemicals and electronics. The same economic progress has given these bureaucratized industrial giants at the center of French life the power to reach out and exploit the marginal areas, both within France, such as Brittany, and outside France, such as Third World North Africa. (The concept of the "center" is more meaningful to a Frenchman than to a North American, for the instruments of control are concentrated in Paris to an extent unthinkable on this continent.) This exploitation has consigned the outer areas to backwardness and depression. A final key change has been the junction of the corporations' economic power and the politicians' public authority in the office of state economic planning. Touraine brings together on the practical level, then, the operative concepts of centralization, bureaucracy, planning and exploitation that Polanyi, Ellul and Marcuse have familiarized us with on the theoretical level.

How have these changes resulted in intensified social conflict? Touraine says we are witnessing a new class struggle. The old one was between the skilled workers in capitalist businesses and their bosses, to which Marx called attention and which dominated social conflict until well into the twentieth century. The new class struggle, however, is between the managers of the corporate giants and the skilled technical workers employed in these firms. The struggle acquires a political dimension because planning has made the corporate sector and the state highly interdependent: if you break the power of one, you must also break that of the other. Touraine calls this the struggle between the "technobureaucrats," who are the new managers of the economy and the state, and the "professionals," who are the highly trained technicians modern industry requires. These technicians are displeased with their lot because the overweening power of the managers denies them the scope for creativity and the application of knowledge they would like to have. This clash recalls the earlier struggles of the traditional handworkers with their new employers, the factory owners, who denied them the control of the workshop they enjoyed under the Old Regime.

Yet this conflict between technobureaucrats and skilled professionals was not the only factor behind the May-June Days. The students were protesting such extra-university issues as the technobureaucrats' successful perpetuation of the myth that progress is synonomous with the values of the organization (shades of Ellul). At a similar level, the students objected to the technobureaucrats' commercialization of such human sentiments as sexuality in order to manipulate the populace (shades of Marcuse).

Then too, participating in the May-June Days were many regular workers, such as the proletarians in the automobile assembly plants outside of Paris. They resented the dislocation and uncertainty that resulted from the modernization of their shops. Of worker protest in general, Touraine writes: "The issue of pauperization has been replaced by economic growth and alienation. The question is not how progress and reason can be protected from the irrationality of capitalist exploitation, but rather how to get for the workers the power to participate, and how to wrest the control of economic growth away from the great corporations, who are quick to sacrifice those whom they call the marginals, victims of an expansion that increases privilege and inequality" (shades of Polanyi). This is what the crisis of industrial society means from the viewpoint of the industrial worker.

Touraine concludes that the May-June Days are only a beginning. The level of conflict will rapidly rise in Western industrial society, as those who are not outcasts but instead at the very heart of the system—the students and the employees in the bureaucracies—become hopelessly alienated from a system of domination that denies their creative vitality and need for participation, all the while attempting to

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Hallucinogenic Drug Research: Impact on Science & Society

Edited by James R. Gamage & Edmund L. Zerkin
with an introduction by Solomon H. Snyder, M.D.

A collection of papers presented by respected researchers at the First Annual Symposium of the Student Association for the Study of Hallucinogens. Supplemented by an introduction and a detailed glossary, this collection of papers provides a provocative presentation of the controversy surrounding the role of hallucinogenic drugs in both scientific research and society at large. The contents include:

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Journal of Psychedelic Drugs

The issuance of Volume 3, No. 1 (September, 1970), *"LSD, the Psychedelic Experience and Beyond,"* marks the beginning of a cooperative relationship in the publication of the ***Journal of Psychedelic Drugs*** between the Haight-Ashbury Medical Clinic and the Student Association for the Study of Hallucinogens (STASH). The ***Journal's*** publication, subscription and general business offices have now been moved to STASH's headquarters in Beloit, Wisconsin.

The ***Journal***, in two different formats, will now be issued regularly in September and March of each year. The primary editorial responsibility for the ***Journal*** will alternate between STASH and the Haight-Ashbury Medical Clinic (David E. Smith, M.D., Medical Director). The September issues will be theme-oriented volumes based on the Clinic's annual symposia. The March issues, under the editorial direction of STASH, will be more heterogeneous collections of critical and speculative review articles, editorials, announcements of symposia and meetings, brief communications, news items, book listings and reviews.

Subscriptions to the ***Journal of Psychedelic Drugs*** are available at a rate of **$7.00 per volume** (two issues). STASH is also distributing Volume 2 (No. 1: *"Current Marijuana Issues"* & No. 2: *"Speed Kills—A Review of Amphetamine Abuse"*).

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convince them they were never happier.

It is startling to note how much the conservative George Grant has in common with radicals like Birnbaum and Touraine. Grant's *Technology and Empire* is an eloquent indictment of industrial society written from exactly the opposite side of the spectrum. To call Grant a conservative is not to lump him together with such political "conservatives," better said, right-wingers, as Barry Goldwater. The truth is that most of those who call themselves conservatives in U. S. politics are just old-style liberals, sharing all the sympathy for the individual endeavor and market-place efficiency that characterize classical liberalism. Instead, to call Grant a conservative is to say he is devoted to the achievement of human excellence, a quality he thinks threatened by mass culture, and to the preservation of historic traditions and institutions, now endangered by "technology."

Grant goes beyond Ellul to emphasize mastery, not merely rationality, as the essence of technology: mastery over the physical environment *and* over the people in it. One does this with machines, of course, such as irrigation dams and television sets, but also with organizations and modes of thought, such as bureaucracies or "objectivity" in the university curriculum.

Technology and Empire must be considered within the context of current Canadian affairs, where prevails an apprehension bordering on hysteria about the course events have taken in the United States. As Canadians look southward and see the chaos into which American cities and foreign policy have fallen, they do everything possible to prevent their own "Americanization." In consequence, Grant fears technology as a particularly insidious tentacle of the American Empire.

Grant and the radicals agree on a number of points, and anyone who doubts a rapprochement between conservatives and radicals need only check the number of favorable references to the New Left in Grant's book.

They agree in damning "technique." But whereas radicals dislike technique because it rapes the human psyche and stills protest, Grant abhors technique because of its homogenizing influence, which causes men to lose track of their cultural and historical roots. This is a typical conservative concern: safeguarding local heterogeneity. Men are able to distinguish what is good in this life only by having a firm awareness of their own cultural traditions. In this world we need fixed moral stars to sail by, and when awareness of our distinctive backgrounds slips our grasp, we lose our ability to distinguish right from wrong, excellence from trash. If technique grips us, we become amoral, for technique has no values of its own save the unresting search for the most efficient way. Without consciousness of moral absolutes, practicality becomes an end in itself.

Liberalism, Grant says, is dedicated to maximizing the amount of freedom available to the individual with the use of technology. How chimerical is this pursuit of freedom, for within himself the individual will find only confusion and disorder. We may discover meaning in life only through such truths as religion or philosophy offer. "But is it not also true that only through some particular roots, however partial, can human beings first grasp what is good and it is the juice of such roots which for most men sustains their partaking in a more universal good?" Hence particularism must be protected from technology, which causes all men to think and act the same.

In Canada at present, therefore, conservatives and radicals both support a new nationalism, brandmarked by unsympathetic observers as "CanNat." They note that the absence of an American-style revolution made Canada historically different, and that Canadian institutions draw heavily upon English rather than American models. (Like the U. S., Canada had a Locke, but no Rousseau.) Canada has a parliamentary and not a congressional government, universities with traditions of elite rather than mass education, and municipal arrangements in which a sense of the commonwealth has not yet been eroded by the "privatism" prevailing south of the border. Only preservation of such parochial distinctions, Canadian conservatives argue,

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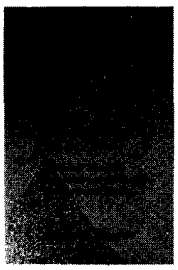

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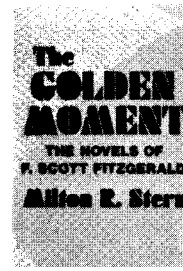

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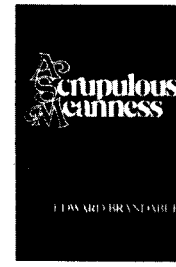

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will save their country from being overwhelmed by American technique.

Grant and the radicals also join hands against American imperialism in Vietnam, but for different reasons. The devotees of technique become imbued with the self-righteous conviction that their way is the best way simply because it is the most efficient way. They identify progress with technology, and are anxious to impose upon others the virtues of their own civilization. Grant says that this moral conviction is the wellspring of imperialism, and that Lenin, while correctly associating capitalism with imperialism, mistook the exact relationship. (Lenin thought that the capitalist powers would destroy one another in devastating wars over imperial acquisitions.)

Finally, Grant and the radicals condemn the liberal university, again for different reasons. Grant feels the traditional subjects of the university curriculum—classical languages, for example—gave an otherwise unobtainable awareness of the cultural excellence of past societies. Now the university curriculum is given over to "the cultivation of those sciences which issue in the mastery of human and non-human nature."

Grant despairs of the future of industrial society. Like all conservatives, he feels that existing institutions, inheritances from the collective wisdom of the past, should be treasured. Yet our own society is in an advanced state of disintegration, and the institutions that compose it, so recently sprung full-blown from the minds of their liberal creators, warrant few emotional attachments. How to set things right? Their philosophical premises lead conservatives to recoil from the utopia-construction of the radicals, who think that by the use of sweet reason they can demolish the existing order and start over again from scratch. The only glimmer of hope Grant offers is that the rediscovery of the nature of human excellence in the past will show the way to the future.

If Clark Kerr's *Marshall, Marx and Modern Times* shows how inadequate the liberal political tradition has become for the crisis of industrial society, it is because Kerr himself, the conflict manager of industrial relations and the former head of the Berkeley multiversity, is the archetypal liberal. If we can point to any body of writings and say: this is what liberals believe has gone wrong and here's how they would go about fixing it, it is Kerr's book.

Kerr's purpose is to discuss the problem of industrial society in light of the contributions of the English liberal economist Alfred Marshall and of Karl Marx. This undertaking is flawed from the beginning because it turns out that neither man has anything very helpful to say about the contemporary crisis. Indeed, in Kerr's view, both figures applaud technology. This irrelevance is not surprising, for both represent earlier phases of concern about industry. The trouble with the book is that Kerr himself does not realize a new kind of crisis exists. We are no longer concerned with regulating the pace of industrial advance, with slowing inflation or whipping on lagging sectors. We are desperate to regain control of the very motor of change: technology.

How does Kerr analyze the situation? Today, he says, the United States is a "multi-dimensional" society, run by a number of great, interlocking "governments." Some of these governments are public ones, such as the immense bureaucracies of the federal government. Others, however, are private, as, for example, the giant corporations or the labor unions. Each is controlled by trained professionals, technocrats who are specialists in managing conflict. Together these governments constitute an "inner-society," to which most members of the population belong as employees, producing goods and services.

Unfortunately, outside this charmed inner-ring is a small but troublesome group of outsiders. The blacks constitute an unintegrated underclass, and many students, also outside the ring, are the radicals. The problem industrial society faces is getting these peripheral groups within the magic circle. (Touraine would say the chief threat to industrial society comes not from the "outcasts," but from the masses of skilled workers at the core of the technobureaucracies.)

This kind of society, dominated by giant

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public and private governments, Kerr calls industrial pluralism. He sees pluralism as the only possible choice of several alternative ways of dealing with the distribution of political power. At one end of the spectrum is totalitarianism, in which political power is highly concentrated in the center. This, Kerr believes, is what Marx wanted. At the other end is anarchosyndicalism, where power is so fragmented as to bring about social atomism. This, Kerr implies, is what Marshall's ideas would have created. Between these two poles lies the golden mean of industrial pluralism, where, like Baby Bear's porridge, just the right dispersal of power prevails.

Kerr's typology caricatures the political alternatives the conservative and radical traditions offer, with their stress on meaningful community life in the small scale, on absolute values other than individualism, and on the ending of the subtle repressiveness of technology.

Kerr has no conception that technological society itself is in a crisis, that the inner group is as badly afflicted as the outer group. The crisis will not be solved by giving blacks more access to the inner group, or giving students a voice in choosing their professors. It will be solved only by drastically reordering the system itself, by striking at the roots of the technocratic mentality. He does not see this, having what they used to call in the State Department a "blind spot." How revealing is his defense of industrial pluralism against the possible charge that it causes society to become the handmaiden of the economy (à la Polanyi). He rebuts the accusation by saying (a) it's always been so, and (b) as people become more affluent, they won't care. What would Jacques Ellul say about that!

What lessons may we draw from these four books? One thing to become clear is that the conventional wisdom of liberalism, of which we have been so confident over the last two decades, is leading us into the sand. We are reaching the point where the material benefits of a rising gross national product and the administrative efficiency of centralization may not be worth the psychological costs that technique and large-scale hyperrationalist bureaucracies exact.

Second, something already clear to many is that radicalism offers a penetrating analysis of the crisis of industrial society, exposing the manipulation of our psyches and the exploitation and oppression of our persons. The trouble is that the office workers and technicians, the historic force for change replacing the industrial proletariat, are as yet not the least bit radical in outlook. In North America, at least.

Third, something most people have not as yet realized is that the conservative tradition of social criticism also offers a valuable set of insights into the crisis—although one based on assumptions about human needs and community survival often different from those of the radical. Conservatism demands that the time-honored customs, values and ways of life that prevail at the local and regional level be insulated from the rapacious political power and ineluctable cultural homogenization of technobureaucratic centralism. Because only if people retain a firm grip upon their own particular cultural inheritance, will they be able to withstand the soul-destroying influence of technique. Radicals should ask themselves if they can employ some of the intellectual building blocks, and some of the massive popular support, this tradition commands in the struggle against technocratic society.

Medieval Entertainments

A MEDIEVAL STORY BOOK. *Edited by Morris Bishop, with drawings by Alison Mason Kingsbury. Cornell University Press. $7.50.*

Reviewed by W. T. H. JACKSON

Mr. Bishop has given to his book a title that is exactly right. It is not only a book of stories in versions created during the Middle Ages but a storybook in the fuller sense —perhaps even the nursery sense. The col-

✪ W. T. H. JACKSON is professor of Germanic languages at Columbia University.

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lection is divided into sections—Romances of King Arthur's Court, Adventures and Escapades, Lovers' Weal and Woe, Wonders and Prodigies, Moral Tales, and Merry Tales and Salty Fictions—but, in fact, the sense of wonder pervades them all. Admittedly some, like Chaucer's "Reeve's Tale," are realistic in the sense that they are about ordinary people, but, whatever the rubric, the tales share that glorious sense of improbability that is the very essence of a good storybook. Whether it be the sadistic cruelty of Francesco Orsini, Saint Brandon holding divine service on a whale's back, or a wife practicing infidelity in a pear tree, there is a feeling that this could never happen here—or now. Even the moral stories seem to advocate a code of behavior that would be a poor guide for modern living and even hard for a modern to understand.

The only possible basis for selection of stories for a collection of this sort is the personal taste of the author, and Mr. Bishop's choice is splendid. Almost all the tales are real stories in the sense that he lays down in his preface. They are complete in themselves and they hold the reader's interest. It would, however, be hard to find any specifically medieval feature that holds them together. The gulf between "The Story of Frithjof and Ingeborg" and Boccaccio's "Falcon" or "Fra Cipolla" is so enormous that one can justify the word "medieval" in the title of the book only on chronological grounds.

The author is very careful to say that he is doing no more than offering a collection of stories, some from oral tradition, some from "original writers of fiction." If the collection is taken in this sense, the reader has an amusing couple of hours and realizes that medieval men did not spend all their time singing psalms. But the writer of the jacket material reveals another point of view that worries me. "They [the stories] vary widely in theme and their characters represent every class of medieval society. . . . Mr. Bishop's tales vividly illustrate medieval life and thought." These claims are quite unjustified, as Mr. Bishop knows very well. Many of these characters have absolutely no relevance to medieval society in any historical sense, and their relevance to medieval thought is quite marginal. The danger is that the general reader may accept statements such as this at their face value and think that here he can gain some insight into the essentials of medieval culture. In fact, there is hardly any representation of "thought" in the philosophical sense or even of the principal literary themes. The great writers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are not represented at all, and the nod in the direction of Arthurian romance by the inclusion of extracts from Malory and the Bédier modernization of the story of Tristan (why not real Tristan material?) gives no impression of the scope and deep psychological insight of its greatest exponents. There is a real danger that this book may unwittingly perpetuate the view of the Middle Ages that the author mentions in his preface, namely, that it was a naïve, childlike, romantic period, totally remote from reality and appealing only by its quaintness. Somewhere we should be told that medievals found these stories just as exotic and untrue to life as we do. It is, of course, possible to find parallels in medieval history to many of the more improbable occurrences in medieval story. The same parallels could be drawn with modern life. But, in general, medieval literature was not concerned with realism in the modern sense. It preferred to allow the general concept to be deduced from exemplary situations, a large number of which are to be found in this collection.

There are two other features of Mr. Bishop's book that may serve to strengthen the impression of medieval unreality. One is the language in which most of the translations are offered; the other, the presumably deliberate failure to provide much background information about the original works. The author has decided that he likes the "Wardour-Street English" used by many nineteenth-century translators. He has a valid point. Very few of the works he presents were written in the everyday language of their time. Medieval Latin, however fluently written, was an artificial medium of communication for scholars and church-

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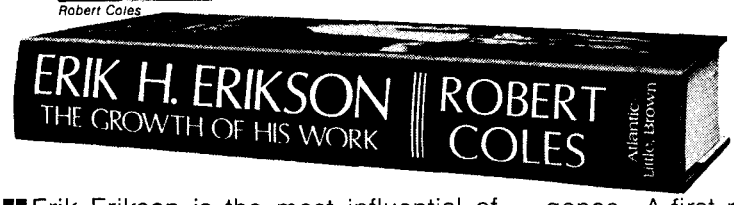

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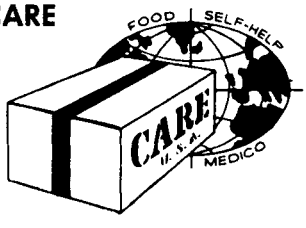

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men, and the great majority of medieval works in the vernacular were written down either in a consciously archaic language like that of *Beowulf* or in a highly stylized literary dialect. Thus Wardour-Street English is little more artificial than the language of most of the original pieces. But the effect on modern readers is probably very different from the impact of the original on a medieval audience. Their reaction was probably much closer to that of a modern reader of the King James version of the scriptures. He is occasionally puzzled by obscurities in the language but nevertheless accepts that language as hallowed by tradition and eminently suitable for solemn utterances. Olde worlde English has no such sanctification. It is merely artificial, a linguistic parallel to the medieval never-never land it seeks to re-create. Whatever individuality of style may have existed in the original is lost in a maze of vague antiquarianism, with the result that most of these stories, as reproduced, sound as if they were written by country parsons or schoolmasters with a taste for recondite archaisms. Surely it should not be necessary to provide footnotes explaining the meaning of English words in a "modern" version of a medieval story.

Very little information is given about the stories themselves. It is, indeed, often hard to determine in what language they were originally written. The table of contents indicates the source of each story, but little more, and the reader would be hard put to understand the context from the notes given. I would be the last to argue that a book like this should have any sort of scholarly apparatus or masses of footnotes, but the reader should be made aware of which stories were intended purely for light entertainment and which were regarded by their authors as serious contributions to morals or history. Again we should note that Wardour-Street English makes them all sound alike.

In this collection it is the story that matters. So be it. I have often wished that all works of literature could be anonymous so that they could be judged without reference to the petty details of the daily life of their authors. Mr. Bishop has presented his stories in that spirit even when the authors are known. They are stories from the medieval period offered for our entertainment. Let us read them and be happy. But let there be no nonsense about their representing medieval culture in all its aspects—or even of their being typical.

A Vulnerable Argument

KANDINSKY: The Language of the Eye. *By Paul Overy. Praeger. $20.*

Reviewed by THOMAS M. MESSER

Kandinsky is a pivotal figure in modern art and, perhaps more than any other painter, identified with the transition, early in the second decade of this century, from representational to abstract painting. Born in Russia in 1866, Kandinsky did not begin his serious career as a painter until early in the twentieth century. In Munich, between the years of 1908 and 1914, he made his most decisive contributions to modern painting. Forced to leave Germany at the outbreak of World War I, Kandinsky lent his considerable organizational skills to the young Soviet government, setting up cultural institutions and imbuing them with modern notions. With the gradual erosion of an initially favorable cultural climate, Kandinsky left Russia to accept an important teaching position in the recently established Bauhaus—the school of visual and social experiment created in Weimar by the architect Walter Gropius. Kandinsky's second stay in Germany lasted until 1933 when, following the liquidation of the Bauhaus by the Nazis, he found refuge in Paris to spend there the last eleven years of an eminently fruitful and influential life.

Many books have been written about Kandinsky and his art, most of them combining biography with the tracing of his

✪ THOMAS M. MESSER is director of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York. In 1963 he organized a major Kandinsky retrospective for the museum and for subsequent showings in European and American cities.

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stylistic evolution. Paul Overy set himself a different goal, although a biographical review as well as stylistic comparisons of Kandinsky's major phases do play an important role. The purpose of the book, as Overy states in his Introduction, is to demonstrate the importance of Kandinsky's Bauhaus period as equal to the prewar inventions of the Munich era, and the superiority of his late Paris works to anything preceding that period. To prove this thesis, the author relies heavily upon psychological and physiological color and form analysis—an approach summed up in the book's subtitle, "The Language of the Eye." Kandinsky's principal texts—*Concerning the Spiritual in Art, Point and Line to Plane* and *Reminiscences*—are Overy's points of departure, which then are interpretatively supplemented through a wide range of theoretical material ranging from Goethe's book on the theory of color to Focillon's *The Life of Forms in Art* and further to Rudolf Arnheim's *Art and Visual Perception.*

The result is probably quite different from the author's intentions. The somewhat strained and unnecessary effort to prove the qualitative superiority of one period against another fails hopelessly. In the course of this vain attempt, however, the reader is enriched by new insights as he is led into the complexities of Kandinsky's visual language. Such an enrichment, to be sure, is not achieved without effort, since the attempt to find verbal equivalents for the creative process is at best an ungrateful task for the writer and a demanding exercise for the reader. The interpretation of Kandinsky's texts adds difficulties, too, since the Russian-born painter, despite his considerable literary gifts, was always more evocative than logical, whether he assumed a prophetic stance, as in *Concerning the Spiritual in Art,* or that of a didactic grammarian, as in *Point and Line to Plane.*

Overy traces Kandinsky's movement from figurative to nonobjective painting, less as an art-historical sequence than as an inquiry into the capacity of the eye. Kandinsky's extreme sensitivity to color, his peculiar visual sensibility, and even his shortsightedness are pertinent in this context. Valid and enriching distinctions between the visual world and visual field (as defined by Gibson), between the processes of seeing and of thinking, as well as an oversimplified discussion of color and form as antitheses, are examples of Overy's subject matter. The author's effort to bring the apparent polarities of reason and intuition into balance strikes one as needless today. To admit it at all, one must retrace one's step to the beginning of this century when such definitions countered the popular romantic artist image, which, in its reliance upon *inspiration,* was presumably threatened by methodical thought. Subsequent chapters deal competently with Kandinsky's approach to symbolic and allegoric content, and with color and form theories as understood by Kandinsky and by other authoritative proponents of the subject.

The processes by which Kandinsky arrived at abstraction are multiple. A greatly simplified sequence leads from pictorial description in his earliest work to such attentuations of subject matter and color as the French Fauves had exhibited since 1905. Only at the outset of the second decade did Kandinsky reach a phase of hieroglyphic simplification, which still used the world of common appearances as a point of origin but gradually reduced it to mere raw material. Through a deliberate effort, Kandinsky rid himself of the evermore disturbing object to proclaim the essential autonomy of color and line. Overy traces this sequence convincingly before moving into Kandinsky's Bauhaus and Parisian phases during which, he says, "Kandinsky came to believe . . . that a more powerful language, with greater possibilities of communication, could be achieved by the use of form and color alone, without the addition of allegorical imagery, however abstract." With this statement Overy returns to the qualitative comparison between Kandinsky's Munich work, on the one hand, and the subsequent Bauhaus and Paris achievements, on the other.

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His principal claim for the superiority of Kandinsky's later modes is a vulnerable one and should not have been posited in this form at all. Kandinsky was a complex artist who, in a long life, underwent changes with far-reaching implications. In the course of such mutations, he gained new insights and concentrated, as he matured, upon problems that either had not occurred to him or were foreshadowed only vaguely in younger years. Like everyone else, he not only gained but also lost, paying with increasing incapacities in some areas as his potency grew in others. The great achievement of the artist's life, however, was not the methodic exploitation of a formal language (Bauhaus), nor even the creation of a highly personal iconography through which, now old and wise, he magnificently summed up his accumulated awareness (Paris). His great and unparalleled achievement was clearly the result of an extraordinary daring that led him to comprehend the autonomy of pictorial forms and eventually to realize heroic canvases whose meanings—freed now from overt subject matter—were lodged in colors and forms that burst upon us with seeming spontaneity and with moving force. The unqualified assertion of the author that "The works he [Kandinsky] produced during these last eleven years are the best he ever did . . ." is meaningless, impossible to prove, and inconsistent with the visual response that close students of Kandinsky have registered. Overy, of course, is entitled to his preference, but he must expect that such categoric impositions will meet with emphatic protest.

The author's comparison of Composition 7 (1913) and Composition 8 (1923), supposedly to demonstrate the superiority of Kandinsky's later Bauhaus work, seems particularly ill-considered. What we perceive as *quality* in a work of art has many components, and their relationship toward one another is complex beyond description. The assumption that work resulting from deliberate articulation is necessarily qualitatively superior is untenable and automatically raises all manifestations of constructivism above its expressionist counterpart. Composition 8 proves Kandinsky's orderliness of mind, his capacity to seek expressive values through deliberate formal relationships, and his deep understanding of the architecture of painting. But in relation to the revolutionary Composition 7, which, with more daring than any other of his canvases, reached out for the ultimate possibilities of painting, the Bauhaus work becomes a prudent, almost sterile work of retrenchment.

A complaint must finally be registered about the very uneven quality of color plates and, more regrettably yet, about Overy's choice of reproductions. Of thirty-four color plates no less than one-half are reused from a sales catalogue prepared by Sotheby and Company upon the occasion of the Guggenheim Museum's sale in 1964. Distinctly minor works, such as *Green Connections, Green Sound* and *Improvisation* (1914), are thereby unduly stressed, while such key examples as *Black Lines, Improvisation 30* (Cannon)—both discussed in the text—and many others are either omitted altogether or relegated to the black and white shadows. It is difficult to reconcile oneself with such misleading value implications or to accept the availability of plates and the resulting economies in the book's production as an excuse.

Beneath the Surface

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE WELL-TEMPERED ENVIRONMENT. *By Reyner Banham. University of Chicago Press. $15.*

Reviewed by DAVID HANDLIN

Le Corbusier is said to have noted enviously that Ledoux, the French architect of the late eighteenth century, was lucky that he did not have to cope with piping in his buildings. Le Corbusier's contemporaries have often echoed this lament. Their

✪ DAVID HANDLIN, a student in the Harvard Graduate School of Design, recently worked in Italy on the final drawings of the Venice Hospital, a building designed by Le Corbusier, which is now being posthumously completed.

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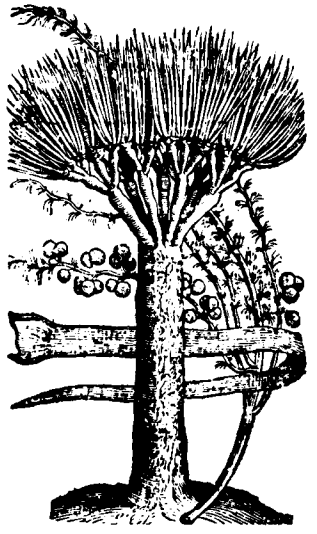

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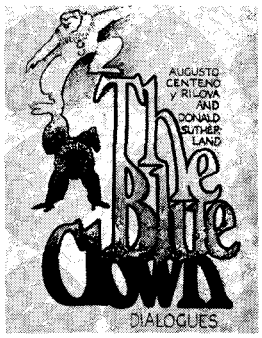

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job has expanded from the designing of proportionally correct and visually pleasing elevations and spaces to include the complicated coordination of numerous mechanical systems, construction techniques, financing procedures and legal regulations. Buildings inevitably have become a product of all these factors, but many architects play down the importance of the new conditions and still assert that aesthetic principles and the visual play of form determine the shape of the final product.

Architectural historians and critics are partly responsible for this split state of mind. They have done little to elucidate the architect's condition. Because they have been so preoccupied by the radical changes in the appearance of twentieth-century architecture, they have never really penetrated beneath the surface of new forms to discover why such transformations have occurred. At best they have pointed to developments in the structure of buildings or to the invention of the elevator, but they have not been interested in the fact that skyscrapers, for instance, could not have been built without other innovations—from flushing toilets to fluorescent lights and revolving doors—that are not so obvious on the exterior but are certainly critical parts of the architecture and in subtle ways do determine what the building looks like.

Over twenty years ago Siegfried Giedion in *Mechanization Takes Command,* an uneven but tantalizingly suggestive history, started to write about these developments, but he then turned his back on the topic and spent the rest of his life tracing the beginnings of art in Sumeria and Egypt. For two decades no one has treated these issues in a systematic way. Reyner Banham's *The Architecture of the Well-Tempered Environment* is the first book to do so. Banham concentrates on the invention and development of air conditioning and electric lighting. Their availability has made possible a completely controlled, constant environment—year-round and twenty-four hours a day. These conditions caused an abrupt break with the past and have created a new and, Banham claims, largely

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unexploited potential for contemporary architecture.

The little information previously available on these subjects usually came in a baffling mélange of graphs, statistics and charts interspersed with esoteric technical terms. Banham's account transforms this data into a readable, often witty, cultural history in which the apparatus and machinery of air conditioning and lighting turn out to be intricately fascinating, and their inventors and adapters emerge as creative men struggling with a problem—that of bringing light and air into buildings—the apparent simplicity of which belies its complexity.

By the standards of the book, many architects who are considered heroes of the modern movement fall in stature, while others, sometimes unknown or not highly regarded, rise to the level of true innovators. Frank Lloyd Wright and two non-architects, Willis Carrier, the inventor of air conditioning, and Thomas Edison, stand out in this analysis. On the other hand, paradoxically, Walter Gropius and Le Corbusier, propagandists in the 1920s and 1930s for a technological aesthetic and an architecture that was provocatively called a *machine à habiter,* appear to have been quite unsophisticated or even clumsy in their use of mechanical systems.

The intention of the book is not to overthrow the canons of architectural taste but to suggest that one measure of the success of a building is the degree to which a user feels comfortable in it. In making this point Banham is most convincing in the discussion of specific buildings. He illustrates the importance of mechanical systems by describing in detail the history of Le Corbusier's Cité de Refuge in Paris. This structure originally had a wall completely covered with glass facing the intense light of the south. Later a network of concrete elements in a three-dimensional grille had to be superimposed on the face of the building to deflect the solar heat with which the cooling system inside could not cope.

Through such detailed perceptions Banham's discussion of Frank Lloyd Wright's

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Larkin Building in Buffalo, New York, makes much more sense than the usual eulogies written about it. The building has been praised for its direct volumetric masses on the exterior, and the dramatic galleried space inside has come to be known as the first humane attempt to deal with a large white-collar office environment. But not until Banham has any historian made the simple observation that the huge piers contained air supply and exhaust ducts or noticed that the pleasant, open space inside was made possible because it was the first such area to be air-conditioned. This kind of analysis illuminates part of the process through which architecture is made and makes *The Architecture of the Well-Tempered Environment* a successful historical work. One hopes that it will not meet the indifference that greeted Giedion's book, but instead will be the start of a comprehensive investigation into the history and nature of the built environment.

However, the author is not content to be a historian; he also wants to indicate a future direction for architecture to follow. To some extent this taints a good performance. The implications of his analysis should have been clear enough, but in the last chapters the historical emphasis of the book changes, and Banham describes the various expressive possibilities of mechanical systems as formal elements. On the last page the message is clear. After discussing certain buildings that have a distinctive treatment of mechanical elements, Banham writes: "Only when such proper forms are at hand will the architecture of the well-tempered environment become as convincing as the millennial architecture of the past."

In the end, then, Banham is not interested in air-handling systems and lighting for the kind of environment they offer, but more so for their potential as form-generators. But this is tantamount to making the same kind of mistake for which he has criticized other architects. They wanted to create "millennial" architecture without heeding the simple mechanical operation of their buildings. Buildings that take form

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from their mechanical systems will, however, be just as Procrustean, because there are numerous other considerations that shape buildings (even some other mechanical systems) that have to be taken into account. There is an entire realm of social considerations, how people live in and react to their environment, that should be the main focus of architecture. Mechanical systems can enhance these qualities, but they can also be at cross-purposes. Perhaps the answer is to create architecture that satisfies human needs, however defined, and leave the self-conscious questioning of its "millennial" nature to future critics.

A Staging Ground

THE HIMALAYA BORDERLAND. *By Ram Rahul. Vikas Publications, Delhi, India. 20 rupees.*

Reviewed by WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

The Himalaya borderland consists of eight entities—the North-East Frontier Area, Bhutan, Sikkim, Nepal, Uttar Pradesh, Kinnaur, Himachal Pradesh and Ladakh. The central ridge of the Himalaya dominates these countries for about twenty-five hundred miles. The Himalaya is the source of three great rivers, the Brahmaputra, the Ganges and the Indus. It has been the great barrier between India on one side and Central Asia and China on the other.

The North-East Frontier, which lies between Burma and Bhutan, marked the great land route from India to southwest China. Himachal Pradesh and Ladakh far to the west marked the great route from India to Central Asia. These were arteries of trade as well as paths traveled by missionaries. The British in their time worked hard to wean away these border countries from Central Asian influence. When they left in 1947, political encroachments started from the north. It was not until China's invasion in 1962 that India became fully

✪ WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS has been an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court since 1939. His books include *Beyond the High Himalaya.*

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aware of the importance of this borderland.

Above the hot plains of India are three zones: a wooded, rolling belt reaching up to six thousand feet; the lesser Himalaya, rising to fifteen thousand feet; and the great Himalaya, reaching thirty thousand feet high. The lower belt has tropical forests; above six thousand feet one finds oak and chestnut, and it was in this zone that the British established their "hill stations"; above twelve thousand feet and below the snow line are the conifers.

Ram Rahul's book describes first the essential physical features of each of the eight nations of the borderland. The rainfall, which is heaviest in the east, decreases as one moves west. Spiti (which is in Himachal Pradesh) is an arid zone with extremes of cold. The winters are long and severe. Little but stunted birch, poplar and willow grow there. Ladakh is quite similar.

The following section describes the people, their ethnic characteristics, their livelihoods, their religion, and their main institutions. The book summarizes the long history of each of these countries—the ebb and flow of raids and migrations and invasions, the game of chess that England and Russia played in and around the area, the consolidation of the British position in Tibet and in each of the other border nations, the entry of China into the game of conquest, the effort of the British to establish through the Indian Survey a border, pushing it as far north as possible, the British mixture of war and diplomacy to level the opposition, the gradual change from feudal to democratic forces. Every effort to bring all these border countries into one unit has failed. They have looked south for their security and support, although their language and culture were tied to the north. Those in the central part—Bhutan, Nepal and Sikkim—are now a buffer between north and south and enjoy no real guarantee of their security against China.

Some of these ancient lands are now part of India, either as districts of a state or as units comparable to a territory under our Constitution. But not Bhutan, Sikkim and Nepal. They are hereditary monarchies. Even they are undergoing change, although their regimes are mostly feudal. Each of the eight is an underdeveloped country, and was so maintained by the British. But development now goes ahead, inspired in large part by China's incursion.

Rahul traces these developmental changes —improved communications and transport, modern agriculture and marketing, medical care and industrialization. Under the British, treaties, forts, expeditionary forces and the like protected both this Himalaya borderland and India itself from Russian and Chinese designs. Prior to the British the philosophy of the Buddha softened even China; and India's moral stance was a powerful force. Today the situation has changed. The keys to security, if there be such, are economic and social advancement.

As we near the twenty-first century, the Himalaya borderland looms as a staging ground of critical and exciting action.

Rahul's work—the first comprehensive publication in English concerning this crucial area—is a signal contribution. He talks facts, not theory, and makes this borderland (most of which I have seen) meaningful even to neo-isolationists. We should be greatly in his debt.

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The Reader Replies

THE READER REPLIES *carries miscellaneous comments by readers and authors on various articles that have appeared in the magazine. All communications should be addressed to: Editor,* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *1811 Q Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20009. Because of space limitations we cannot guarantee to print all letters received.*
—EDITOR

I am very impressed with Michael Wallace's article, "The Uses of Violence in American History," in the Winter, 1970-71, issue of the SCHOLAR.

Thank you . . . for the valuable contribution . . . made to my greater understanding of the problems he discussed with such depth and breadth.

BARNETT A. GREENE, M.D.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

I find Robert Coles' "The Doctor and Newcomers to the Ghetto" [AS: Winter, 1970-71] very instructive in pointing up one more factor in the problems of delivering medical care in the ghetto.

CHARLES L. DUNHAM, M.D.
Chairman, Division of Medical Sciences
National Academy of Sciences

* * *

Near the beginning of Kenneth Keniston's generally insightful and penetrating article, "Youth: A 'New' Stage of Life" [AS: Autumn, 1970], he points out that this stage of development may not be new but has merely become more obvious and distinct since the turn of the century. In reading Dr. Keniston's article I could not help but recall Dostoevski's *Crime and Punishment,* and especially its hero, Raskolnikov. Many of the major themes in Youth are clearly embodied in this character created in the mid-1860s. The transformation of moral development from premoral to conventional and finally postconventional is especially evident in the novel and indeed forms a (the?) major theme. Supposedly Raskolnikov has arrived (at least in his own mind) at the highest postconventional level of morality that allows one to transcend all conventional morality and social contracts. This leads to the brutal slaying of two women.

Near the end of Keniston's article he discusses possible responses to the rise of this new stage called Youth. These range from suppression and elimination of Youth (no doubt a popular sentiment among a certain portion of our society) to complete acceptance and even encouragement of the development of this stage. Although I tend to agree with Keniston that this latter attitude is the more desirable, I think that a fate similar to Raskolnikov's would be the likely outcome of some of those aspiring to this stage of life.

I think it is a tribute to Dostoevski that he not only created one of the first psychological studies of Youth (especially of the moral development) but also foresaw the dangers in the rise to this stage.

JEFFREY R. POWELL
The Rockefeller University

* * *

I was most distressed to read the brief article, "Journey: Manchild in the Promised Land: To Israel and Back" by Paul Schwaber [AS: Summer, 1970], and I object to its being published in the SCHOLAR. The article is saturated with pro-Israel Zionism, and in my opinion it is out of place in a journal such as THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

The propaganda intent of the article, although well-disguised by the fatuity and fulsomeness that abound in it, should be exposed to the view of your readers—most of whom probably will read it with puzzled unconcern if they read it at all.

The real crux of the problem in Palestine is not touched on in the article; it concerns the rights of the Palestinian Arabs, who fled Palestine after the Deir Yasin massacre by the Irgun Zvei Leumi criminals on April 9, 1948.

This topic should be discussed in your journal by competent writers such as Dr. Alfred M. Lilienthal (editor of the Middle East Perspective Newsletter), Rabbi Elmer Berger (founder of American Jewish Alternatives to Zionism), Ambassador Georges Tomeh of Syria, Mr. Yasir Arafat of Al Fateh, and Dr. George Habash of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine.

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After I spent a year and a half in Syria on a Fulbright-Hays assignment, teaching mathematics to college students from Syria, Iraq, Jordan and other Arab countries, I gradually came to understand, to like, and to admire the Arab personality.

When I returned to the U. S. in 1965, I was amazed to find the news media grossly distorted in a pro-Israel way and therefore completely misrepresenting the Arab story. I felt that whatever I could do to rectify this gross distortion, I should do. Consequently, since this enlightenment I have attempted to point out and to rectify misleading pro-Israel propaganda whenever I encounter it, and to portray the truth about the Palestinian-Israeli struggle, as I see it.

I urge all interested Americans to do likewise —and also to accept no opinions about the Middle East problem as being valid without thoroughly studying the facts about the Middle East and its history and making one's own decision based on truth and justice.

WILLIAM A. SMALL
State University College
Geneseo, New York

MR. SCHWABER replies: Justice does not belong exclusively to any side of the Middle East. My essay, however, was a memoir of my personal experience, an attempt to suggest the living feel of my stay in Israel. Political argumentation was neither my purpose nor focus. Although Dr. Small sees the essay as propaganda, he criticizes none of the impressions, memories or reflections it records. He may be annoyed by the piece but objects only to its appearance—to the fact that the SCHOLAR would publish it. His logic seems to be that nothing should be published about Israel, unless the writer hates it.

* * *

As an ancient member of Phi Beta Kappa, I hope I may use the pages it sponsors to discuss a recent proposal that the society be fumigated and modernized.

The proposal appeared in the New York *Times* for last November. It starts from the premise that in recognizing academic merit measured by grades, PBK is elitist and out of tune with the modern spirit. The reformists urge that something more than good grades—perhaps "love of learning"—should be the qualification. It was pointed out in support that grades in any case are passé, replaced by the ecumenical pass-fail.

I think that this suggestion is much too vague in procedure and does not go far enough in eliminating the elite. I propose instead a clear and practical plan: let membership be determined in young men by potency and in young women by the skill and grace to satisfy it, these merits to be measured by a simple pass-fail. The judgment would be participatory, that is, exercised by the parties themselves, during a two-week moratorium designated for the purpose in the junior and senior years. A note to the registrar would establish the record.

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To the traditionalists who may object. I would point out that the letter Phi is already a symbol of sexual union and that there are in Aristophanes two very apt Greek words that begin with B and K.

ALOYSIUS DA CAPO
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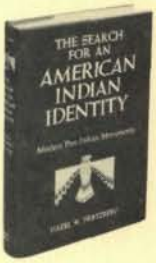

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